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THOMAS CARLYLE'S WORKS

The Standard Edition
IN 18 VOLUMES
VOLUME XIV

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT

VOLUME II.

FRÉDÉRIC·II·ROI DE PRUSSE

ELECTEUR DE BRANDEBOURG

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA

Called Frederick the Great

By THOMAS CARLYLE

PR4420
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IN SIX VOLUMES

VOLUME II.

WITH PORTRAIT AND MAPS

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

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HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH II. OF PRUSSIA CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT.

BOOK VI.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT, AND CROWN-PRINCE, GOING ADRIFT UNDER THE STORM-WINDS.

1727—1730.

(*Continued.*)

CHAPTER VI.

IMMINENCY OF WAR OR DUEL BETWEEN THE BRITANNIC AND PRUSSIAN MAJESTIES.

THE Double-Marriage negotiation hung fire, in the end of 1728; but everybody thought, especially Queen Sophie thought, it would come to perfection; old Ilgen, almost the last thing he did, shed tears of joy about it. These fine outlooks received a sad shock in the Year now come; when secret grudges burst out into open flame; and Berlin, instead of scenic splendours for a Polish Majesty, was clangorous with note of preparation for imminent War. Probably Queen Sophie never had a more agitated Summer than this of 1729. We are now arrived at that thrice-famous Quarrel, or almost Duel, of Friedrich Wilhelm and his Britannic Brother-in-law little George II.; and must try to riddle from those distracted Paper-masses some notice of it, not wholly unintelligible to the reader. It is loudly talked of, loudly, but alas also loosely to a degree, in all manner of dull Books; and is at once thrice-famous and extremely obscure. The fact is, Nature intended it for eternal oblivion;—and that, sure enough, would have been its fate long since, had not persons who were then thought to be of no importance, but are now seen to be of some, stood connected with it more or less.

Friedrich Wilhelm, for his own part, had seen in the death of George I. an evil omen from the English quarter; and all along, in spite of transient appearances to the contrary, had said to himself, "If the First George, with his solemnities and tacit sublimities, was offensive now and then, what will the Second George be? The Second George has been an offence from the beginning!" In which notions the Smoking Parliament, vitally interested to do it, in these perilous Soissons times, big with the

fate of the Empire and Universe, is assiduous to confirm his Majesty. The Smoking Parliament, at Potsdam, at Berlin, in the solitudes of Wusterhausen, has been busy; and much tobacco, much meditation and insinuation have gone up, in clouds more abstruse than ever, since the death of George I.

It is certain, George II. was a proud little fellow; very high and airy in his ways; not at all the man to Friedrich Wilhelm's heart, nor reciprocally. A man of some worth, too; 'scrupulously kept his word,' say the witnesses: a man always conscious to himself, "Am not I a man of honour, then?" to a punctilious degree. For the rest, courageous as a Welf; and had some sense withal,—though truly not much, and indeed, as it were, none at all in comparison to what he supposed he had!—One can fancy the aversion of the little dapper Royalty to this heavy-footed Prussian Barbarian, and the Prussian Barbarian's to him. The bloody nose in childhood was but a symbol of what passed through life. In return for his bloody nose, little George, five years the elder, had carried off Caroline of Anspach; and left Friedrich Wilhelm sorrowing, a neglected cub,—poor honest Beast tragically shorn of his Beauty. Offences could not fail; these two Cousins went on offending one another by the mere act of living simultaneously. A natural hostility, that between George II. and Friedrich Wilhelm; anterior to Caroline of Anspach, and independent of the collisions of interest that might fall out between them. Enmity as between a glancing self-satisfied fop, and a loutish thick-soled man of parts, who feels himself the better though the less successful. House-Mastiff seeing itself neglected, driven to its hutch, for a tricksy Ape dressed-out in ribbons, who gets favour in the drawingroom.

George, I perceive by the very State-Papers, George and his English Lords have a provoking slighting tone towards Friedrich Wilhelm; they answer his violent convictions, and thoroughgoing rapid proposals, by brief official negation, with an air of superiority, —traces of a polite sneer perceptible occasionally. A mere Clown of a King, thinks George; a mere gesticulating Coxcomb, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm. "*Mein Bruder der Comödiant*, My Brother the Playactor" (particoloured Merry-Andrew of a highflying turn)! was Friedrich Wilhelm's private name for him, in after days. Which George repaid by one equal to it, "My Brother the Head-Beadle of the Holy Roman Empire,"—"*Erz-Sandstreuer*," who solemnly brings up the *Sandbox* (no blotting-paper yet in use)

when the Holy Roman Empire is pleased to write. "*Erz-Sandstreuer*, Arch-Sandbox-Beadle of the *Heilige Römische Reich:*" it is a lumbering nickname, but intrinsically not without felicity, and the wittiest thing I know of little George.

Special cause of quarrel they had none that was of the least significance; and, at this time, prudent friends were striving to unite them closer and closer, as the true policy for both; English Townshend himself rather wishing it, as the best Prussian Officials eagerly did; Queen Sophie passionate for it; and only a purchased Grumkow, a Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament set against it. The Treaty of Wusterhausen was not known; but the fact of some Treaty made or making, some Imperial negotiation always going on, was too evident; and Friedrich Wilhelm's partialities to the Kaiser and his Seckendorf could be a secret nowhere.

Negotiation always going on, we say; for such indeed was the case,—the Kaiser striving always to be loose again (having excellent reasons, a secret bargain to the contrary, to wit!) in regard to that Jülich-and-Berg Succession; proposing "substitutes for Jülich and Berg;" and Friedrich Wilhelm refusing to accept any imaginable substitute, anything but the article itself. So that, I believe, the Treaty of Wusterhausen was never perfectly ratified, after all; but hung, for so many years, always on the point of being so. These are the uses of your purchased Grumkow, and of riding the length of a Terrestrial Equator keeping a Majesty in company. If, by a Double-Marriage with England, that intricate web of chicanery had been once fairly slit in two, and new combinations formed, on a basis *not* of fast-and-loose, could it have been of disadvantage to either of the Countries, or to either of their Kings?—Real and grave causes for agreement we find; real or grave causes for quarrel none anywhere. But light or imaginary causes, which became at last effectual, can be enumerated, to the length of three or four.

Cause First: The Hanover Joint-Heritages, which are not in a liquid State.

First, the "Ahlden Heritage" was one cause of disagreement, which lasted long. The poor Mother of George II. and of Queen Sophie had left considerable properties; 'three million *thalers*,' that is 900,000*l.*, say some; but all was rather in an unliquid

state, not so much as her Will was to be had. The Will, with a 10,000*l.* or so, was in the hands of a certain Graf von Bar, one of her confidants in that sad imprisonment: 'money lent him,' Büsching says,[1] 'to set-up a Wax-Bleachery at Cassel:'—and the said Count von Bar was off with it, Testamentary Paper and all; gone to the *Reichshofrath* at Vienna, supreme Judges, in the Empire, of such matters. Who accordingly issued him a 'Protection,' to start with: so that when the Hanover people attempted to lay hold of the questionable wax-bleaching Count, at Frankfurt-on-Mayn,—secretly sending 'a lieutenant and twelve men' for that object,—he produced his Protection Paper, and the lieutenant and twelve men had to hasten home again.[2] Count von Bar had to be tried at law,—never ask with what results;—and this itself was a long story. Then as to the other properties of the poor Duchess, question arises, Are they *allodia*, or are they *feuda*,—that is to say, shall the Son have them, or the Daughter? In short, there was no end to questions. Friedrich Wilhelm has an Envoy at Hanover, one Kannegiesser, labouring at Hanover, the second of such he has been obliged to send: who finds plenty of employment in that matter. "My Brother the *Comödiant* quietly put his Father's Will in his pocket, I have heard; and paid no regard to it (except what he was compelled to pay, by Chesterfield and others): will he do the like with his poor Mother's Will?" Patience, your Majesty: he is not a covetous man, but a self-willed and a proud,—always conscious to himself that he is the soul of honour, this poor Brother King!

Nay withal, before these testamentary bickerings are settled, here has a new Joint Heritage fallen: on which may rise discussions. Poor Uncle Ernst of Osnabrück,—to whom George I., chased by Death, went galloping for shelter that night, and who could only weep over his poor Brother dead,—has not survived him many months. The youngest Brother of the lot is now gone too. Electress Sophie's Seven are now all gone. She had six sons: four became Austrian soldiers, three of whom perished in war long since; the other three, the Bishop, the King, the eldest of the Soldiers, have all died within two years (1726-1728):[3] Sophie

[1] *Beyträge zur Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen* (Halle, 1783-1789), i. 306, § *Nüssler*. Some distracted fractions of Business Correspondence with this Bar, in *Memoirs of Sophia Dorothea*,—unintelligible as usual there. [2] Ibid.

[3] Michaelis, i. 153. See Feder, *Kurfürstinn Sophie;* Hoppe, *Geschichte der Stadt Hannover;* &c.

Charlotte, "Republican Queen" of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm's Mother, whom we knew long since, was the one Daughter. Her also Uncle Ernst saw die, in his youth, as we may remember. They are all dead. And now the Heritages are to settle, at least the recent part of them. Let Kannegiesser keep his eyes open. Kannegiesser is an expert high-mannered man; but said to be subject to sharpness of temper; and not in the best favour with the Hanover people. That is Cause *first*.

Cause Second: the Troubles of Mecklenburg.

Then, *secondly*, there is the business of Mecklenburg; deplorable Business for Mecklenburg, and for everybody within wind of it, —my poor readers included. Readers remember,—what reader can ever forget?—that extraordinary Duke of Mecklenburg, the 'Unique of Husbands,' as we had to call him, who came with his extraordinary Duchess, to wait on her Uncle Peter, the Russian (say rather *Samoeidic*) Czar, at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago? We feared it was in the fates we might meet that man again; and so it turns out! The Unique of Husbands has proved also to be the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes in his Epoch; and spreads mere trouble all round him. Mecklenburg is in a bad way, this long while, especially these ten years past. 'Owing to the Charles-Twelfth Wars,' or whatever it was owing to, this unlucky Duke had fallen into want of more money; and impoverished Mecklenburg alleged that it was in no condition to pay more. Almost on his accession, while the tar-barrels were still blazing, years before we ever saw him, he demanded new subvention from his *Ritters* (the 'Squires' of the Country); subvention new in Mecklenburg, though common in other sovereign German States, and at one time in Mecklenburg too. The Ritters would not pay; the Duke would compel them: Ritters appeal to Kaiser in Reichshofrath, who proves favourable to the Ritters. Duke still declines obeying Kaiser; asserts that "he is himself in such matter the sovereign:" Kaiser fulminates what of rusty thunder he has about him; to which the Duke, flung on his back by it, still continues contumacious in mind and tongue: and so between thunder and contumacy, as between hammer and stithy, the poor Country writhes painfully ever since, and is an affliction to everybody near it.

For ten years past, the unluckiest of Misgoverning Dukes has

been in utter controversy with his Ritters;—at law with them before the Courts of the Empire, nay occasionally trying certain of them himself, and cutting-off their heads; getting Russian regiments, and then obliged to renounce Russian regiments;—in short, a very great trouble to mankind thereabouts.[4] So that the Kaiser in Reichshofrath, about the date indicated (Year 1719), found good to send military coercion on him; and intrusted that function to the Hanover-Brunswick people, to George I. more especially; to whom, as *Kreis-Hauptmann* ('Captain of the Circle,' Circle of Lower-Saxony, where the contumacy had occurred), such function naturally fell. The Hanover Sovereignty, sending 13,000 men, horse, foot and artillery into Mecklenburg, soon did their function, with only some slight flourishes of fighting on the part of the contumacious Duke,—in which his chief Captain, one Schwerin, distinguishes himself: Kurt von Schwerin, whom we shall know better by and by, for he went into the Prussian service shortly after. Colonel von Schwerin did well what was in him; but could not save a refractory Duke, against such odds. The contumacious Duke was obliged to fly his country;—deposed, or, to begin with, suspended, a Brother of his being put in as interim Duke:—and the Unique of Husbands and paragon of Mismanaging Dukes lives about Dantzig ever since, on a Pension allowed him by his interim Brother; contumacious to the last; and still stirring-up strife, though now with diminished means, Uncle Peter being now dead, and Russian help much cut off.

The Hanover Sovereignties did their function soon enough: but their "expenses for it," these they have in vain demanded ever since. No money to be got from Mecklenburg; and Mecklenburg owes us "ten tons of gold,"—that is to say, 1,000,000 thalers, 'ton' being the tenth part of a million in that coin. Hanover, therefore, holds possession,—and has held ever since, with competent small military force,—of certain Districts in Mecklenburg: Taxes of these will subsist our soldiery in the interim, and yield interest; the principal once paid, we at once give them up; principal, by these schedules, if you care to count them, is one million thalers (ten *Tonnen Goldes*, as above said), or about 150,000*l.* And so it has stood for ten years past; Mecklenburg the most anarchic of countries, owing to the kind of Ritters and kind of Duke it has. Poor souls, it is evident they have all lost their beaten road, and got among the *ignes fatui* and peatpools: none knows the necessities

[4] Michaelis, ii. 416-435.

and sorrows of this poor idle Duke himself! In his young years, before accession, he once tried soldiering; served one campaign with Charles XII., but was glad to 'return to Hamburg' again, to the peaceable scenes of fashionable life there.[5] Then his Russian Unique of Wives:—his probable adventures, prior and subsequent, in Uncle Peter's sphere, can these have been pleasant to him? The angry Ritters, too, their country had got much trampled to pieces in the Charles-Twelfth Wars, Stralsund Sieges: money seemed necessary to the Duke, and the Ritters were very scarce of it. Add, on both sides, pride and want of sense, with mutual anger going on *crescendo;* and we have the sad phenomenon now visible: A Duke fled to Dantzig, anarchic Ritters none the better for his going; Duke perhaps threatening to return, and much flurrying his poor interim Brother, and stirring-up the Anarchies:—in brief, Mecklenburg become a house on fire, for behoof of neighbours and self.

In these miserable brabbles, Friedrich Wilhelm did not hitherto officially interfere; though not uninterested in them; being a next neighbour, and even, by known treaties, 'eventual heir,' should the Mecklenburg Line die out. But we know he was not in favour with the Kaiser, in those old years; so the military coercion had been done by other hands, and he had not shared in the management at all. He merely watched the course of things; always advised the Duke to submit to Law, and be peaceable; was sometimes rather sorry for him, too, as would appear.

Last year, however (1728),—doubtless it was one of Seckendorf's minor measures, done in Tobacco-Parliament,—Friedrich Wilhelm, now a pet of the Kaiser's, is discovered to be fairly concerned in that matter; and is conjoined with the Hanover-Brunswick Commissioners for Mecklenburg; Kaiser specially requiring that his Prussian Majesty shall "help in executing Imperial Orders" in the neighbouring Anarchic Country. Which rather huffed little George, —hitherto, since his Father's death, the principal, or as good as sole Commissioner,—if so big a Britannic Majesty *could* be huffed by paltry slights of that kind! Friedrich Wilhelm, who has much meditated Mecklenburg, strains his intellect, sometimes to an intense degree, to find-out ways of settling it: George, who has never cared to meditate it, nor been able if he had, is capable of

[5] See *German Spy* (London, 1725, by Lediard, Biographer of Marlborough) for a lively picture of the then Hamburg,—resort of Northern Moneyed-Idleness, as well as of better things.

sniffing scornfully at Friedrich Wilhelm's projects on the matter, and dismissing them as moonshine.[6] To a wise much-meditative House-Mastiff, can that be pleasant, from an unthinking dizened creature of the Ape species? The troubles of Mecklenburg, and discrepancies thereupon, are capable of becoming a *second* source of quarrel.

Causes Third and Fourth;—and Cause Fifth, worth all the Others.

Cause *third* is the old story of recruiting; a standing cause between Prussia and all its neighbours. And the *fourth* cause is the tiniest of all: the "Meadow of Clamei." Meadow of Clamei, some square yards of boggy ground; which, after long study, one does find to exist in the obscurest manner, discoverable in the best Maps of Germany,—some twenty miles south of the Elbe river, on the boundary between Hanover-Lüneburg and Prussia-Magdeburg, dubious on which side of the boundary. Lonesome unknown Patch of Meadow, lying far amid peaty wildernesses in those Salzwedel regions: unknown to all writing mortals as yet; but which threatens, in this summer of 1729, to become famous as Runnymead among the Meadows of History! And the *fifth* cause—In short, there was no real 'cause' of the least magnitude; the effect was produced by the combination of many small and imaginary ones. For if there is a will to quarrel, we know there is a way. And perhaps the *fifth* nameable cause, in efficiency worth all the others together, might be found in the Debates of the Smoking Parliament that season, were the Journal of its Proceedings extant! We gather symptoms, indisputable enough, of very diligent elaborations and insinuations there; and conclude that to have been the really effective cause. Clouds had risen between the two Courts; but except for the Tobacco-Parliament, there never could have thunder come from them.

Very soon after George's accession there began clouds to rise; the perfectly accomplished little George assuming a severe and high air towards his rustic Brother-in-Law. "We cannot stand these Prussian enlistments and encroachments; rectify these, in a high and severe manner!" says George to his Hanover Officials. George is not warm on his throne till there comes in, accordingly, from the Hanover Officials a Complaint to that effect, and even a

[6] Dubourgay Despatches and the Answers to them (more than once).

List of Hanoverian subjects who are, owing to various injustices, now serving in the Prussian ranks: "Your Prussian Majesty is requested to return us these men!"

This List is dated 22d January 1728; George only a few months old in his new authority as yet. The Prussian Majesty grumbles painfully responsive: "Will, with eagerness, do whatever is just; most surely! But is his Britannic Majesty aware? Hanover Officials are quite misinformed as to the circumstances;"—and does not return any of the men. Merely a pacific grumble, and nothing done in regard to the complaints. Then there is the Meadow of Clamei which we spoke of: "That belongs to Brandenburg, you say? Nevertheless the contiguous parts of Hanover have rights upon it. Some 'eight cartloads of hay,' worth say almost 5*l.* or 10*l.* sterling: who is to mow that grass, I wonder?"—

Friedrich Wilhelm feels that all this is a pettifogging vexatious course of procedure; and that his little Cousin the *Comödiant* is not treating him very like a gentleman. "Is he, your Majesty!" suggests the Smoking Parliament.—About the middle of March, Dubourgay hears Borck, an Official not of the Grumkow party, sulkily commenting on "the constant hostility of the Hanover Ministry to us" in all manner of points;—inquires withal, Could not Mecklenburg be somehow settled, his Prussian Majesty being somewhat anxious upon it?[7] Anxious, yes: his poor Majesty, intensely meditative of such a matter in the night-watches, is capable of springing out of bed, with an "Eureka! I have found what will do!" and demanding writing materials. He writes or dictates in his shirt, the good anxious Majesty; dispatches his Eureka by estafette on the wings of the wind: and your Townshend, your *un*meditative George, receives it with curt official negative, and a polite sneer.[8]

A few weeks farther on, this is what the Newspapers report of Mecklenburg, in spite of his Prussian Majesty's desire to have some mercy shown the poor infatuated Duke: 'The Elector of Hanover 'and the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel,' his Britannic Majesty and Squire in that sad business, '*refuse* to withdraw their forces 'out of Mecklenburg, or part with the Chest of the Revenues 'thereof, until an entire satisfaction be given them for the arrears 'of the Charges they have been at in putting the Sentence of the

[7] Despatch, 17th March 1729.

[8] Dubourgay, 12th-14th April 1729; and the Answer from St. James's.

'Aulic Council' (Kaiser's *Reichshofrath* and rusty thunder) 'into 'execution against the said Duke.' [9]

Matters grew greatly worse when George paid his first Visit to Hanover in character of King, early in the Summer of 1729. Part of his road lies through Prussian territory: "Shall he have free post-horses, as his late Majesty was wont?" asks the Prussian Official person. "If he write to request them, yes," answers Friedrich Wilhelm; "if he don't write, no." George does not write; pays for his post-horses;—flourishes along to Hanover, in absolute silence towards his clownish Brother-in-law. You would say he looks over the head of him, as if there were no such clown in existence;—he has never yet so much as notified his arrival. "What is this? There exists no Prussia, then, for little George?" Friedrich Wilhelm's inarticulate, interjectionary utterances, in clangorous metallic tone, we can fancy them, now and then; and the Tobacco-Parliament is busy! British Minister Dubourgay, steady old military gentleman, who spells imperfectly, but is intent to keep-down mischief, writes at last to Hanover, submissively suggesting, "Could not, as was the old wont, some notification of the King's arrival be sent hither, which would console his Prussian Majesty?" To which my Lord Townshend answers, "Has not been the custom, I am informed" (*wrong* informed, your Lordship); "not necessary in the circumstances." Which is a high course between neighbours and royal gentlemen and kinsfolk. The Prussian Court hereupon likewise shuts its lips; no mention of the Hanoverian Court, not even by her Majesty and to Englishmen, for several weeks past.[10] Some inarticulate metallic growl, in private, at dinner or in the *Tabaks-Collegium:* the rest is truculent silence. Nor are our poor Hanover Recruits (according to our List of Pressed Hanoverians) in the least sent back; nor the Clamei Meadows settled; "Big Meadow" or "Little one," both of which the Brandenburgers have mown in the mean time.

Hanover Pressed men not coming home,—I think, not one of them,—the Hanover Officials decide to seize such Prussian Soldiers as happen to be seizable, in Hanover Territory. The highway in that border-country runs now on this side of the march, now on that;—watch well, and you will get Prussian soldiers from time to time! Which the Hanover people do; and seize several, common

[9] Salmon's *Chronological Historian* (London, 1748,—a Book never to be quoted without caution), ii. 216;—date (translated into new style), 10th July 1729.

[10] Dubourgay.

men and even officers. Here is once more a high course of proceeding. Here is coal to raise smoke enough, if well blown upon,—which, with Seckendorf and Grumkow working the bellows, we may well fancy it was. But listen to what follows, independently of bellows.

On the 28th June 1729, hay lying now quite dry upon the Meadow of Clamei, lo, the Bailiff of Hanoverian Bühlitz,—Unpicturesque Traveller will find the peat-smoky little Village of Bühlitz near by a dusty little Town called Lüchow, midway from Hamburg to Magdeburg; altogether peaty, mossy country; in the Salzwedel district, where used to be Wendic populations, and a Marck or Border Fortress of Salzwedel set up against them:—Bailiff of Bühlitz, I say, sallies forth with several carts, with all the population of the Village, with a troop of horse to escort, and probably flags flying and some kind of drums beating;—publicly rakes together the hay, defiant of the Prussian Majesty and all men; loads it on his carts, and rolls home with it; leaving to the Brandenburgers nothing but stubble, and the memory of having mown for Hanover to eat. This is the 28th June 1729; King of Prussia is now at Magdeburg, reviewing his troops; within a hundred miles of these contested quag-countries: who can blame him that he flames-up now into clear blaze of royal indignation? The correspondence henceforth becomes altogether lively: but in the Britannic Archives there is nothing of it,—Dubourgay having received warning from my Lord Townshend to be altogether ignorant of the matter henceforth, and let the Hanover Officials manage it. His Prussian Majesty returns home in the most tempestuous condition.

We may judge what a time Queen Sophie had of it; what scenes there were with Crown-Prince Friedrich and Wilhelmina, in her Majesty's Apartment and elsewhere! Friedrich Wilhelm is fast mounting to the redhot pitch. The bullyings, the beatings even, of these poor Children, love-sick one of them, are lamentable to hear of, as all the world has heard:—"Disobedient unnatural whelps, biting the heels of your poor old parent mastiff in his extreme need, what is to be done with you?" Fritz he often enough beats, gives a slap to with his rattan; has hurled a plate at him, on occasion, when bad topics rose at table; nay at Wilhelmina too, she says: but the poor children always ducked, and nothing but a little noise and loss of crockery ensued. Fritz he deliberately detests, as a servant of the Devil, incorrigibly rebelling

against the paternal will, and going on those dissolute courses: a silly French cockatoo, suspected of disbelief in Scripture; given to nothing but fifing and playbooks; who will bring Prussia and himself to a bad end. "God grant he do not finish on the gallows!" sighed the sad Father once to Grumkow. The records of these things lie written far and wide, in the archives of many countries as well as in Wilhelmina's Book.

To me there was one undiplomatic reflection continually present: Heavens, could nobody have got a bit of rope, and hanged those two Diplomatic swindlers; clearly of the scoundrel genus, more than common pickpockets are? Thereby had certain young hearts, and honest old ones too, escaped being broken; and many a thing might have gone better than it did. *Jarni-Bleu*, Herr Feldzeugmeister, though you are an orthodox Protestant, this thousandfold perpetual habit of distilled-lying seems to me a bad one. I do not blame an old military gentleman, with a brow so puckered as yours, for having little of the milk of human kindness so-called: but this of breaking, by force of lies merely, and for your own uses, the hearts of poor innocent creatures, nay of grinding them slowly in the mortar, and employing their Father's hand to do it withal; this—Herr General, forgive me, but there are moments when I feel as if the extinction of probably the intensest scoundrel of that epoch might have been a satisfactory event!—Alas, it could not be. Seckendorf is lying abroad for his Kaiser; "the only really able man we have," says Eugene sometimes. Snuffles and lisps; and travels in all, as they count, about 25,000 miles, keeping his Majesty in company. Here are some glimpses into the interior, dull but at first-hand, which are worth clipping and condensing from Dubourgay, with their dates:

30*th July* 1729. To the respectable old Brigadier, this day or yesterday, 'her Majesty, all in tears, complained of her situation: King is 'nigh losing his senses on account of the differences with Hanover; 'goes from bed to bed in the night-time, and from chamber to chamber, '"like one whose brains are turned." Took a fit, at two in the morn-'ing, lately, to be off to Wusterhausen:'—about a year ago Seckendorf and Grumkow had built a Lodge out there, where his Majesty, when he liked, could be snug and private with them: thither his Majesty now rushed, at two in the morning; but seemingly found little assuagement. 'Since his return, he gives himself up entirely to drink:—Seckendorf,' the snuffling Belial, 'is busy, above ground and below; has been heard

'saying He alone could settle these businesses, Double-Marriage and all, 'would her Majesty but trust him!'—

'The King will not suffer the Prince-Royal to sit next his Majesty 'at table, but obliges him to go to the lower end; where things are so 'ordered,' says the sympathetic Dubourgay, 'that the poor Prince often 'rises without getting one bit,'—woe's me! 'Insomuch that the Queen 'was obliged two days ago' (28th July 1729, let us date such an occurrence) 'to send, by one of the servants who could be trusted, 'a Box of cold fowls and other eatables for his Royal Highness's 'subsistence!'[11]

In the first blaze of the outrage at Clamei, Friedrich Wilhelm's ardent mind suggested to him the method of single combat: defiance of George, by cartel, To give the satisfaction of a gentleman. There have been such instances on the part of Sovereigns; though they are rare: Karl Ludwig of the Pfalz, Winter-King's Son, for example, did, as is understood, challenge Turenne for burning the Pfalz (*first* burning that poor country got); but nothing came of it, owing to Turenne's prudence. Friedrich Wilhelm sees well that it all comes from George's private humour: Why should human blood be shed except George's and mine? Friedrich Wilhelm is decisive for sending off the cartel; he has even settled the particulars, and sees in his glowing poetic mind how the transaction may be: say, at Hildesheim for place; Derschau shall be my second; Brigadier Sutton (if anybody now know such a man) may be his. Seconds, place and general outline he has schemed out, and fixed, so far as depends on one party; will fairly fence and fight this insolent little Royal Gentleman; give the world a spectacle (which might have been very wholesome to the world) of two Kings voiding their quarrel by duel and fair personal fence.

In England the report goes, 'not without foundation,' think Lord Hervey and men of sarcastic insight in the higher circles, That it was his Britannic Majesty who 'sent or would have sent a 'challenge of single combat to his Prussian Majesty,' the latter being the passive party! Report flung into an *inverse* posture, as is liable to happen; 'going' now with its feet uppermost; 'not without foundation,' thinks Lord Hervey. 'But whether it' (the cartel) 'was carried and rejected, or whether the prayers and 'remonstrances of Lord Towshend prevented the gauntlet being

[11] Dubourgay, 30th July 1729.

'actually thrown down, is a point which, to me' (Lord Hervey) 'at 'least, has never been cleared.'[12]

The Prussian Ministers, no less than Townshend would, feel well that this of Duel will never do. Astonishment, *flebile ludibrium*, tragical tehee from gods and men, will come of the Duel! But how to turn it aside? For the King is determined. His truculent veracity of mind points out this as the real way for him; reasoning, entreating are to no purpose. "The true method, I tell you! As to the world and its cackling,—let the world cackle!" At length Borck hits on a consideration: "Your Majesty has been ill lately; hand perhaps not so steady as usual? Now if it should turn out that your Majesty proved so inferior to yourself as to—Good Heavens!" This, it is said, was the point that staggered his Majesty. Tobacco-Parliament, and Borck there, pushed its advantage: the method of duel (prevalent through the early part of July, I should guess) was given up.[13] Why was there no Hansard in that Institution of the Country? Patience, idle reader! We shall get some scraps of the Debates on other subjects, by and by.—But hear Dubourgay again, in the absence of Morning Newspapers:

August 9th, 1729. 'Berlin looks altogether warlike. At Magdeburg 'they are busy making ovens to bake Ammunition-bread; Artillery is 'getting hauled out of the Arsenal here;' all is clangour, din of preparation. 'It is said the King will fall on Mecklenburg;' can at once, if he like. "These intolerable usages from England" (Seckendorf is rumoured to have said), "can your Majesty endure them forever? Why not marry the Prince-Royal, at once, to another Princess, and have done with them!"—or words to that effect, as reported by Court-rumour to her Majesty and Dubourgay. And there is a Princess talked of for this Match, Russian Princess, little Czar's Sister (little Czar to have Wilhelmina, Double-Marriage to be with Russia, not with England); but the little Czar soon died, little Czar's Sister went out of sight, or I know not what happened, and only brief rumour came of that.

As for the Crown-Prince, he has not fallen desperate; no; but appears to have strange schemes in him, deep under cover. 'He has said to a 'confidant' (Wilhelmina it is probable), '"As to his ill-treatment, he 'well knew how to free himself of that"' (will fly to foreign parts, your Highness?), '"and would have done so long since, were it not for his 'Sister, upon whom the whole weight of his Father's resentment would

[12] Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George II.* (London, 1848), i. 127.

[13] Bielfeld, *Lettres familières et autres* (Second edition, 2 vols. Leide, 1767), i. 117, 118.

'then fall. Happen what will, therefore, he is resolved to share with 'her all the hardships which the King his Father may be pleased to put 'upon her."'[14] Means privately a flight to England, Dubourgay sees, and in a reticent diplomatic way is glad to see.

I possess near a dozen Hanoverian and Prussian Despatches upon this strange Business; but should shudder to inflict them on any innocent reader. Clear, grave Despatches, very brief and just, especially on the Prussian side: and on a matter too, which truly is not lighter than any other Despatch matter of that intrinsically vacant Epoch:—O reader, would I could bury all vacant talk and writing whatsoever, as I do these poor Despatches about the 'eight cartloads of hay'! Friedrich Wilhelm is fairplay itself; will do all things that Earth or Heaven can require of him. Only, he is much in a hurry withal; and of this the Hanover Officials take advantage, perhaps unconsciously, to keep him in provocation. He lies awake at night, his heart is sore, and he has fled to drink. Towards the middle of August,—here again is a phenomenon,—'he springs out of bed in the middle of night,' has again an *Eureka* as to this of Clamei: "Eureka, I see now what will bring a settlement!" and sends off post-haste to Kannegiesser at Hanover. To Kannegiesser,—Herr Reichenbach, the special Envoy in this matter, being absent at the moment, gone to the Göhrde, I believe, where Britannic Majesty itself is: but Kannegiesser is there, upon the Ahlden Heritages; acquainted with the ground, a rather precise official man, who will serve for the hurry we are in. Post-haste; dove with olive-branch cannot go too quick;—Kannegiesser applying for an interview, not with the Britannic Majesty, who is at Göhrde, hunting, but with the Hanover Council, is—refused admittance. Here are Herr Kannegiesser's official Reports; which will themselves tell the rest of the story, thank Heaven:

To his Prussian Majesty (from Herr Kannegiesser).

No. 1. '*Done at Hanover, 15th August* 1729.

'On the 15th day of August, at ten o'clock in the morning, I received 'Two Orders of Council' (these are *The Eureka*, never ask farther what they are); 'dispatched on the 13th instant at seven in the evening; 'whereupon I immediately went to the Council-chamber here; and

[14] Dubourgay, 11th August 1729.

'informed the Herr von Hartoff, Private Secretary, who met me in a 'room adjoining, "That, having something to propose to his Ministry' (now sitting deliberative in the interior here; something to propose to his Ministry) 'on the part of the Prussian Ministers, it was necessary 'I should speak to them." Herr von Hartoff, after having reported my 'demand, let me know, "He had received orders from the Ministry to 'defer what I had to say to another time."

'I replied, "That, since I could not be allowed the honour of an 'audience at that time, I thought myself obliged to acquaint him I had 'received an Order from Berlin to apply to the Ministry of this place, 'in the name of the Ministers of Prussia, and make the most pressing 'instances for a speedy Answer to a Letter lately delivered to them by 'Herr Hofrath Reichenbach"' (my worthy Assistant here; Answer to his Letter in the first place); '"and to desire that the Answer might be 'lodged in my hands, in order to remit it with safety."

'Herr von Hartoff returned immediately to the Council-chamber; 'and after having told the Ministers what I had said, brought me the 'following answer, in about half-a-quarter of an hour,' seven minutes by the watch: '"That the Ministers of this Court would not fail 'answering the said Letter as soon as possible; and would take care to 'give me notice of it, and send the Answer to me."'

That was all that the punctual Kannegiesser could get out of them. 'But,' continues he, 'not thinking this reply sufficient, I added, "That 'delays being da gerous, I would come again the next day for a more 'precise answer."'

Rather a high-mannered positive man, this Kannegiesser, of the Ahlden Heritages; not without sharpness of temper, if the Hanover Officials drive it too far.

No. 2. '*At Hanover*, 16*th August* 1729.

'According to the orders received from the King my Master, and 'pursuant of my promise of yesterday, I went at noon this day to the 'Castle (*Schloss*), for the purpose of making appearance in the Council-'chamber, where the Ministers were assembled.

'I let them know I was there, by Von Hartoff, Privy Secretary; and, 'in the mildest terms, desired to be admitted to speak with them. Which 'was refused me a second time; and the following answer delivered me 'by Von Hartoff: "That since the Prussian Ministers had intrusted me 'with this Commission, the Ministers of this Court had directed him to 'draw-up my yesterday's Proposals in writing, and report them to the 'Council.'

'Whereupon I said, "I could not conceive any reason why I was 'the only person who could not be admitted to audience. That, how-

'ever, as the Ministers of this Court were pleased to authorise him, 'Herr von Hartoff, to receive my Proposals, I was obliged to tell him,' as the first or preliminary point of my Commission, 'I had received 'orders to be very pressing with the said Ministers of this Court, for an 'Answer to a Letter from the Prussian Ministry, lately delivered by 'Herr Legationsrath von Reichenbach; and finding that the said Answer 'was not yet finished, I would stay two days for it, that I might be 'more secure of getting it. But that then I should come to put them in 'mind of it, and desire audience in order to acquit myself of the *rest* of 'my Commission."

'The Privy-Secretary drew-up what I said in writing. Immediately 'afterwards he reported it to the Ministry, and brought me this answer: '"That the Ministers of this Court would be as good as their word of 'yesterday, and answer the above-mentioned Letter with all possible 'expedition." After which we parted.'

No. 3. '*At Hanover*, 17*th August* 1729.

'At two in the afternoon, this day, Herr von Hartoff came to my 'house; and let me know "He had business of consequence from the 'Ministry, and that he would return at five." By my direction he was 'told, "I should expect him."

'At the time appointed he came; and told me, "That the Ministers 'of the Court, understanding from him that I designed to ask audience 'tomorrow, did not doubt but my business would be to remind them 'of the Answer which I had demanded yesterday and the day before. 'That such applications were not customary among sovereign Princes; 'that they' the Ministers 'dared not treat farther in that affair with me; 'that they desired me not to mention it to them again till they had 'received directions from his Britannic Majesty, to whom they had made 'their report; and that as soon as they received their instructions, the 'result of these should be communicated to me."

'To this I replied, "That I did not expect the Ministers of this 'Court would refuse me the audience which I designed to ask tomorrow; 'and that therefore I would not fail of being at the Council-chamber 'at eleven, next day,' according to bargain, 'to know their answer to the 'rest of my Proposals."—Secretary von Hartoff would not hear of this 'resolution; and assured me positively he had orders to listen to nothing 'more on the subject from me. After which he left me.'

No. 4. '*At Hanover*, 18*th August* 1729.

'At eleven, this day, I went to the Council-chamber, for the third 'time; and desired Secretary Hartoff "To prevail with the Ministry to

'allow me to speak with them, and communicate what the King of 'Prussia had ordered me to propose."

'Herr von Hartoff gave them an account of my request; and brought 'me for answer, "That I must wait a little, because the Ministers were 'not yet all assembled."' Which I did. 'But after having made me 'stay almost an hour, and after the President of the Council was come, 'Herr von Hartoff came out to me; and repeated what he had said 'yesterday, in very positive and absolute terms, "That the Ministers 'were resolved not to see me, and had expressly forbid him taking any 'Paper at my hands."

'To which I replied, "That this was very hard usage; and the 'world would see how the King of Prussia would relish it. But having 'strict orders from his Majesty, my most gracious Master, to make a 'Declaration to the Ministers of Hanover in his name; and finding Herr 'von Hartoff would neither receive it, nor take a copy of it, I had only 'to tell him that I was under the necessity of leaving it in writing,—and 'had brought the Paper with me,"' let Herr von Hartoff observe!— '"And that now, as the Council were pleased to refuse to take it, I was 'obliged to leave the said Declaration on a table in an adjoining room, in 'the presence of Herr von Hartoff and other Secretaries of the Council, 'whom I desired to lay it before the Ministry."

'After this I went home; but had scarcely entered my apartment, 'when a messenger returned me the Declaration, still sealed as I left it, 'by order of the Ministers: and perceiving I was not inclined to receive 'it, he laid it on my table, and immediately left the house."[15]

Whereupon Kannegiesser, without loss of a moment, returns to Berlin, 19th August; and reports progress.

Simple honest Orson of a Prussian Majesty, what a bepainted beribboned insulting Playactor Majesty has he fallen in with!— "Hm, so? Hm, na!" and I see the face of him, all colours of the prism, and eyes in a fine frenzy; betokening thundery weather to some people! Instantly he orders 44,000 men to get on march;[16] and these instantly begin to stir; small preparation needed, ever-ready being the word with them. From heavy guns, ammunition-wagons and draught-horses, down to the last buckle of a spatter-

[15] A Letter from an English Traveller to his Friend at London, relating to the Differences betwixt the Courts of Prussia and Hanover, with Copies of &c. Translated from the French (London, A. Millar, at Buchanan's Head, 1730), pp. 29-34. An excellent distinct little Pamphlet; very explanatory in this matter,—like the smallest rushlight in a dark cellar of shot-lumber.

[16] Friedrich Wilhelm's "Manifesto" is in *Mauvillon*, ii. 210-215, dated '20th August 1729' (the day after Kannegiesser's return).

dash, things are all ticketed and ready in his Majesty's country; things, and still more evidently men. Within a week, the amazed Gazetteers (Newspaper Editors we now call them) can behold the actual advent of horse, foot and artillery regiments at Magdeburg; actual rendezvous begun, and with a frightful equable velocity going on day after day. On the 15th day of September, if Fate's almanac hold steady, there will be 44,000 of them ready there. Such a mass of potential-battle as George or the Hanover Officiality are—ready to fight?

Alas, far enough from that. Forces of their own they have, after a sort; subsidised Hessians, Danes, these they can begin to stir up; but they have not a regiment ready for fighting; and have *nothing*, if all were ready, which this 44,000 cannot too probably sweep out of the world. I suppose little George must have exhibited some prismatic colours of countenance, too. This insulted Orson is swinging a tremendous club upon the little peruked ribboned high gentleman, promenading loftily in his preserves yonder! The Prussian forces march, steady, continual; Crown-Prince Friedrich's regiment of Giants is on march, expressly under charge of Friedrich himself:—the young man's thoughts are not recorded for us; only that he gets praise from his Father, so dextrous and perfect is he with the Giants and their getting into gear. Nor is there, says our Foreign Correspondent, the least truth in your rumour that the Prussian forces, officers or men, marched with bad will; 'conspicuously reverse is the truth, as I myself can testify.'[17] And his Britannic Majesty, now making a dreadful flutter to assemble as fast as possible, is like to get quite flung into the bogs by this terrible Orson!—

What an amazement among the Gazetteers: thunder-clouds of war mounting up over the zenith in this manner, and blotting out the sun;—may produce an effect on the Congress of Soissons? Presumably: and his Imperial Majesty, left sitting desolate on his Pragmatic Sanction, gloomily watching events, may find something turn-up to his advantage? Prussia and England are sufficiently in quarrel, at any rate; perhaps almost too much.—The Pope, in these circumstances, did a curious thing. The Pope, having prayed lately for rain and got it, proceeds now, in the end of September, while such war-rumours are still at their height in Rome, to pray, or even do a Public Mass, or some other so-called

[17] Pamphlet cited above.

Pontificality, 'in the Chapel of Philip Neri in the New Church,' by way of still more effectual miracle. Prays, namely, That Heaven would be graciously pleased to foment, and blow up to the proper degree, this quarrel between the two chief Heretic Powers, Heaven's chief enemies, whereby Holy Religion might reap a good benefit, if it pleased Heaven. But, this time, the miracle did not go off according to program.[18]

For at this point, before the Pope had prayed, but while the troops and artillery were evidently all on march ("Such an artillery as I," who am Kaiser's Artillery-Master, "for my poor part, never had the happiness to see before in any country," snuffles Seckendorf in the Smoking Parliament), and now swords are, as it were, drawn, and in the air make horrid circles,—the neighbours interfere: "Heavens! put-up your swords!"—and the huge world-wide tumult suddenly (I think, in the very first days of this month September) collapses, sinks into something you can put into a snuffbox.

Of course it could never come to actual battle, after all. Too high a pickleherring tragedy that. Here is a *Comödiant* not wanting to be smitten into the bogs; an honest Orson who wants nothing, nor has ever wanted, but fairplay. Fairplay; and not to be insulted on the streets, or have one's poor Hobby quite knocked from under one!—Neighbours, as we say, struck in; France, Holland, all the neighbours, at this point: "Do it by arbitration; Wolfenbüttel for the one, Sachsen-Gotha for the other; Commissioners to meet at Brunswick!" And that, accordingly, was the course fixed upon; and settlement, by that method, was accomplished, without difficulty, in some six months hence.[19] Whether Clamei was awarded to Hanover or to Brandenburg, I never knew, or how the hay of it is cut at this moment. I only know there was no battle on the subject; though at one time there was like to be such a clash of battle as the old Markgraves never had with their old Wends; not if we put all their battlings into one.

Seckendorf's radiant brow has to pucker itself again: this fine project, of boiling the Kaiser's eggs by setting the world on fire, has not prospered after all. The gloomy old villain came to her

[18] 'Extract of a Letter from Rome, 24th September 1729,' in Townshend's Despatch, Whitehall, 10th October 1729.

[19] 16th April 1730 (Förster, ii. 105).

Majesty one day,[20] while things were near the hottest; and said or insinuated, He was the man that could do these businesses, and bring about the Double-Marriage itself, if her Majesty were not so harsh upon him. Whereupon her Majesty, reporting to Dubourgay, threw out the hint, "What if we (that is, you) did give him a forty or fifty thousand thalers verily, for he will do anything for money?" To which Townshend answers from the Göhrde, to the effect: "Pooh, he is a mere bag of noxious futilities; consists of gall mainly, and rusty old lies and crotchets; breathing very copperas through those old choppy lips of his: let him go to the ——!" Next Spring, at the happy end of the Arbitration, which he had striven all he could to mar and to retard, he fell quite ill; took to his bed for two days,—colics, or one knows not what;—"and I can't say I am very sorry for him," writes the respectable Dubourgay.[21]

On the 8th day of September 1729, Friedrich Crown-Prince reënters Potsdam[22] with his Two battalions of Giants; he has done so well, the King goes out from Berlin to see him march in with them; rejoicing to find something of a soldier in the young graceless, after all. 'The King distributed 100,000 thalers (15,000*l.*) among his Army;' being well pleased with their behaviour, and doubtless right glad to be out of such a Business. The Ahlden Heritages will now get liquidated; Mecklenburg,—our Knyphausen, with the Hanover Consorts, will settle Mecklenburg; and all shall be well again, we hope!—

The fact, on some of these points, turned out different; but it was now of less importance. As to Knyphausen's proceedings at Mecklenburg, after the happy Peace, they were not so successful as had been hoped. Need of quarrel, however, between the Majesties, there henceforth was not in Mecklenburg; and if slight rufflings and collisions did arise, it was not till after our poor Double-Marriage was at any rate quite out of the game, and they are without significance to us. But the truth is, though Knyphausen did his best, no settlement came; nor indeed could ever come. Shall we sum-up that sorry matter here, and wash our hands of it?

[20] Dubourgay, 30th July 1729. [21] 25th April 1730.
[22] Dubourgay, 11th Sept. 1729.

Troubles of Mecklenburg, for the last Time.

Knyphausen, we say, proved futile; nor could human wit have succeeded. The exasperated Duke was contumacious, irrational; the two Majesties kept pulling different ways upon him. Matters grew from very bad to worse; and Mecklenburg continued long a running sore. Not many months after this (I think, still in 1729), the irrational Duke, having got money out of Russia, came home again from Dantzig; to notable increase of the Anarchies in Mecklenburg, though without other result for himself. The irrational Duke proved more contumacious than ever, fell into deeper trouble than ever;—at length (1733) he made Proclamation to the Peasantry to rise and fight for him; who did turn out, with their bill-hooks and bludgeons, under Captains named by him, 'to the amount of 18,000 Peasants,'—with such riot as may be fancied, but without other result. So that the Hanover Commissioners decided to seize the very *Residenz* Cities (Schwerin and Domitz) from this mad Duke, and make the country clear of him,—his Brother being Interim Manager always, under countenance of the Commissioners. Which transactions, especially which contemplated seizure of the Residence Cities, Friedrich Wilhelm, eventual heir, could not see with equanimity at all. But having no forces in the country, what could he do? Being "Joint-Commissioner" this long while past, though without armed interference hitherto, he privately resolves that he will have forces there; the rather as the poor Duke professes penitence, and flies to him for help. Poor soul, his Russian Unique of Wives has just died, far enough away from him this long while past: what a life they have had, these two Uniques!—

Enough, 'on the 19th of October 1733, Lieutenant-General Schwerin,'—the same who was Colonel Schwerin, the Duke's chief Captain here, at the beginning of these troubles, now Lieutenant-General and a distinguished *Prussian* officer,—'marches into Mecklenburg with three regiments, one of foot, two of horse:'[23] he, doubtless, will help in quelling those Peasant and other Anarchies? Privately his mission is most delicate. He is not to fight with the Hanoverians; is delicately but effectually to shove them well away from the Residence Cities, and fasten himself down in those parts. Which the Lieutenant-General dextrously does. "A night's quarter here in Parchim,"—such is the Lieu-

[23] Buchholz, i. 122, 142; Michaelis, ii. 433, 437.

tenant-General's request, polite but impressive, from the outskirts of that little Town, a Town essential to certain objects, and in fact the point he is aiming at: "night's quarter; you cannot refuse it to this Prussian Company marching under the Kaiser's Commission?" No, the Hanoverian Lieutenant of Foot dare not take upon him to refuse:—but next morning, he is himself invited to withdraw, the Prussians having orders to continue here in Parchim! And so with the other points and towns, that are essential in the enterprise on hand. A dextrous Lieutenant-General this Schwerin:—his two Horse-Colonels are likewise men to be noted; Colonel Wreech, with a charming young Wife, perhaps a too charming; Colonel Truchsess Von Waldburg, known afterwards, with distinction, in London Society and widely otherwise. And thus, in the end of 1733, the Mecklenburg Residence Cities, happen what may, are secured for their poor irrational Duke. These things may slightly ruffle some tempers at Hanover; but it is now 1733, and our poor Double-Marriage is clean out of the game by that time!—

The irrational Duke could not continue in his Residence Cities, with the Brother administering over him; still proving contumacious, he needed absolutely to be driven out, to Wismar or I know not whither; went wandering about for almost twenty years to come; disturbed, and stirring-up disturbance. Died 1747, still in that sad posture; Interim Brother, with Posterity, succeeding.[24] But Hanover and Prussia interfered no farther; the brother administered on his own footing, 'supported by troops hired from 'Hamburg. Hanover and Prussia, 400 Hanoverians, 200 Prussians, 'merely retained hold of their respective Hypothecs' (Districts held in pawn) 'till the expenses should be paid,'—million of *thalers*, and by those late anarchies a new heavy score run up.

Prussia and Hanover retained hold of their Hypothecs; for as to the expenses, what hope was there? Fifty years hence we find the Prussian Hypothecs occupied as at first; and 'rights of enlistment exercised.' Never in this world were those expenses paid; nor could be, any part of them. The last accounts were: George III. of England, on marrying, in 1761, a Mecklenburg Princess,—"Old Queen Charlotte," then young enough,—handsomely tore-up the bill; and so ended that part of a desperate debt. But of the Prussian part there was no end, nor like to be any: 'down to this day' (says Buchholz, in 1775), 'two squadrons of the Ziethen

[24] Michaelis, ii. 434-440.

Hussars usually lie there,' and rights of enlisting are exercised. I conclude, the French Revolution and its Wars wiped away this other desperate item. And now let us hope that Mecklenburg is better-off than formerly,—that, at least, our hands are clear of it in time coming. I add only, with satisfaction, that this Unique of Dukes was no ancestor of Old Queen Charlotte's, but only a remote Welsh-Uncle, far enough apart;—cannot be too far.

One Nüssler settles the Ahlden Heritages; sends the Money home in Boxes.

Knyphausen did not settle Mecklenburg, as we perceive! Neither did Kannegiesser and the unliquidated Heritages prosper, at Hanover, quite to perfection. One Heritage, that of Uncle Osnabrück, little George flatly refused to share: *Feudum* the whole of that, not *Allodium* any part of it, so that a Sister cannot claim. Which, I think, was confirmed by the Arbitrators at Brunswick; thereby ending that. Then as to the Ahlden *Allodia* or *Feuda*,—Kannegiesser, blamably or not, never could make much of the business. A precise strict man, as we saw at the Hanover Council-room lately; whom the Hanover people did not like. So he made little of it. Nay at the end of next year (December 1730), sending-in his accounts to Berlin, he demands, in addition to the three thalers (or nine shillings) daily allowed him, almost a second nine shillings for sundries, chiefly for 'hairpowder and shoeblacking'! And is instantly recalled; and vanishes from History at this point.[25]

Upon which Friedrich Wilhelm selects another; 'sends deal boxes along with him,' to bring home what cash there is. This one's name is Nüssler; an expectant Prussian Official, an adroit man, whom we shall meet again doing work. He has the nine shillings a-day, without hairpowder or blacking, while employed here; at Berlin no constant salary whatever,—had to 'borrow 75*l.* for outfit on this business;'—does a great deal of work without wages, in hope of effective promotion by and by. Which did follow, after tedious years; Friedrich Wilhelm finding him, on such proof (other proof will not do), *fit* for promoting to steady employment.

Nüssler was very active at Hanover, and had his deal boxes; but hardly got them filled according to hope. However, in some

[25] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 307, &c. § Nüssler.

eighteen months he had actually worked out, in difficult instalments, about 13,000*l.*, and dug the matter to the bottom. He came home with his last instalment, not disapproved of, to Berlin (May 1732); six years after the poor Duchess's death. So the Ahlden *Allodia* too had their end.

CHAPTER VII.

A MARRIAGE; NOT THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE: CROWN-PRINCE DEEP IN TROUBLE.

WHILE the Hanover Imminency was but beginning, and horrid crisis of War of Duel was yet in nobody's thoughts, the Anspach Wedding[1] had gone-on at Berlin. To Friedrich Wilhelm's satisfaction; not to his Queen's, the match being but a poor one. The bride was Frederika Louisa, not the eldest of their Daughters, but the next-eldest: younger than Wilhelmina, and still hardly fifteen; the first married of the Family. Very young she: and gets a very young Margraf,—who has been, and still is a minor; under his Mother's guardianship till now: not rich, and who has not had a good chance to be wise. The Mother,—an excellent magnanimous Princess, still young and beautiful, but labouring silently under some mortal disease,—has done her best to manage for him these last four or five years;[2] and, as I gather, is impatient to see him settled, that she may retire and die.

Friday forenoon, 19th May 1729, the young Margraf arrived in person at Berlin,—just seventeen gone Saturday last, poor young soul, and very foolish. Sublime royal carriage met him at the Prussian frontier; and this day, what is more interesting, our 'Crown-Prince rides out to meet him; mounts into the royal

[1] 30th May 1729.

[2] Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i. 200-204. There are '*Memoirs* of Pöllnitz,' then '*Memoirs and Letters*,' besides the '*Memoirs* of Brandenburg' (posthumous, which we often cite); all by this poor man. Only the last has any Historical value, and that not much. The first two are only worth consulting, cautiously, as loose contemporary babble,—written for the Dutch Booksellers, one can perceive.

carriage beside him;' and the two young fools drive, in such a cavalcade of hoofs and wheels,—talking we know not what,—into Potsdam; met by his Majesty and all the honours. What illustrious gala there then was in Potsdam and the Court world, read,—with tedium, unless you are in the tailor line,—described with minute distinctness by the admiring Fassmann.[3] There are Generals, high Ladies, sons of Bellona and Latona; there are dinners, there are hautboys,—'two-and-thirty blackamoors,' in flaming uniforms, capable of cymballing and hautboying 'up the grand staircase, and round your table, and down again,' in a frightfully effective manner, while you dine. Madam Kamecke is to go as Oberhofmeisterinn to Anspach; and all the lackeys destined thither are in their new liveries, blue turned-up with red velvet. Which is delightful to see. Review of the Giant grenadiers cannot fail; conspicuous on parade with them our Crown-Prince as Lieutenant-Colonel: 'the beauty of this Corps as well as the 'perfection of their *exercitia*,'—ah yes, we know it, my dim old friend. The Marriage itself followed, at Berlin, after many exercitia, snipe-shootings, feastings, hautboyings; on the 30th of the month; with torch-dance and the other customary trimmings; 'Bride's garter cut in snips' for dreaming upon 'by his Royal Majesty himself.' The *Lustbarkeiten*, the stupendous public entertainments having ended, there is weeping and embracing (*more humano*); and the happy couple, so-called happy, retire to Anspach with their destinies and effects.

A foolish young fellow, this new Brother-in-law, testifies Wilhelmina in many places. Finances in disorder; Mother's wise management, ceasing too soon, has only partially availed. King 'has lent some hundreds of thousands of crowns to Anspach' (says Friedrich at a later period), 'which there is no chance of ever being 'repaid. All is in disorder there, in the finance way: if the 'Margraf gets his hunting and his heroning, he laughs at all the 'rest; and his people pluck him bare at every hand.'[4]

Nor do the married couple agree to perfection;—far from it: "hate one another like cat and dog (like the fire, *comme le feu*)," says Friedrich:[5] "his Majesty may see what comes of ill-assorted marriages!"—In fact, the union proved none of the most harmonious; subject to squalls always;—but to squalls only; no open tempest, far less any shipwreck: the marriage held together till

[3] pp. 396-401. [4] Schulenburg's Letter (in Förster, iii. 72).
[5] Correspondence (more than once).

death, the Husband's death, nearly thirty years after, divided it. There was then left one Son; the same who at length inherited Baireuth too,—inherited Lady Craven,—and died in Bubb Doddington's Mansion, as we often teach our readers.

Last year, the Third Daughter was engaged to the Heir-Apparent of Brunswick; will be married, when of age. Wilhelmina, flower of them all, still hangs on the bush, 'asked,' or supposed to be 'asked, by four Kings,' but not attained by any of them; and one knows not what will be her lot. She is now risen out of the sickness she has had,—not smallpox at all, as malicious English rumour gave it in England;—and 'looks prettier than ever,' writes Dubourgay.

Here is a Marriage, then; first in the Family;—but not the Double-Marriage, by a long way! The late Hanover Tornado, sudden Waterspout as we called it, has quenched that Negotiation; and one knows not in what form it will resuscitate itself. The royal mind, both at Berlin and St. James's, is in a very uncertain state after such a phenomenon.

Friedrich Wilhelm's favour for the Crown-Prince, marching home so gallantly with his Potsdam Giants, did not last long. A few weeks later in the Autumn we have again ominous notices from Dubourgay. And here, otherwise obtained, is a glimpse into the interior of the Berlin Schloss; momentary perfect clearness, as by a flash of lightning, on the state of matters there; which will be illuminative to the reader.

Crown-Prince's Domesticities seen in a Flash of Lightning.

This is another of those tragi-comic scenes, tragic enough in effect, between Father and Son; Son now about eighteen,—fit to be getting through Oxford, had he been an English gentleman of private station. It comes from the irrefragable Nicolai; who dates it about this time, uncertain as to month or day.

Fritz's love of music, especially of fluting, is already known to us. Now a certain Quantz was one of his principal instructors in that art, and indeed gave him the last finish of perfection in it. Quantz, famed Saxon music-master and composer, Leader of the Court-Band in Saxony, king of flute-players in his day,—(a village-farrier's son from the Göttingen region, and himself destined to shoe horses, had not imperative Nature prevailed over hindrances);—Quantz, ever from Fritz's sixteenth year, was wont to come

occasionally, express from Dresden, for a week or two, and give the young man lessons on the flute. The young man's Mother, good Queen Feekin, had begged this favour for him from the Saxon Sovereignties; and pleaded hard for it at home, or at worst kept it secret there. It was one of the many good maternities, clandestine and public, which she was always ready to achieve for him where possible;—as he also knew full well in his young grateful heart, and never forgot, however old he grew! Illustrious Quantz, we say, gives Fritz lessons on the flute; and here is a scene they underwent;—they and a certain brisk young soldier fellow, Lieutenant von Katte, who was there too; of whom the reader will tragically hear more in time.

On such occasions Fritz was wont to pull-off the tight Prussian coat or *coatie*, and clap himself into flowing brocade of the due roominess and splendour,—bright scarlet dressing-gown, done in gold, with tags and sashes complete;—and so, in a temporary manner, feel that there was such a thing as a gentleman's suitable apparel. He would take his music-lessons, follow his clandestine studies, in that favourable dress:—thus Buffon, we hear, was wont to shave, and put on clean linen, before he sat down to write, finding it more comfortable so. Though, again, there have been others who could write in considerable disorder; not to say litter, and palpable imperfection of equipment: Samuel Johnson, for instance, did some really grand writing in a room where there was but one chair, and that one incapable of standing unless you sat on it, having only three feet. A man is to fit himself to what is round him: but surely a Crown-Prince may be indulged in a little brocade in his leisure moments!—

Fritz and Quantz sat doing music, an unlawful thing, in this pleasant, but also unlawful costume; when Lieutenant Katte, who was on watch in the outer room, rushes in, distraction in his aspect: Majesty just here! Quick, double quick! Katte snatches the music-books and flutes, snatches Quantz; hurries with him and them into some wall-press, or closet for firewood, and stands quaking there. Our poor Prince has flung aside his brocade, got on his military coatie; and would fain seem busy with important or indifferent routine matters. But, alas, he cannot undo the French hairdressing; cannot change the graceful French bag into the strict Prussian queue in a moment. The French bag betrays him; kindles the paternal vigilance,—alas, the paternal wrath, into a tornado pitch. For his vigilant suspecting Majesty searches about;

finds the brocade article behind a screen; crams it, with loud indignation, into the fire; finds all the illicit French Books; confiscates them on the spot, confiscates all manner of contraband goods;—and there was mere sulphurous whirlwind in those serene spaces for about an hour! If his Majesty had looked into the wood-closet? His Majesty, by Heaven's express mercy, omitted that. Haude the Bookseller was sent for; ordered to carry-off that poisonous French cabinet-library in mass; sell every Book of it, to an undiscerning public, at what price it will fetch. Which latter part of his order, Haude, in deep secrecy, ventured to disobey, being influenced thereto. Haude, in deep secrecy, kept the cabinet library secure; and 'lent' the Prince book after book from it, as his Royal Highness required them.

Friedrich, it is whispered in Tobacco-Parliament, has been known, in his irreverent impatience, to call the Grenadier uniform his "shroud (*Sterbekittel*, or death-clothes);" so imprisoning to the young mind and body! Paternal Majesty has heard this blasphemous rumour; hence doubtless, in part, his fury against the wider brocade garment.

It was Quantz himself that reported this explosion to authentic Nicolai, many years afterwards; confessing that he trembled, every joint of him, in the wood-closet, during that hour of hurricane; and the rather as he had on 'a red dress-coat,' which colour, foremost of the flaring colours, he knew to be his Majesty's aversion, on a man's back.[6] Of incomparable Quantz, and his heart-thrilling adagios, we hope to hear transiently again, under joyfuler circumstances. Of Lieutenant von Katte,—a short stout young fellow, with black eyebrows, pock-marked face, and rather dissolute manners,—we shall not fail to hear.

[6] Nicolai, *Anekdoten* (Berlin, 1790), ii. 148.

CHAPTER VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE GETTING BEYOND HIS DEPTH IN TROUBLE.

It is not certain that the late Imminency of Duel had much to do with such explosions. The Hanover Imminency, which we likened to a tropical waterspout, or sudden thunderous blotting-out of the sky to the astonished Gazetteers, seems rather to have passed away as waterspouts do,—leaving the earth and air, if anything, a little *refreshed* by such crisis. Leaving, that is to say, the two Majesties a little less disposed for open quarrel, or rash utterance of their ill humour in time coming. But, in the mean while, all mutual interests are in a painful state of suspended animation: in Berlin there is a privately rebellious Spouse and Household, there is a Tobacco-Parliament withal;—and the royal mind, sensitive, imaginative as a poet's, as a woman's, and liable to transports as of a Norse Baresark, is of uncertain movement. Such a load of intricacies and exaggerated anxieties hanging on it, the royal mind goes like the most confused smoke-jack, sure only to *have* revolutions; and we know how, afar from Soissons, and at home in Tobacco-Parliament, the machine is influenced! Enough, the explosive procedures continue, and are on the increasing hand.

Majesty's hunting at Wusterhausen was hardly done, when that alarming Treaty of Seville came to light (9th November 1729), France and England ranked by the side of Spain, disposing of Princes and Apanages at their will, and a Kaiser left sitting solitary,—which awakens the domestic whirlwinds at Berlin, among other results. "*Canaille Anglaise*, English Doggery!" and similar fine epithets, addressed to Wilhelmina and the Crown-Prince, fly about; not to speak of occasional crockery and other missiles. Friedrich Wilhelm has forbidden these two his presence altogether, except at dinner: Out of my sight, ye Canaille Anglaise; darken not the sunlight for me at all!

This is in the Wusterhausen time,—Hanover Imminency only two months gone. And Mamma sends for us to have private dialogues in her Apartment there, with spies out in every direction to make signal of Majesty's return from his hunt,—who, however, surprises us on one occasion, so that we have to squat for hours, and almost get suffocated.[1] Whereupon the Crown-Prince, who will be eighteen in a couple of months, and feels the indignity of such things, begs of Mamma to be excused in future. He has much to suffer from his Father again, writes Dubourgay in the end of November: 'it is difficult to conceive the vile stratagems that 'are made use of to provoke the Father against the Son.'[2] Or again, take this, as perhaps marking an epoch in the business, a fortnight farther on:

December 10*th*, 1729. 'His Prussian Majesty cannot bear the sight 'of either the Prince or Princess Royal. The other day, he asked the 'Prince: "Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?"' Kalkstein, your old Tutor, Borck, Knyphausen, Finkenstein, they are all of that vile clique! 'To which the Prince answered, "I respect the English 'because I know the people there love me;" upon which the King 'seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane,' in fact rained showers of blows upon him; 'and it was only by superior strength,' thinks Dubourgay, 'that the poor Prince escaped worse. There is a 'general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long.'

Truly the situation is so violent, it cannot last. And in effect a wild thought, not quite new, ripens to a resolution in the Crown-Prince under such pressures. In reference to which, as we grope and guess, here is a Billet to Mamma, which Wilhelmina has preserved. Wilhelmina omits all trace of date, as usual; but Dubourgay, in the above Excerpt, probably supplies that defect:

Friedrich to his Mother (Potsdam, December 1729).

'I am in the uttermost despair. What I had always apprehended has 'at last come on me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his 'Son. This morning I came into his room as usual; at the first sight of 'me,' or at the first passage of Kalkstein-dialogue with me, 'he sprang 'forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows 'with his rattan. I tried in vain to screen myself, he was in so terrible 'a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness,' not my superior strength, 'that made him give up.'

[1] Wilhelmina, i. 172. [2] Dubourgay, 28th November 1729.

'I am driven to extremity. I have too much honour to endure 'such treatment; and I am resolved to put an end to it in one way or 'another.' [3]

Is not this itself sufficiently tragical? Not the first stroke he had got, we can surmise; but the first torrent of strokes, and open beating like a slave;—which to a proud young man and Prince, at such age, is indeed *in*tolerable. Wilhelmina knows too well what he means by 'ending it in one way or another;' but strives to reassure Mamma as to its meaning "flight," or the like desperate resolution. "Mere violence of the moment," argues Wilhelmina; terribly aware that it is deeper-rooted than that.

Flight is not a new idea to the Crown-Prince; in a negative form we have seen it present in the minds of bystanders: "a Crown-Prince determined *not* to fly," whispered they.[4] Some weeks ago, Wilhelmina writes: 'The King's bad treatments be-'gan again on his reappearance' at Potsdam after the Hunting; 'he never saw my Brother without threatening him with his cane. 'My Brother told me day after day, He would endure everything 'from the King, only not blows; and that if it ever came to such 'extremity, he would be prepared to deliver himself by running 'off.' And here, it would seem, the extremity has actually come.

Wilhelmina, pitying her poor Brother, but condemning him on many points, continues:[5] 'Lieutenant Keith,' that wild companion of his, 'had been gone some time, stationed in Wesel with his regi-'ment.' Which fact let us also keep in mind. 'Keith's departure 'had been a great joy to me; in the hope my Brother would now 'lead a more regular life: but it proved quite otherwise. A second 'favourite, and a much more dangerous, succeeded Keith. This 'was a young man of the name of Katte, Captain-Lieutenant in 'the regiment *Gens-d'Armes.* He was highly connected in the 'Army; his Mother had been a daughter of Feldmarschall Graf 'von Wartensleben,'—a highest dignitary of the last generation. Katte's Father, now a General of distinction, rose also to be Feld-marschall; Cousins too, sons of a Kammer-President von Katte at Magdeburg, rose to Army rank in time coming; but not this poor Katte,—whom let the reader note!

'General Katte his Father,' continues Wilhelmina, 'had sent 'him to the Universities, and afterwards to travel, desiring he

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 175. [4] Dubourgay (9th August 1729), suprà, p. 16.
[5] i. 173, 174.

'should be a Lawyer. But as there was no favour to expect out 'of the Army, the young man found himself at last placed there, 'contrary to his expectation. He continued to apply himself to 'studies; he had wit, book-culture, acquaintance with the world; 'the good company which he continued to frequent had given him 'polite manners, to a degree then rare in Berlin. His physiognomy 'was rather disagreeable than otherwise. A pair of thick black 'eyebrows almost covered the eyes of him; his look had in it 'something ominous, presage of the fate he met with: a tawny 'skin, torn by smallpox, increased his ugliness. He affected the 'freethinker, and carried libertinism to excess; a great deal of 'ambition and headlong rashness accompanied this vice.' A dangerous adviser here in the Berlin element, with lightnings going! 'Such a favourite was not the man to bring back my 'Brother from his follies. This I learned at our' (Mamma's and my) 'return to Berlin,' from the Wusterhausen and the Potsdam tribulations;—and think of it, not without terror, now that the extremity seems coming or come!

CHAPTER IX.

DOUBLE-MARRIAGE SHALL BE OR SHALL NOT BE.

For one thing, Friedrich Wilhelm, weary of all this English pother and futility, will end the Double-Marriage speculation; Wilhelmina shall be disposed of, and so an end. Friedrich Wilhelm, once the hunting was over at Wusterhausen, ran across, southward,—to 'Lubnow,' Wilhelmina calls it,—to Lübben in the Nether Lausitz,[1] a short day's drive; there to meet incognito the jovial Polish Majesty, on his route towards Dresden; to see a review or so; and have a little talk with the ever-cheerful Man of Sin. Grumkow and Seckendorf, of course these accompany; Majesty's shadow is not surer.

Review was held at Lübben, Weissenfels Commander-in-chief taking charge; dinner also, a dinner or two, with much talk and

[1] 25th October 1729 (Fassmann, p. 404).

drink;—and there it was settled, Wilhelmina has since known, that Weissenfels, Royal Highness in the Abstract, was to be her Husband, after all. Weissenfels will do; either Weissenfels or else the Margraf of Schwedt, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; somebody shall marry the baggage out of hand, and let us have done with that. Grumkow, as we know, was very anxious for it; calculating thereby to cut the ground from under the Old Dessauer, and make this Weissenfels Generalissimo of Prussia; a patriotic thought. Polish Majesty lent hand, always willing to oblige.

Friedrich Wilhelm, on his return homewards, went round by Dahme for a night:—not 'Dam,' O Princess, there is no such town or schloss! Round by Dahme, a little town and patch of territory, in the Saxon Countries, which was Weissenfels's Apanage; —'where plenty of Tokay' cheered the royal heart; and, in such mood, it seemed as if one's Daughter might do very well in this extremely limited position. And Weissenfels, though with dark misgivings as to Queen Sophie, was but too happy to consent: the foolish creature; a little given to liquor too! Friedrich Wilhelm, with this fine project in his head, drove home to Potsdam;—and there laid about him, on the poor Crown-Prince, in the way we have seen; terrifying Queen and Princess, who are at Berlin till Christmas and the Carnival be over. Friedrich Wilhelm means to see the Polish Majesty again before long,—probably so soon as this of Weissenfels is fairly got through the Female Parliament, where it is like there will be difficulties.

Christmas came to Berlin, and the King with it; who did the gaieties for a week or two, and spoke nothing about business to his Female Parliament. Dubourgay saw him, at Parade, on New-year's morning; whither all manner of Foreign Dignitaries had come to pay their respects: "Well," cried the King to Dubourgay, "we shall have a War, then,"—universal deadly tug at those Italian Apanages, for and against an insulted Kaiser,—"War; and then all that is crooked will be pulled straight!" So spake Friedrich Wilhelm on the New-year's morning; War in Italy, universal spasm of wrestle there, being now the expectation of foolish mankind. Crooked will be pulled straight, thinks Friedrich Wilhelm; and perhaps certain high Majesties, deaf to the voice of Should-not, will understand that of Can-not, Excellenz!—Crooked will become straight? "Indeed if so, your Majesty, the sooner the better!" I ventured to answer.[2]

[2] Dubourgay, 8th January 1730.

New-year's day is not well in, and the ceremonial wishes over, when Friedrich Wilhelm, his mind full of serious domestic and foreign matter, withdraws to Potsdam again; and therefrom begins fulminating in a terrible manner on his womankind at Berlin, what we called his Female Parliament,—too much given to opposition courses at present. Intends to have his measures passed there, in defiance of opposition; straightway; and an end put to this inexpressible Double-Marriage higgle-haggle. Speed to him! we will say.—Three high Crises occur, three or even four, which can now without much detail be made intelligible to the patient reader: on the back of which we look for some catastrophe and finis to the Business;—any catastrophe that will prove a finis, how welcome will it be!

Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis First: England shall say Yes or say No.

Still early in January, a few days after his Majesty's return to Potsdam, three high Official gentlemen, Count Fink von Finkenstein, old Tutor to the Prince, Grumkow and General Borck announce themselves one morning; "Have a pressing message from the King to her Majesty."[3] Queen is astonished; expecting anything sooner.—"This regards me, I have a dreading!" shuddered Wilhelmina to Mamma. "No matter," said the Queen, shrugging her shoulders; "one must have firmness; and that is not what I shall want;"—and her Majesty went into the Audience-chamber, leaving Wilhelmina in such tremors.

Finkenstein, a friendly man, as Borck too is, explains to her Majesty, "That they three have received each a Letter overnight, —Letter from the King, enjoining in the *first* place 'silence under pain of death;' in the *second* place, apprising them that he, the King, will no longer endure her Majesty's disobedience in regard to the marriage of his Daughter, but will banish Daughter and Mother 'to Oranienburg,' quasi-divorce, and outer darkness, unless there be compliance with his sovereign will; *thirdly*, that they are accordingly to go, all three, to her Majesty, to deliver the enclosed Royal Autograph" (which Finkenstein presents), "testifying what said sovereign will is, and on the above terms expect her Majesty's reply;"—as they have now sorrowfully done,

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 180.

Finkenstein and Borck with real sorrow, Grumkow with the reverse of real.

Sovereign will is to the effect: "Write to England one other time, Will you at once marry, or not at once; Yea or No? Answer can be here within a fortnight; three weeks, even in case of bad winds. If the answer be not Yea at once; then you, Madam, you at once choose Weissenfels or Schwedt, one or the other,—under what penalties you know; Oranienburg and worse!"

Here is a crisis. But her Majesty did not want firmness. "Write to England? Yes, willingly. But as to Weissenfels and Schwedt, whatever answer come from England,—Impossible!" steadily answers her Majesty. There was much discourse, suasive, argumentative; Grumkow 'quoting Scripture on her Majesty, as the Devil can on occasion,' says Wilhelmina. Express Scriptures, *Wives, be obedient to your husbands*, and the like texts: but her Majesty, on the Scripture side too, gave him as good as he brought. "Did not Bethuel the son of Milcah,[4] when Abraham's "servant asked his daughter in marriage for young Isaac, answer, "*We will call the damsel and inquire of her mouth. And they called "Rebecca, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And "she said, I will go.*" Scripture for Scripture, Herr von Grumkow! "Wives must obey their husbands; surely yes. But the husbands "are to command things just and reasonable. The King's pro- "cedure is not accordant with that law. He is for doing violence "to my Daughter's inclination, and rendering her unhappy for the "rest of her days;—will give her a brutal debauchee," fat Weissenfels, so describable in strong language; "a younger brother, who "is nothing but the King of Poland's Officer; landless, and without "means to live according to his rank. Or can it be the State "that will profit from such a marriage? If they have a House- "hold, the King will have to support it.—Write to England; "Yes; but whatever the answer of England, Weissenfels never! "A thousand times sooner see my child in her grave than "hopelessly miserable!" Here a qualm overtook her Majesty; for in fact she is in an interesting state, third month of her time: "I am not well. You should spare me, Gentlemen, in "the state I am in.—I do not accuse the King," concluded she: "I know," hurling a glance at Grumkow, "to whom I owe all "this;"—and withdrew to her interior privacies; reading there

[4] Genesis xxiv. 14-58.

with Wilhelmina 'the King's cruel Letter,' and weeping largely, though firm to the death.[5]

What to do in such a crisis? Assemble the Female Parliament, for one thing: good Madam Finkenstein (old Tutor's wife), good Mamsell Bülow, Mamsell Sonsfeld (Wilhelmina's Governess), and other faithful women:—well if we can keep away traitresses, female spies that are prowling about; especially one 'Ramen,' a Queen's soubrette, who gets trusted with everything, and betrays everything; upon whom Wilhelmina is often eloquent. Never was such a traitress; took Dubourgay's bribe, which the Queen had advised; and, all the same, betrays everything,—bribe included. And the Queen, so bewitched, can keep nothing from her. Female Parliament must take precautions about the Ramen!—For the rest, Female Parliament advises two things: 1°. Pressing Letter to England; that of course, written with the eloquence of despair: and then 2°. That in case of utter extremity, her Majesty 'pretend to fall ill.' That is Crisis First; and that is their expedient upon it.

Letter goes to England, therefore; setting forth the extremity of strait and pinch: "Now or never, O my Sister Caroline!" Many such have gone, first and last; but this is the strongest of all. Nay the Crown-Prince too shall write to his Aunt of England: you, Wilhelmina, draw-out a fit brief Letter for him: send it to Potsdam, he will copy it there![6] So orders the Mother: Wilhelmina does it, with a terrified heart; Crown-Prince copies without scruple: 'I have already given your Majesty my word of honour never to 'wed any one but the Princess Amelia your Daughter; I here 'reiterate that Promise, in case your Majesty will consent to my 'Sister's Marriage,'—should that alone prove possible in the present intricacies. 'We are all reduced to such a state that'—Wilhelmina gives the Letter in full; but as it is professedly of her own composition, a loose vague piece, the very date of which you have to grope out for yourself, it cannot even count among the several Letters written by the Crown-Prince, both before and after it, to the same effect, which are now probably all of them lost,[7] without

[5] Wilhelmina, i. 179-182. Dubourgay has nothing,—probably had heard nothing, there being 'silence under pain of death' for the moment.

[6] Wilhelmina, i. 183.

[7] *Trace* of one, Copy of *Answer* from Queen Caroline to what seems to have been one, Answer rather of dissuasive tenor, is in State-Paper Office: *Prussian Despatches*, vol. xl.,—dateless; probably some months later in 1730.

regret to anybody; and we will not reckon it worth transcribing farther. Such Missive, such two Missives (not now found in any Archive) speed to England by express; may the winds be favourable. Her Majesty waits anxious at Berlin; ready to take refuge in a bed of sickness, should bad come to worse.

Dubourgay strikes a Light for the English Court.

In England, in the mean while, they have received a curious little piece of secret information. One Reichenbach, Prussian Envoy at London—Dubourgay has long marvelled at the man and at the news he sends to Berlin. Here, of date 17th January 1730, is a Letter on that subject from Dubourgay, official but private as yet, for 'George Tilson, Esq.:'—Tilson is Under-Secretary in the Foreign Office, whose name often turns-up on such occasions in the *Dubourgay*, the *Robinson* and other extinct Paper-heaps of that time. Dubourgay dates doubly, by old *and* new style; in general we print by the new only, unless the contrary be specified.

'*To George Tilson, Esq.* (Private.)

'Berlin, 6th Jan. 1729 (by new style, 17th Jan. 1730).

'Sir,—I believe you may remember that we have for a long time 'suspected that most of Reichenbach's Despatches were dictated by some 'people here. About two days ago a Paper fell into my hands,' realised quietly for a consideration, 'containing an Account of money charged to 'the "Brothers Jourdan and Lautiers," Merchants here, by their Corre-'spondent in London, for sending Letters from,' properly in, or through, 'your City to Reichenbach.

'Jourdan and Lautiers's London Correspondents are Mr. Thomas 'Greenhill in Little Bell Alley and Mr. John Motteux in St. Mary Axe. 'Mr. Guerin my Agent knows them very well; having paid them several 'little bills on my account:'—Better ask Mr. Guerin. 'I know not 'through the hands of which of those Merchants the above-mentioned 'Letters have passed; but you have ways enough to find it out, if you 'think it worth while. I make no manner of doubt but Grumkow and 'his party make use of this conveyance to (*sic*) their instructions to 'Reichenbach. In the Account which I have seen, "eighteen-pence" is 'charged for carrying each Letter to Reichenbach: the charge in general 'is for "Thirty-two Letters;" and refers to a former Account.' So that they must have been long at it.

'I am, with the greatest truth,

'DUBOURGAY.'

Here is a trail which Tilson will have no difficulty in running down. I forget whether it was in Bell Alley or St. Mary Axe that the nest was found; but found it soon was, and the due springes were set; and game came steadily dropping-in,—Letters to and Letters from,—which, when once his Britannic Majesty had, with reluctance, given warrant to open and decipher them, threw light on Prussian Affairs, and yielded fine sport and speculation in the Britannic Majesty's Apartment on an evening.

This is no other than the celebrated 'Cipher Correspondence between Grumkow and Reichenbach;' Grumkow covertly instructing his slave Reichenbach what the London news shall be: Reichenbach answering him, To hear is to obey! Correspondence much noised-of in the modern Prussian Books; and which was, no doubt, very wonderful to Tilson and Company;—capable of being turned to uses, they thought. The reader shall see specimens by and by; and he will find it unimportant enough, and unspeakably stupid to him. It does show Grumkow as the extreme of subtle fowlers, and how the dirty-fingered Seckendorf and he cooked their birdlime: but to us that is not new, though at St. James's it was. Perhaps uses may lie in it there? At all events, it is a pretty topic in Queen Caroline's apartment on an evening; and the little Majesty and she, with various laughters and reflections, can discern, a little, How a poor King of Prussia is befooled by his servants, and in what way a fierce Bear is led about by the nose, and dances to Grumkow's piping. Poor soul, much of his late raging and growling, perhaps it was only Grumkow's and not his! Does not hate us, he, perhaps; but only Grumkow through him? This doleful enchantment, and that the Royal Wild Bear dances only to tunes, ought to be held in mind, when we want anything with him. —Those, amid the teheeings, are reflections that cannot escape Queen Caroline and her little George, while the Prussian Express, unknown to them, is on the road.

Wilhelmina to be married out of hand. Crisis Second: England shall have said No.

The Prussian Express, Queen Sophie's Courier to England, made his best speed: but he depends on the winds for even arriving there; and then he depends on the chances for an answer there; an uncertain Courier as to time: and it was not in the power of speed to keep pace with Friedrich Wilhelm's impatience. "No

answer yet?" growls Friedrich Wilhelm before a fortnight is gone. "No answer?"—and January has not ended till a new Deputation of the same Three Gentlemen, Finkenstein, Borck, Grumkow, again waits on the Queen, for whom there is now this other message. 'Wednesday 25th January 1730,' so Dubourgay dates it; so likewise Wilhelmina, right for once: 'a day I shall never forget,' adds she.

Finkenstein and Borck, merciful persons, and always of the English party, were again profoundly sorry. Borck has a blaze of temper in him withal; we hear he apprised Grumkow, at one point of the dialogue, that he, Grumkow, was a "scoundrel," so Dubourgay calls it,—which was one undeniable truth offered there that day. But what can anything profit? The Message is: "Whatever the answer now be from England, I will have nothing to do with it. Negative, procrastinative, affirmative, to me it shall be zero. You, Madam, have to choose, for Wilhelmina, between Weissenfels and Schwedt; otherwise I myself will choose: and upon you and her will alight Oranienburg, outer darkness, and just penalties of mutiny against the Authority set over you by God and men. Weissenfels or Schwedt: choose straightway." This is the King's message by these Three.

"You can inform the King," replied her Majesty,[8] "that he "will never make me consent to render my Daughter miserable; "and that, so long as a breath of life (*un souffle de vie*) remains in "me, I will not permit her to take either the one or the other of "those persons." Is that enough? "For you, Sir," added her Majesty, turning to Grumkow, "for you, Sir, who are the author "of my misfortunes, may my curse fall upon you and your house! "You have this day killed me. But I doubt not, Heaven will "hear my prayer, and avenge these wrongs."[9]—And herewith to a bed of sickness, as the one refuge left!

Her Majesty does now, in fact, take to bed at Berlin; "fallen very ill," it would appear; which gives some pause to Friedrich Wilhelm till he ascertain. "Poorly, for certain," report the Doctors, even Friedrich Wilhelm's Doctor. The humane Doctors have silently given one another the hint; for Berlin is one tempest of whispers about her Majesty's domestic sorrows. "Poorly, for interesting reasons:—perhaps be worse before she is better, your Majesty!"—"Hmph!" thinks Friedrich Wilhelm out at Potsdam.

[8] Wilhelmina, i. 188.

[9] Dubourgay, 28th January 1730; Wilhelmina, i. 188 (who suppresses the maledictory part).

And then the treacherous Ramen reports that it is all shamming; and his Majesty, a Bear, though a loving one, is driven into wrath again; and so wavers from side to side.

It is certain the Queen held, faster or looser, by her bed of sickness, as a main refuge in these emergencies: the last shift of oppressed womankind;—sanctioned by Female Parliament, in this instance. "Has had a miscarriage!" writes Dubourgay, from Berlin gossip, at the beginning of the business. Nay at one time she became really ill, to a dangerous length; and his Majesty did not at first believe it; and then was like to break his heart, poor Bear; and pardoned Wilhelmina and even Fritz, at the Mother's request,—till symptoms mended again.[10] *Jarnibleu*, Herr Seckendorf, 'Grumkow serves us honourably (*dienet ehrlich*)'—does not he!—Ambiguous bed of sickness, a refuge in time of trouble, did not quite terminate till May next, when her Majesty's time came; a fine young Prince the result;[11] and this mode of refuge in trouble ceased to be necessary.

Wilhelmina to be married out of Hand. Crisis Third: Majesty himself will choose, then.

Directly on the back of that peremptory act of disobedience by the womankind on Wednesday last, Friedrich Wilhelm came to Berlin himself. He stormfully reproached his Queen, regardless of the sickbed; intimated the infallible certainty, That Wilhelmina nevertheless would wed without delay, and that either Weissenfels or Schwedt would be the man. And this said, he straightway walked out to put the same in execution.

Walked, namely, to the Mother Margravine of Schwedt, the lady in high colours, Old Dessauer's Sister; and proposed to her that Wilhelmina should marry her Son.—"The supreme wish of my life, your Majesty," replied she of the high colours: "But, against the Princess's own will, how can I accept such happiness? Alas, your Majesty, I never can!"—and flatly refused his Majesty on those terms: a thing Wilhelmina will ever gratefully remember of her.[12]

So that the King is now reduced to Weissenfels; and returns still more indignant to her Majesty's apartment. Weissenfels, however, it shall be: and frightful rumours go that he is written to, that he is privately coming, and that there will be no remedy.[13]

[10] Wilhelmina, i. 207.

[11] 23d May 1730, August Ferdinand; her last child.

[12] Wilhelmina, i. 197. [13] Ib.

Wilhelmina, formerly almost too florid, is gone to a shadow; 'her waist hardly half an ell;' worn down by these agitations. The Prince and she, if the King see either of them,—it is safer to run, or squat behind screens.

How Friedrich Prince of Baireuth came to be the Man, after all.

In this high wind of extremity, the King now on the spot and in such temper, Borck privately advises, "That her Majesty bend a little,—pretend to give-up the English connexion, and propose a third-party, to get rid of Weissenfels."—"What third-party, then?" "Well, there is young Brandenburg-Culmbach, for example, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth; Friedrich, a handsome enough young Prince, just coming home from the Grand Tour, we hear; will have a fine Territory when his Father dies: age is suitable; old kinship with the House, all money-quarrels settled eight or ten years ago: why not him?"—"Excellent!" said her Majesty; and does suggest him to the King, in the next Schwedt-Weissenfels onslaught. Friedrich Wilhelm grumbles an assent, "Well, then:—but I will be passive, observe; not a *groschen* of Dowry, for one thing!"—

And this is the first appearance of the young Margraf Friedrich, Heir-Apparent of Baireuth; who comes in as a hypothetic figure, at this late stage;—and will carry-off the fair prize, as is well known. Still only doing the Grand Tour; little dreaming of the high fortune about to drop into his mouth. So many wooers, 'four Kings' among them, suing in vain; him, without suing, the Fates appoint to be the man.

Not a bad young fellow at all, though no King. Wilhelmina, we shall find, takes charmingly to him, like a good female soul; regretless of the Four Kings;—finds her own safe little island there the prettiest in the world, after such perils of drowning in stormy seas.—Of his Brandenburg genealogy, degree of cousinship to Queen Caroline of England, and to the lately wedded young gentleman of Anspach Queen Caroline's Nephew, we shall say nothing farther, having already spoken of it, and even drawn an abstruse Diagram of it,[14] sufficient for the most genealogical reader. But in regard to that of the peremptory "Not a *groschen* of Dowry" from Friedrich Wilhelm (which was but a bark, after all, and proved the reverse of a bite, from his Majesty) there may a word of explanation be permissible.

[14] Antea, vol. i. p. 276*a*.

The Ancestor of this Baireuth Prince Friedrich,—as readers knew once, but doubtless have forgotten again,—was a Younger Son; and for six generations so it stood: not till the Father of this Friedrich was of good age, and only within these few years, did the Elder branch die out, and the Younger, in the person of said Father, succeed to Baireuth. Friedrich's Grandfather, as all these progenitors had done, lived poorly, like Cadets, on apanages and makeshifts.

So that the young Prince's Father, George Friedrich, present incumbent, as we may call him, of Baireuth, found himself,—with a couple of Brothers he has, whom also we may transiently see by and by,—in very straitened circumstances in their young years. *Their* Father, son of younger sons as we saw, was himself poor, and he had Fourteen of them as family. Now, in old King Friedrich I.'s time, it became apparent, as the then reigning Margraf of Baireuth's children all died soon after birth, that one of these necessitous Fourteen was likely to succeed in Baireuth, if they could hold out. Old King Friedrich thereupon said, "You have chances of succession; true enough,—but nobody knows what will become of that. Sell your chance to me, who am ultimate Heir of all: I will give you a round sum,—the little 'Domain of Weverlingen' in the Halberstadt Country, and say 'Half-a-Million Thalers;' there you can live comfortably, and support your Fourteen Children."—"Done," said the necessitous Cousin; went to Weverlingen accordingly; and there lived the rest of his days, till 1708; leaving his necessitous Fourteen, or about Ten of them that were alive and growing up, still all minors, and necessitous enough.

The young men, George Friedrich at the top of them, kept silence in Weverlingen, and conformed to Papa; having nothing to live upon elsewhere. But they had their own thoughts; especially as their Cousin of Baireuth was more and more likely to die childless. And at length, being in the Kaiser's service as soldiers some of them, and having made what interest was feasible, they, early in Friedrich Wilhelm's reign, burst out. That is to say, appealed to the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council at Vienna; chief Court of the Empire in such cases); openly protesting there, That their Papa had no power to make such a bargain, selling their birthright for immediate pottage; and that, in brief, they would not stand by it at all;—and summoned Friedrich Wilhelm to show cause why they should.

Long lawsuit, in consequence; lengthy law-pleadings, and much parchment and wiggery, in that German Triple-Elixir of Chancery; —little to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm. Friedrich Wilhelm, from the first, was fairness itself: "Pay me back the money; and let it be, in all points, as you say!" answered Friedrich Wilhelm, from the first. Alas, the money was eaten; how could the money be paid back? The Reichshofrath dubitatively shook its wig, for years: "Bargain bad in Law; but Money clearly repayable: the Money was and is good;—what shall be done about the Money!" At length, in 1722, Friedrich Wilhelm, of himself, settled with this present Margraf, then Heir-Presumptive, How, by steady slow instalments, it could be possible, from the revenues of Baireuth, thriftily administered, to pay back that Half-Million and odd Thalers; and the now Margraf, ever since his accession in 1726, has been annually doing it. So that there is, at this time, nothing but composed kinship and friendship between the two Courts, the little and the big: only Friedrich Wilhelm, especially with his will crossed in this matter of the Baireuth Marriage, thinks to himself, "Throw more money into such a gulf? The 600,000 Thalers had better be got out first!" and says, he will give no Dowry at all, nor take any charge, not so much as give away the Bride, but be passive in the matter.

Queen Sophie, delighted to conquer Grumkow at any rate, is charmed with this notion of Baireuth; and for a moment forgets all other considerations: Should England prove slack and fail, what a resource will Baireuth be, compared with Weissenfels! And Wilhelmina entering, her Majesty breaks forth into admiration over the victory, or half-victory, just gained: What a husband for you this, my dear, in comparison! And as Wilhelmina cannot quite join in the rapture on a sudden; and cannot even consent, unless Papa too give his real countenance to the match, Mamma flies out upon the poor young Lady:[15] "Take the "Grand Turk or the Great Mogul, then," said the Queen, "and "follow your own caprice! I should not have brought so many "sorrows on myself, had I known you better. Follow the King's "bidding, then; it is your own affair. I will no longer trouble "myself about your concerns;—and spare me, please, the sorrow "of your odious presence, for I cannot stand it!" Wilhelmina

[15] Wilhelmina, i. 201.

wished to reply, but the answer was, "Silence! Go, I tell you!" 'And I retired all in tears.'

'All in tears.' The Double-Marriage drifting furiously this long while, in such a sea as never was; and breakers now close alee,—have the desperate crew fallen to staving-in the liquor-casks, and quarrelling with one another?—Evident one thing is, her Majesty cannot be considered a perfectly wise Mother! We shall see what her behaviour is, when Wilhelmina actually weds this respectable young Prince. Ungrateful creature, to wish Papa's consent as well as mine! that is the maternal feeling at this moment; and Wilhelmina weeps bitterly, as one of the unluckiest of young Ladies.

Nay, her Brother himself, who is sick of this permanent hurricane, and would fain see the end of it at any price, takes Mamma's part; and Wilhelmina and he come to high words on the matter. This was the unkindest cut of all:—but, of course, this healed in a day. Poor Prince, he has his own allowance of insults, disgraces, blows; has just been found-out in some plan, or suspicion of a plan; found-out to be in debt at least, and been half-miraculously pardoned;—and, except in flight, he still sees no deliverance ahead. Five days ago, 22d January 1730, there came out a Cabinet-Order (summary Act of Parliament, so to speak) against 'lending money to Princes of the Blood, were it even to the Prince-Royal.' A crime and misdemeanour, that shall now be; and Forfeiture of the Money is only part of the penalty, according to this Cabinet-Order. Rumour is, the Crown-Prince had purchased a vehicle and appurtenances at Leipzig, and was for running off. Certainty is, he was discovered to have borrowed 1,000 Thalers from a certain moneyed man at Berlin (money made from French scrip, in Mississippi Law's time);—which debt Friedrich Wilhelm instantly paid. "Your whole debt, then, is that? Tell me the whole!"—"My whole debt," answered the Prince; who durst not own to about 9,000 other Thalers (1,500*l.*) he has borrowed from other quarters, first and last. Friedrich Wilhelm saw perhaps some premonition of flight, or of desperate measures, in this business; and was unexpectedly mild: paid the 1,000 Thalers instantly; adding the Cabinet-Order against future contingencies.[16] The Prince was in this humour when he took Mamma's side, and redoubled Wilhelmina's grief.

[16] Ranke, i. 296; Förster, &c.

Double-Marriage, on the Edge of Shipwreck, flies off a Kind of Carrier-Pigeon, or Noah's Dove, to England, with Cry for Help.

Faithful Mamsell Bülow consoles the Princess: "Wait, I have news that will put her Majesty in fine humour!"—And she really proved as good as her word. Her news is, Dubourgay and Knyphausen, in this extremity of pinch, have decided to send off not letters merely, but a speaking Messenger to the English Court. One Dr. Villa; some kind of "English Chaplain" here,[17] whose chief trade is that he teaches Wilhelmina English; Rev. Dr. Villa, who honours Wilhelmina as he ought, shall be the man. Is to go instantly; will explain what the fatal pass we are reduced to is, and whether Princess Wilhelmina is the fright some represent her there or not.

Her Majesty is overjoyed to hear it; who would not be? Her Majesty 'writes Letters' of the due vehemency, thinks Wilhelmina, —dare not write at all, says Dubourgay;—but loads Villa with presents, with advices; with her whole heart speeds him under way. "Dismissed, turned off for some fault or other,—or perhaps because the Princess knows enough of English?" so the rumour goes, in Villa's Berlin circle.

'The Chaplain set out with his despatches,' says Wilhelmina, who does not name him, but is rather eloquent upon his errand; 'loaded with presents from the Queen. On taking leave of me he 'wept warm tears. He said, saluting in the English fashion,'—I hope with bended knee, and the maiden's fingers at his lips,— '"He would deny his Country, if it did not do its duty on this 'occasion."' And so hastened forth on his errand. Like a Carrier-Pigeon sent in extremity;—like Noah's-Dove in the Deluge: may he revisit our perishing Ark with Olive in his bill!

[17] Wilhelmina, i. 203; Dubourgay's Despatch, 28th January 1730.

BOOK VII.

FEARFUL SHIPWRECK OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE PROJECT.

February—November 1730.

CHAPTER I.

ENGLAND SENDS THE EXCELLENCY HOTHAM TO BERLIN.

THINGS, therefore, are got to a dead-lock at Berlin: rebellious Womankind peremptorily refuse Weissenfels, and take to a bed of sickness; inexpugnable there, for the moment. Baireuth is but a weak middle term; and there are disagreements on it. Answer from England, affirmative or even negative, we have yet none. Promptly affirmative, that might still avail, and be an honourable outcome. Perhaps better pause till that arrive, and declare itself?—Friedrich Wilhelm knows nothing of the Villa mission, of the urgencies that have been used in England: but, in present circumstances, he can pause for their answer.

Majesty and Crown-Prince with him make a Run to Dresden.

To outward appearance, Friedrich Wilhelm, having written that message to Baireuth, seems easier in mind; quiet with the Queen; though dangerous for exploding if Wilhelmina and the Prince come in view. Wilhelmina mostly squats; Prince, who has to be in view, gets slaps and strokes 'daily (*journellement*),' says the Princess,—or almost daily. For the rest, it is evident enough, Weissenfels, if not got passed through the Female Parliament, is thrown-out on the second reading, and so is at least *finished*. Ought we not to make a run to Dresden, therefore, and apprise the Polish Majesty?

Short run to Dresden is appointed for February 18th;[1] and the Prince-Royal, perhaps suspected of meditating something, and safer in his Father's company than elsewhere, is to go. Wilhelmina had taken leave of him, night of the 17th, in her Majesty's Apartment; and was in the act of undressing for bed, when,—judge of a young Princess's terror and surprise,—

'There stept into the anteroom,' visible in the half-light there, a most handsome little Cavalier, dressed, not succinctly as Colonel of the Potsdam

[1] Fassmann, p. 404.

Giants, but 'in magnificent French style.—I gave a shriek, not knowing 'who it was; and hid myself behind a screen. Madam de Sonsfeld, 'my Governess, not less frightened than myself, ran out' to see what audacious person, at such undue hour, it could be. 'But she returned 'next moment, accompanying the Cavalier, who was laughing heartily, 'and whom I recognised for my Brother. His dress so altered him, he 'seemed a different person. He was in the best humour possible.

'"I am come to bid you farewell once more, my dear Sister," said he: "and as I know the friendship you have for me, I will not keep you "ignorant of my designs. I go, and do not come back. I cannot endure "the usage I suffer; my patience is driven to an end. It is a favourable "opportunity for flinging-off that odious yoke; I will glide out of "Dresden, and get across to England; where I do not doubt I shall "work-out your deliverance too, when I am got thither. So I beg you, "calm yourself. We shall soon meet again in places where joy shall "succeed our tears, and where we shall have the happiness to see our-"selves in peace, and free from these persecutions."'[2]

Wilhelmina stood stupefied, in silence for some moments;—argued long with her Brother; finally got him to renounce those wild plans, or at least postpone them; and give her his word that he would attempt nothing on the present occasion.

This small Dresden Excursion of February 1730 passed, accordingly, without accident. It was but the prelude to a much grander Visit now agreed upon between the neighbouring Majesties. For there is a grand thing in the wind. Something truly sublime, of the scenic-military kind, which has not yet got a name; but shall soon have a world-wide one,—"Camp of Mühlberg," "Camp of Radewitz," or however to be named,—which his Polish Majesty will hold in those Saxon parts, in a month or two. A thing that will astonish all the world, we may hope; and where the King and Prince of Prussia are to attend as chief guests.

It was during this brief absence in February, or directly after Friedrich Wilhelm had returned, that Queen Sophie had that fit of real sickness we spoke of. Scarcely was his Majesty got home, when the Queen, rather ambiguous in her sicknesses of late, fell really and dangerously ill: so that Friedrich Wilhelm, at last recognising it for real, came hurrying in from Potsdam; wept loud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private, "He would not survive his Feekin;" and for her sake solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz,—till the symptoms mended.[3]

[2] Wilhelmina, i. 205.

[3] Ibid. i. 306.

How Villa was received in England.

Meanwhile Dr. Villa, in England, has sped not ill. Villa's eloquence of truth; the Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence in St. Mary Axe: these two things produce their effect. These on the one hand; and then on the other, certain questionable aspects of Fleury, after that fine Soissons Catastrophe to the Kaiser; and certain interior quarrels in the English Ministry, partly grounded thereon:—"On the whole, why should not we detach Friedrich Wilhelm from the Kaiser, if we could, and comply with a Royal Sister?" think they at St. James's.

Political men take some interest in the question; "Why neglect your Prince of Wales?" grumbles the Public: "It is a solid Protestant match, eligible for Prince Fred and us!"—"Why bother with the Kaiser and his German puddles?" asks Walpole: "Once detach Prussia from him, the Kaiser will perhaps sit still, and leave the world and us free of his Pragmatics and his Sanctions and Apanages."—"Quit of him? German puddles?" answers Townshend dubitatively,—who has gained favour at head-quarters by going deeply into said puddles; and is not so ardent for the Prussian Match; and indeed is gradually getting into quarrel with Walpole and Queen Caroline.[4] These things are all favourable to Dr. Villa.

In fact, there is one of those political tempests (dreadful to the teapot, were it not experienced in them) going on in England, at this time,—what we call a Change of Ministry;—daily crisis labouring towards fulfilment, or brewing itself ripe. Townshend and Walpole have had (how many weeks ago Coxe does not tell us) that meeting in Colonel Selwyn's, which ended in their clutching at swords, nay almost at coat-collars:[5] honourable Brothers-in-law; but the good Sister, who used to reconcile them, is now dead. Their quarrels, growing for some years past, are coming to a head. "When the firm used to be Townshend and Walpole, all was well; "when it had to become Walpole and Townshend, all was not "well!" said Walpole afterwards.

Things had already gone so far, that Townshend brought Chesterfield over from the Hague, last Autumn;—a Baron de Montesquieu, with the *Esprit des Lois* in his head, sailed with Lord Chesterfield on that occasion, and is now in England 'for two years;'—but

[4] Coxe, i. 332-339. [5] Ib. p. 335.

Chesterfield could not be made Secretary; industrious Duke of Newcastle stuck so close by that office, and by the skirts of Walpole. Chesterfield and Townshend *versus* Walpole, Colonel Stanhope (Harrington) and the Pelhams: the Prussian Match is a card in that game; and Dr. Villa's eloquence of truth is not lost on Queen Caroline, who in a private way manages, as always, to rule pretty supreme in it.

There lies in the State-Paper Office,[6] without date or signature, a loose detached bit of writing, in scholastic style, but brief and to the purpose, which is evidently the Memorial of Villa; but as it teaches us nothing that we do not already know, it need not be inserted here. The man, we can perceive farther, continued useful in those Official quarters, answering questions about Prussia, helping in the St.-Mary-Axe decipherings, and in other small ways, for some time longer; after which he vanishes again from all record, —whether to teach English farther, or live on some modicum of pension granted, no man knows. Poor old Dove, let out upon the Deluge in serge gown: he did bring back a bit of olive, so to speak;—had the presage but held, as it did in Noah's case!

In a word, the English Sovereignties and Ministries have determined that an Envoy Extraordinary (one Hotham, they think of), with the due solemnity, be sent straightway to Berlin; to treat of those interesting matters, and officially put the question there. Whom Dubourgay is instructed to announce to his Prussian Majesty, with salutation from this Court. As Dubourgay does straightway, with a great deal of pleasure.[7] How welcome to his Majesty we need not say.

And indeed, after such an announcement (1st March 1730, the day of it), they fell into cheerful dialogue; and the Brigadier had some frank conversation with his Majesty about the 'Arbitration Commission' then sitting at Brunswick, and European affairs in general. Conversation which is carefully preserved for us in the Brigadier's Despatch of the morrow. It never was intrinsically of much moment; and is now fallen very obsolete, and altogether of none: but as a glance at firsthand into the dim old thoughts of Friedrich Wilhelm, the reader may take it with him:

'The King said next, That though we made little noise, yet he knew 'well our design was to kindle a fire in other parts of Lower Germany.

[6] Close by Despatch (Prussian): 'London, 8th February (o.s.) 1729-30.'

[7] Despatches: London, 8th February; Berlin, 2d March 1730.

'To which I answered, That if his Majesty would give me favourable 'hearing, I could easily persuade him of the peaceable intentions of our 'Allies. "Well," says he, "the Emperor will abandon the Netherlands, "and who will be master of them? I see the day when you will make "France so powerful, that it will be difficult to bring them to reason "again."—*Dubourgay:* "If the Emperor abandoned the Netherlands, "they would be governed by their own Magistrate, and defended by "their own Militia. As to the French, we are too well persuaded of the "benefit of our Allies, to—" Upon which the King of Prussia said, "It appeared plainly we had a mind to dispose as we pleased of King- "doms and provinces in Italy, so that probably our next thought would "be to do the same in Germany."—*Dubourgay:* "The allotments made "in favour of Don Carlos have been made with the consent of the "Emperor and the whole Empire. We could not suffer a longer inter- "ruption of our commerce with Spain, for the sake of the small difference "between the Treaty of Seville and the Quadruple Alliance, in regard "to the Garrison,"'—to the introducing of Spanish Garrisons, at once, into Parma and Piacenza; which was the special thunderbolt of the late Soissons Catastrophe, or Treaty of Seville.—'"Well, then," says his Prussian Majesty, "you must allow, then, there *is* an infraction of "the Quadruple Alliance, and that the Emperor will make war!" "I "hope not," said I: "but if so, a Ten-years War, in conjunction with "the Allies of Seville, never would be so bad as the interruption of "our Commerce with Old and New Spain for one year."

'The King of Prussia's notion about our *disposing of provinces in 'Germany,*' adds Dubourgay, 'is, I believe, an insinuation of Seckendorf, 'who, I doubt not, has made him believe we intended to do so with 'respect to Berg and Jülich.'

Very probably:—but Hotham is getting under way, hopeful to spoil that game. Prussian Majesty, we see, is not insensible to so much honour; and brightens into hopefulness and fine humour in consequence. What radiancy spread over the Queen's side of the House we need not say. The Tobacco-Parliament is like to have a hard task.—Friedrich Wilhelm privately is well inclined to have his Daughter married, with such outlooks, if it can be done. The marriage of the Crown-Prince into such a family would also be very welcome; only—only—There are considerations on that side. There are reasons; still more there are whims, feelings of the mind towards an unloved Heir-Apparent; upon these latter chiefly lie the hopes of Seckendorf and the Tobacco-Parliament.

What the Tobacco-Parliament's specific insinuations and deliberations were, in this alarming interim, no Hansard gives us

a hint. Faint and timid they needed, at first, to be; such unfavourable winds having risen, blowing-off at a sad rate the smoke of that abstruse Institution.—"*Jarni-bleu!*" snuffles the Feldzeugmeister to himself. But "*Si Deus est nobiscum,*" as Grumkow exclaims once to his beautiful Reichenbach, or *Nosti* as he calls him in their slang or cipher language, "If God is with us, who can prevail against us?" For the Grumkow can quote Scripture; nay solaces himself with it, which is a feat beyond what the Devil is competent to.

Excellency Hotham arrives in Berlin.

The Special Envoy to be sent to Berlin on this interesting occasion is a dignified Yorkshire Baronet; Sir Charles Hotham, 'Colonel of the Horse-Grenadiers;' he has some post at Court, too, and is still in his best years. His Wife is Chesterfield's Sister; he is withal a kind of soldier, as we see;—a man of many sabre-tashes, at least, and acquainted with Cavalry-Drill, as well as the practices of Goldsticks: his Father was a General Officer in the Peterborough Spanish Wars. These are his eligibilities, recommending him at Berlin, and to Official men at home. Family is old enough: Hothams of Scorborough in the East Riding; old as *Wilhelmus Bastardus;* and subsists to our own day. This Sir Charles is lineal *Son* of the Hothams who lost their heads in the Civil War; and he is, so to speak, lineal *Uncle* of the Lords Hotham that now are. For the rest, a handsome figure, prompt in French, and much the gentleman. So far has Villa sped.

Hotham got to Berlin on Sunday 2d April 1730. He had lingered a little, waiting to gather-up some skirts of that Reichenbach-Grumkow Correspondence, and have them ready to show in the proper Quarter. For that is one of the chief arrows in his quiver. But here he is at last: and on Monday, he is introduced at Charlottenburg to the Prussian Majesty; and finds an abundant welcome to himself and his preliminaries. "Marriage into that fine high Country (*magnifike Land*) will be welcome to my Daughter, I believe, as flowers in May: to me also how can it be other than welcome!—'Farther instructions,' you say? Yes, surely; and terms honourable on both sides. Only say nothing of it, I had rather tell the girl myself."[8] To that frank purport

[8] Ranke, i. 284.

spoke his Majesty;—and invites the Excellency Hotham to stay dinner.

Great dinner at Charlottenburg, accordingly; Monday 3d April 1730; the two English Excellencies Hotham and Dubourgay, then General Borck, Knyphausen, Grumkow, Seckendorf and others;—'where,' says Hotham, giving Despatch about it, 'we all got 'immoderately drunk.' Of which dinner there is sordid narrative, from Grumkow to his *Nosti* (to his Reichenbach, in cant speech), still visible through St. Mary Axe, were it worth much attention from us. Passages of wit, loaded with allusion, flew round the table: "A German ducat is change for an English half-guinea," and the like sprightly things. Nay at one time, Hotham's back being turned, they openly drink,—his Majesty in a state of exhilaration, having blabbed the secret:—"To the health of Wilhelmina Princess of Wales!" Upon which the whole Palace of Charlottenburg now bursts into tripudiation; the very valets cutting capers, making somersets,—and rushing off with the news to Berlin. Observable, only, that Hotham and Dubourgay sat silent in the tripudiation; with faces diplomatically grave. Several points to be settled first; no halloing till we are out of the wood.

News came to Berlin Schloss, doubtless at full gallop, which would only take a quarter of an hour. This is Wilhelmina's experience of it. Afternoon of Monday 3d of April 1730, in the Schloss of Berlin,—towards sunset, some ornamental seam in one's hand:

'I was sitting quiet in my Apartment, busy with work, and some one 'reading to me, when the Queen's Ladies rushed in, with a torrent of 'domestics in the rear; who all bawled out, putting one knee to the 'ground, "They were come to salute the Princess of Wales." I fairly 'believed these poor people had lost their wits; they would not cease 'overwhelming me with noise and tumult, their joy was so great they 'knew not what they did. When the farce had lasted some time, they 'at last told me'—what our readers know. What the demure Wilhelmina professes she cared next to nothing about. 'I was so little moved 'by it, that I answered, going on with my work, "Is that all?" Which 'greatly surprised them. A while afterwards my Sisters and several 'Ladies came also to congratulate me. I was much loved; and I felt 'more delighted at the proofs each gave me of that than at what occa-'sioned them. In the evening I went to the Queen's: you may readily 'conceive her joy. On my first entrance, she called me "her dear

'Princess of Wales;" and addressed Madam de Sonsfeld as "Milady." 'This latter took the liberty of hinting to her, that it would be better to 'keep quiet; that the King having yet given no notice of this business, 'might be provoked at such demonstration, and that the least trifle could 'still ruin all her hopes. The Countess Finkenstein joining her remon- 'strances to Sonsfeld's, the Queen, though with regret, promised to 'moderate herself.' [9]

This is the effulgent flaming-point of the long-agitated English Match, which we have so often caught in a bitterly smoking condition. 'The King indeed spoke nothing of it to us, on his 'return to Berlin in a day or two,' says Wilhelmina; 'which 'we thought strange.' But everybody considered it certain, nothing but the details left to settle. 'Hotham had daily con- 'ferences with the King.' 'Every post brought letters from the 'Prince of Wales:' of which Wilhelmina saw several,—this for one specimen, general purport of the whole: 'I conjure you, my 'dear Hotham, get these negotiations finished! I am madly in 'love (*amoureux comme un fou*), and my impatience is unequalled.' [10] Wilhelmina thought these sentiments 'very romantic' on the part of Prince Fred, 'who had never seen me, knew me only by repute:'—and answered his romances and him with tiffs of laughter, in a prettily fleering manner.

Effulgent flame-point;—which was of very brief duration indeed, and which sank soon into bitterer smoke than ever, down almost to the choking state. There are now six weeks of Diplomatic History at the Court of Berlin, which end far otherwise than they began. Weeks well nigh indecipherable; so distracted are they, by black-art and abstruse activities above ground and below, and so distractedly recorded for us: of which, if it be humanly possible, we must try to convey some faint notion to mankind.

[9] Wilhelmina, i. 215. [10] Ib. i. 218.

CHAPTER II.

LANGUAGE OF BIRDS: EXCELLENCY HOTHAM PROVES UNAVAILING.

ALREADY next morning, after that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, awakening with his due headache, thought, and was heard saying, He had gone too far! Those gloomy looks of Hotham and Dubourgay, on the occasion; they are a sad memento that our joyance was premature. The English mean the Double-Marriage; and Friedrich Wilhelm is not ready, and never fairly was, for more than the Single. "Wilhelmina Princess of Wales, yes with all my heart; but Friedrich to an English Princess—Hm, na;"—and in a day more,[1] plainly "No." And there it finally rests; or if rocked about, always settles there again.

And why, No?—Truly, as regarded Crown-Prince Friedrich's Marriage, the question had its real difficulties: and then, still more, it had its imaginary; and the subterranean activities were busy! The witnesses, contemporaneous and other, assign Three reasons, or considerations and quasi-reasons, which the Tobacco-Parliament and Friedrich Wilhelm's lively fancy could insist upon it till they became irrefragable:

First, his rooted discontent with the Crown-Prince, some even say his jealousy of the Crown-Prince's talents, render it unpleasant to think of promoting him in any way. *Second*, natural German loyalty, enlivened by the hope of Jülich and Berg, attaching Friedrich Wilhelm to the Kaiser's side of things, repels him with a kind of horror from the Anti-Kaiser or French-English side. "Marry my Daughter, if you like; I shall be glad to salute her as Princess of Wales; but no union in your Treaty-of-Seville operations: in politics go you your own road, if that is it, while I go mine; no tying of us, by Double or other Marriages, to go one road." *Third*, the magnificence of those English. "Regardless of expense," insinuates the Tobacco-Parliament; "they will

[1] 'Instruction to his Ministers, 5th April,' cited by Ranke, i. 285 n.

send their grand Princess hither, with no end of money; brought-up in grandeur to look-down on the like of us. She can dazzle, she can purchase: in the end, may there not be a Crown-Prince Party, capable of extinguishing your Majesty here in your own Court, and making Prussia a bit of England; all eyes being turned to such sumptuous Princess and her Crown-Prince,—Heir-Apparent, or 'Rising Sun' as we may call him!"—

There really are three weighty almost dreadful considerations to a poetic-tempered King and Smoking Parliament. Out of which there is no refuge except indeed this plain fourth one: 'No hurry 'about Fritz's marriage;[2] he is but eighteen gone; evidently too 'young for housekeeping. Thirty is a good time for marrying. '"There is, thank God, no lack of royal lineage; I have two other 'Princes,"'—and another just at hand, if I knew it.

To all which there is to be added that ever-recurring invincible gravitation towards the Kaiser, and also towards Jülich and Berg by means of him,—well acted on by the Tobacco-Parliament for the space of those six weeks. During which, accordingly, almost from the first day after that Hotham Dinner of April 3d, the answer of the royal mind, with superficial fluctuations, always is: "Wilhelmina at once, if you choose; likely enough we might agree about Crown-Prince Friedrich too, if once all were settled; but of the Double-Marriage, at this present time, *höre nit*,[3] I will have nothing to say." And as the English answer steadily, "Both or none!"—meaning indeed to draw Prussia away from the Kaiser's leading-strings, and out of his present enchanted condition under the two Black-Artists he has about him, the Negotiation sinks again into a mere smoking, and extinct or plainly extinguishing state.

The Grumkow-*Nosti* Cipher Correspondence might be reckoned as another efficient cause; though, in fact, it was only a big concomitant symptom, much depended on by both parties, and much disappointing both. In the way of persuading or perverting Friedrich Wilhelm's judgment about England, this deep-laid piece of machinery does not seem to have done much, if anything; and Hotham, who with the English Court had calculated on it (on their detection of it) as the grand means of blowing Grumkow out of the field, produced a far opposite result on trying, as we shall see! That was a bit of heavy ordnance which disappointed every-

[2] Friedrich Wilhelm to Reichenbach (13th May), infrà.
[3] Ranke, i. 285 n.

body. Seized by the enemy before it could do any mischief; enemy turned it round on the inventor; fired it off on the inventor, and—it exploded through the touch-hole; singeing some people's whiskers: nothing more!—

A Peep into the Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence caught up in St. Mary Axe.

Would the reader wish to look into this Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence at all? I advise him, not. Good part of it still lies in the Paper-Office here;[4] likely to be published by the Prussian Dryasdust in coming time: but a more sordid mass of eavesdroppings, kitchen-ashes and floor-sweepings, collected and interchanged by a pair of treacherous Flunkies (big bullying Flunky and little trembling cringing one, Grumkow and Reichenbach), was never got together out of a gentleman's household. To no idlest reader, armed even with barnacles, and holding mouth and nose, can the stirring-up of such a dustbin be long tolerable. But the amazing problem was this Editor's, doomed to spell the Event into clearness if he could, and put dates, physiognomy and outline to it, by help of such Flunky-Sanscrit!—That Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence, as we now have it in the Paper-Office, —interpretable only by acres of British Despatches, by incondite dateless helpless Prussian Books ('printed Blotches of Human Stupor,' as Smelfungus calls them): how gladly would one return them all to St. Mary Axe, there to lie through Eternity! It is like holding dialogue with a Rookery; asking your way (perhaps in flight for life, as was partly my own case) by colloquy with successive or even simultaneous Rookeries. Reader, have you tried such a thing? An adventure, never to be spoken of again, when once *done!*

Wilhelmina pretends to give quotations[5] from this subterranean Grumkow-Reichenbach Correspondence; but hers are only extracts from some description or remembrance; hardly one word is close to the original, though here and there some outline or shadow of a real passage is traceable. What fractional elements, capable of gaining some vestige of meaning when laid together in their cosmic order, I could pick from the circumambient immensity not

[4] Prussian Despatches, vols. xl. xli.: in a fragmentary state; so much of it as they had caught up, and tried to make use of;—far too much.

[5] Wilhelmina, i. 233-235.

cosmic, are here for the reader's behoof. Let him skip, if, like myself, he is weary; for the substance of the story is elsewhere given. Or perhaps he has the curiosity to know the speech of birds? With abridgment, by occasional change of phrase, above all by immense omission,—here, in specimen, is something like what the Rookery says to poor Friedrich Wilhelm and us, through St. Mary Axe and the Copyists in the Foreign Office! Friedrich Wilhelm reads it (Hotham gives him reading of it) some weeks hence; we not till generations afterwards. I abridge to the utmost; —will mark in *double* commas what is not Abridgment but exact Translation;—with rigorous attention to dates, and my best fidelity to any meaning there may be:

To Nosti (the so-called Excellenz Reichenbach) *in London:*

Grumkow from Berlin *loquitur*, Reichenbach listening with both his ears (words caught up in St. Mary Axe).

Berlin, 3d March 1730, 'The time has now come when Reichenbach 'must play his game. Let him write that the heads of the Opposition, 'who play Austria as a card in Parliament, "are in consternation, Walpole "having hinted to them that he was about to make friends with the "King of Prussia;" "that by means of certain ministers at Berlin, and "by other subterranean channels (*autres souterrains*), his Prussian Majesty "had been brought to a disposition of that kind"' (Knyphausen, Borck and others will be much obliged to Reichenbach for so writing!), 'That 'Reichenbach knows they intend sending a Minister to Berlin; but is 'certain enough, as perhaps they are, his Prussian Majesty will not let 'himself be lured or caught in the trap: but that the very rumour of its 'being possible for him to change' from Austria, 'would be an infinite 'gain to the English Ministry,'—salvation of them, in fact, in the Parliamentary cockpit. 'That they had already given-out in the way of 'rumour, How sure they were of the Court of Berlin whenever it came 'to the point. That Reichenbach had tried to learn from 73 * what the 'real result from Berlin was; and did not think it much, though the 'Walpole people,' all hanging so perilously upon Prussia for their existence, "affected a great gaiety; and indeed felt what a gain it was even to have "renewed the Negotiation with his Prussian Majesty." Here is a King likely to get himself illuminated at first-hand upon English affairs; by Ministers lying abroad for him, and lying at home!—

"And so the King," concludes Grumkow, "will think Reichenbach "is a witch (*sorcier*) to be so well informed about all that, and will

* An Indecipherable.

"redouble the good opinion he has of Reichenbach. And so, if Reich-
"enbach second my ideas, we will pack Borck and Knyphausen about
"their business; and will do the King faithful service,"—having, some of us, our private 500*l.* a-year from Austria for doing it. "The King "perceives only too well that the Queen's sickness is but sham (*momerie*): "judge of the effect that has! I am yours entirely (*tout à vous*). I wait "in great impatience to hear your news upon all this: for I inform you "accurately how the land lies here; so that it only depends upon yourself "to shine, and to pass for a miracle of just insight,"—'*sorcier*,' or witch at guessing mysteries, Grumkow calls it again. He continues in another Missive:

Berlin, 7th March. (Let us give the original for a line or two): "Queen "Sophie will soon rise from her bed of sickness, were this marriage "done; *La Mère du Prince-Royal affecte toujours d'être bien mal; mais "dès que l'affaire entre le Prince de Galles et la Princesse-Royale sera "faite, on la verra bientôt sur pied.*" 'It will behove that Reichenbach 'signify to the Prince-Royal's Father that all this affair has been concocted 'at Berlin with Borck and by 71 * with Knyphausen and 103.* That 'they never lose sight of an alliance with the English Princess and the 'Prince of Prussia; and flatter themselves the Prince-Royal of Prussia 'will accompany the Princess-Royal,' Wilhelmina, 'on *her* marriage there.' 'In a word, that all turns on this latter point,' marriage of the *Prince*-Royal as well; and 'that Villa has given so favourable a description of 'this Prince, that the English Princess will have him at what price 'soever. Nosti can also allege the affair of 100,'—whom we at last decipher to be *Lord Harrington*, once Colonel Stanhope, of Soissons, of the Madrid Embassy, of the descent on Vigo; a distinguished new Lord, with whom Newcastle hopes to shove-out Townshend,—'Lord Harrington, 'and the division among the Ministers:'—great question, Shall the firm be Townshend and Walpole, or Walpole and Townshend? just going on; brewing towards decision; in which the Prussian Double-Marriage is really a kind of card, and may by Nosti be represented as a trump card.

'The whole Town of Berlin said, This Villa was dismissed by order 'of the King, for he taught the eldest Princess English: but I see well 'it was Borck, 107,* Knyphausen and Dubourgay that dispatched him, 'to give a true picture of the situation here. And if Nosti has written 'to his Majesty to the same effect as he does to his Friend' (Despatch to Majesty has not yet come under Friend's eye), 'on the Queen of 'England's views about the Prince-Royal of Prussia, it will answer 'marvellously (*cela vient à merveille*). I have apprised Seckendorf of all 'that Nosti writes to me. "For the rest, Nosti may perfectly assure "himself that the King never will abandon Reichenbach; and if the

* An Indecipherable.

"Prince-Royal," sudden Fate interfering, "had the reins in his hand, "—in that case, Seckendorf promises to Reichenbach, on the part of the "Kaiser, all or more than all he can lose by the accession of the Prince. "Monsieur Reichenbach may depend upon that."'[6]

Slave Reichenbach at London, when this missive comes to hand, is busy copying scandal according to former instructions for behoof of his Prussian Majesty, and my Bashaw Grumkow; for example:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin:

Excellenz Reichenbach *loquitur;*—snatched in St. Mary Axe.

London, 10th March 1730. * * 'Reichenbach has told his Prussian 'Majesty today by a Courier who is to pass through Brussels' (Austrian Kinsky's Courier, no doubt), 'what amours the Prince of Wales,' dissolute Fred, 'has on hand at present with actresses and opera-girls. The King 'of Prussia will undoubtedly be astonished. The affair merits some 'attention at present,'—especially from an Excellenz like me.———

[*Missive* (body of important Grumkow Instructions just read by us) *comes to hand.*]

London, 14th March 1730. "Reichenbach will write by the first "Ordinary" (so they name Post, in those days) "all that Grumkow "orders. Reichenbach sees well, they mean to play the deuce here "(*jouent le diable à quatre ici*): but Reichenbach will tell his Prussian "Majesty what Grumkow finds fit." Good Excellenz Reichenbach "flatters himself the King will remain firm, and not let his enemies "deceive him. If Grumkow and Seckendorf have opportunity they "may tell his Prussian Majesty that the whole design of this Court is "to render his Country a Province dependent on England. When once "the Princess-Royal of England shall be wedded to the Prince-Royal "of Prussia, the English, by that means, will form such a party at "Berlin, that they will altogether tie his Prussian Majesty's hands." A comfortable piece of news to his Prussian Majesty in Tobacco-Parliament. "Reichenbach will assuredly be vigilant; depend on his answering "Grumkow always by the first post."

[6] Prussian Despatches, vol. xl. The second of these two Letters is copied, we perceive, by *Villa;* who transmits it to Hotham's Secretary at Berlin, with great hopes from it. Letter 'unsigned,' adds Villa (*point signée*). First was transmitted by Townshend.—Following are transmitted by &c. &c. It is in that way they have got into the State-Paper Office,—as *Enclosures* in the various Despatches that carried them out to Berlin to serve as Diplomatic Ammunition there.

Continues;—turning his rook-bill towards Majesty now. Same date (14th March), same time, place and bird:

To his Prussian Majesty (from Excellenz Reichenbach).

* * "P.S. I had closed this Letter when a person of confidence "came in" (the fact being, my Grumkow's Missive of Instructions came in, or figuratively speaking, my Grumkow himself), "and under- "took to give me in a few days a thorough insight into the intrigues "which are concealed under the sending of this new Minister," Hotham, "to Berlin; which, and how they have been concocted, he says, it "will astonish me to hear. Of all this I shall immediately inform your "Majesty in a letter of my own hand; being ever eager to serve your "Majesty alone."

Hotham is now fairly gone, weeks ago; concluded to be now in Berlin,—to the horror of both rooks. Here is a croak from *Nosti:*

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

London, April 1730. * * 'Hotham is no such conjuror as they 'fancy in Berlin;—singular enough, how these English are given to 'undervalue the Germans; whilst we in Germany overvalue them' (*avons une idée trop vaste*, they *trop petite*). "There is, for instance, Lord "Chesterfield, passes here for a fair-enough kind of man (*bon homme*), "and is a favourite with the King" (not with Walpole or the Queen, if Nosti knew it); "but nobody thinks him such a prodigy as you all "do in Germany,"—which latter bit of Germanism is an undoubted fact; curious enough to the English, and to the Germans that now read in extinct Books.

Hotham, as we said, got to Berlin on the 2d of April. From Berlin comes thereupon, at great length, sordid description by Grumkow, of that initiatory Hotham Dinner, April Third, with fearful details of the blazing favour Hotham is in. Which his Majesty (when Hotham hands it to him, in due time) will read with painful interest; as Reichenbach now does;—but which to us is all mere puddle, omissible in this place.

To which sad Strophe, there straightway follows due Anti-strophe, Reichenbach croaking responsive;—and we are to note, the rooks always speak in the third person and by ambiguous periphrasis; never once say "I" or "You," unless forced by this

Editor, for brevity's sake, to do it. Reichenbach from his perch thus hoarsely chants:

To the Herr Grumkow at Berlin.

London, 11*th April.* "Reichenbach *est coup-de-foudrê*,—is struck by "lightning,—to hear these Berlin news;"—and expresses, in the style of a whipt dog, his sorrows, uncertainties and terrors, on the occasion. 'Struck with lightning. Feel myself quite ill, and not in a condition 'to write much today. It requires another head than mine to veer 'round so often (*changer si souvent de système*). In fine, *Nosti est au 'bout de son latin'* (is at his wit's end, poor devil)! Both Majesties 'have spoken openly of the favourable news from Berlin; funds rose in 'consequence. New Minister' (Walpole come to the top of the Firm, Townshend soon to withdraw, impatient of the bottom) 'is all-powerful 'now: *O tempora, O mores!*' 'I receive universal congratulations, and 'have to smile' in a ghastly manner. 'The King and Queen despise 'me. I put myself in their way last Levee, bowing to the ground; but 'they did not even condescend to look.' "*Notre grand petit-maître*," little George, the Olympian Jove of these parts, 'passed on as if I had 'not been there.' "Chesterfield, they say, is to go, in great pomp, as "Ambassador Extraordinary, and fetch the Princess over. And"—Alas, in short, Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mee*serable!

London, 14*th April.* 'Slave Reichenbach cannot any longer write 'secret Letters to his Prussian Majesty according to the old strain, of 'your prescribing; but must stand by his vacant Official Despatches: 'the scene being entirely changed, he also must change his manner of 'writing'—poor knave. 'He will have to inform his Majesty, however, 'by and by, though it is not safe at present,'—for example,—"That "his Britannic Majesty is becoming from day to day more hated by "all the world; and that the Prince of Wales is no longer liked by "the Public, as at first; because he begins to give himself airs, and "takes altogether the manners of his Britannic Majesty, that is to say "of a puppy (*petit-maître*); let my Amiable" (Grumkow) "be aware "of that"—

Yes, let him be aware of that, to his comfort,—and still more, and all readers along with him, of what follows:

"Reichenbach likewise with great confidence informs the Greatest "Confidant he has in the world" (same amiable Grumkow), "that he "has discovered within this day or two," a tremendous fact, known to our readers some time ago, "That the Prince-Royal of Prussia has given

"his written assurances to the Queen here, Never to marry anybody in "the world except the Princess Amelia of England, happen what will" (Prussian Majesty will read this with a terrible interest! Much nearer to him than it is to us). "In consideration of which Promise the Queen "of England is understood," falsely, "to have answered that they should, "at present, ask only the Princess-Royal of Prussia for their Prince of "Wales," and let the Double-Marriage *be*, seemingly, as his Prussian Majesty wishes it. "Monsieur de Reichenbach did not speak of this "to his Prussian Majesty; feeling it too dangerous just now.—

"Lord Townshend is still at his place in the country" (Rainham in Norfolk): "but it is said he will soon come to Town; having heard the "great news that they had already got his Prussian Majesty by the nose. "Reichenbach forgets if he already told Grumkow that the rumour runs, "Lord Chesterfield, in quality of Ambassador to Berlin, is to bring the "Princess Wilhelmina over hither:"—you did already, poor confused wretch; unusually bewildered, and under frightful eclipse at present.

Continues after four days:

April 18*th*. * * 'Lord Stratford' (to me an unknown Lordship) 'and 'Heads of Opposition would like to ascertain what Hotham's offer to the 'King of Prussia *is*.'

Truly, yes; they mean to ask in Parliament (as poor gamblers in that Cockpit are wont), "And why did not you make the offer sooner, then? Friendship with his Prussian Majesty, last year, would have saved the whole of that large Waterspout about the Meadows of Clamei! Nay need we, a few months ago, have spent such loads of gold subsidising those Hessians and Danes against him? The treasures of this Country go a strange road, Mr. Speaker! What is the use of our industries and riches?" Heavens, yes, what! But we continue to excerpt and interpret:

Reichenbach 'has said nothing of this to his Prussian Majesty, 'Reichenbach has not; too dangerous in our present downpressed state: '—though amazingly exact always in news, and attached to his Prussian 'Majesty as mortal seldom was. Need he fear their new Hotham, then? 'Does not fear Hotham, not he him, being a man so careful of truth 'in his news. Dare not, however, now send any intelligence about 'the Royal Family here; Prussian Majesty having ordered him not to 'write gossip like a spiteful woman: What is he to do? Instruct him, 'O my Amiable.

'Know, for the rest, and be aware of it, O Amiable, that Queen 'Caroline here is of opinion, The Amiable Grumkow should be con- 'ciliated; and that Queen Sophie and Hotham are understood to have 'been trying it. Do not abandon me, O Amiable; nay I know you will 'not, you and Seckendorf, never, though I am a poor man.

'Have found out a curious story, *histoire fort curieuse*,—about one 'of Prince Fred's amourettes.' Story which this Editor, in the name of the whole human species, will totally suppress, and sweep into the cesspool, to herald Reichenbach thither. Except only that this corollary by the Duchess of Kendal may be appended to the thing:

'Duchess of Kendal,'—Hop-pole *Emerita*, now gone to devotion, whom we know, piously turns-up her eyes at such doings,—'thinks the 'Princess Wilhelmina will have a bad life of it with Fred, and that 'she "will need the wisdom of Solomon to get on here." Not a good 'bargain, this Prince Fred and his Sister. A dissolute fellow he, not 'liked by the Public' (I should hope). "Then as to Princess Amelia, "she, who was always haughty, begins to give herself airs upon the "Prince-Royal of Prussia; she is as ill-tempered as her Father, and still "more given to backbiting (*plus railleuse*), and will greatly displease "the Potsdam Majesty."

These are cheering thoughts. 'But what is to become of Nosti? 'Faithful to his Grumkow, to his Seckendorf—to his pair of sheep-'stealers, poor dog. But if trouble rise;—O at least do not hang *me*, 'ye incomparable pair!'—

The Hotham Despatches.

Slave Nosti's terrors, could he see behind the scenes, are without foundation! The tremendous Hotham Negotiation, all ablaze at that Charlottenburg Dinner, is sunk low enough into the smoking state, threatening to go out altogether. Smoke there may still be, perceptible vestiges of smoke; which indeed, for a long time, fitfully continued: but, at the time while Nosti, quaking in every joint of him, writes these terrors, Hotham perceives that his errand is vain; that properly there has as good as extinction supervened. April 3d was the flame-point; which lasted in its brightness only for a few days or hours. April is not gone, or half gone, when flaming has quite ceased, and the use of bellows, never so judicious, is becoming desperate: and long before the end of May, no *red* is to be seen in the affair at all, and the very bellows are laid down.

Here are the epochs: riddled out of such a mass of extinct rubbish as human nature seldom had to deal with;—here are certain extracts in a greatly condensed state, from the authentic voluminous *Hotham* Despatches and Responses;—which may conveniently interrupt the Nosti Babblement at this point.

To my Lord Townshend at London:

Excellency Hotham *loquitur* (in a greatly condensed form).

Berlin, 12*th April* 1730. * * 'Of one or two noteworthy points I 'have to apprise your Lordship. So soon as his Majesty was *sober*, he 'found that he had gone too far at that grand dinner of Monday 3d; 'and was in very bad humour in consequence. Crown-Prince has written 'from Potsdam to his Sister, "No doubt I am left here lest the English 'wind get at me (*de peur que le vent anglais ne me touchât*)." Saw King 'at Parade, who was a little vague; "is giving matters his consider- 'ation." Majesty has said to Borck and Knyphausen, "If they want the 'Double-Marriage, and to detach me from the Kaiser, let them propose 'something about Jülich and Berg." Sits the wind in that quarter? 'King has said since, to one Marschall, a Private-Secretary who is in 'our interest: "I hate my Son, and my Son hates me: we are best "asunder;—let them make him *Statthalter* (Vice-regent) of Hanover, "with his Princess!" Commission might be made-out in the Princess 'Amelia's name; proper conditions fixed, and so on:—Knyphausen 'suggests it could be done. Knyphausen is true to us: but he stands 'alone' (not alone, but cannot much help); 'does not even stir in the '*Nosti* or *St.-Mary-Axe* Affair as yet.'

Prince Friedrich to be *Statthalter* in Hanover with his English Princess? That would save the expense of an Establishment for him at home. That has been suggested by the Knyphausen or English party: and no doubt it looked flattering to his Prussian Majesty for moments. This may be called Epoch first, after that grand Charlottenburg Dinner.

Then as to the *Nosti* Affair, in which Knyphausen 'does not stir as yet,'—the fact is, it was only put into Knyphausen's hands the day before *yesterday*, as we soon discover; and Knyphausen is not so sure about it as some are! That Hotham Despatch is of Wednesday 12th April. And not till yesterday could Guy Dickens report performance of the other important thing. Captain Guy Dickens, a brisk handy military man, Secretary to Dubourgay this good while past, 'Has duly received from Head-quarters the 'successive *Nosti-Grumkow* documents, caught-up in St. Mary Axe; 'has now delivered them to Knyphausen, to be laid before his 'Prussian Majesty in a good hour; and would fain (Tuesday April '11th) hope some result from this step.' Not for almost a month does Hotham himself say anything of it to the Prussian Majesty, good hour for Knyphausen not having come. But now, in regard

to that Hanover Statthaltership, hear Townshend,—condensed, but not nearly so much so, my Lord being a succinct man who sticks always creditably to the point:

To the Excellency Hotham at Berlin (from Lord Townshend).

London, 27th April. 'Yes, you shall have the Hanover Vice-regency. 'We will set-up the Crown-Prince Friedrich in Hanover as desired; but 'will give the Commission to our own Princess, that being more convenient 'for several reasons: Crown-Prince, furthermore, must promise to come 'over to England when we require him; *item* may repay us our expenses 'hereafter. As to Marriage Portions, we will give none with our Princess, 'nor ask any with theirs. Both marriages or none.' And so enough.

Alas, nothing came of this; Prussian Majesty, in spite of thrift, perceiving that, for several reasons, it would not do. Meanwhile Grumkow, we learn from a secret source,[7] has been considerably courted by Hotham and her Prussian Majesty; Queen Caroline having signified from England, That they ought to gain that knave, —what price did he charge for himself? But this also proves quite unavailing; never came to *pricing*. And so,—hear Hotham once more:

To Lord Townshend at London (from Excellency Hotham).

Berlin, 18th April. * * 'Grumkow is a thorn in my side: one would 'like to do him some service in return.' "Cannot you stop an *Original* "Letter of his" (we have only deciphered Copies as yet) to that Reichenbach or *Nosti*, "strong enough to break his back?"—They will try. Hotham continues in next Despatch:

Berlin, 22d April. 'Dined with the King again; Crown-Prince was 'present: dreadfully dejected,—"at which one cannot help being moved; "there is something so engaging in the Prince, and everybody says so "much good of him."' Hear Hotham! Who again, three days after, says of our Fritz: "If I am not much mistaken, this young Prince will "one day make a very considerable figure." 'Wish we could manage 'the Marriage; but this Grumkow, this'—Cannot they contrive to send an *Original* strong enough?

Alas, from the same secret source we learn, within a week, that Grumkow's back is very strong; the Tobacco-Parliament in full

[7] *Nosti*, suprà (18th April), p. 67; infrà, p. 72.

blast again, and Seckendorf's Couriers galloping to Vienna with the best news. Nay his Majesty looks expressly 'sour upon Hotham,' or does not look at all; will not even speak when he sees him;—for a reason we shall hear.[8] Can it be thought that any liberality in use of the bellows or other fire-implements will now avail with his Majesty?

Second and last Peep into the Nosti-Grumkow Correspondence caught-up in St. Mary Axe.

But at this point let our Two Rooks recommence a little: Nosti, on the 18th, we left quaking in every joint of him;—and good news was almost at the door, had afflicted Nosti known it. Grumkow's strain (suppressed by us here), all this while, is in general, almost ever since the blaze of that Hotham Dinner went off into repentant headache: "Pshaw, don't fear!" Nay after a fortnight or so, it is again: "Steady! we are all right?" Tobacco-Parliament and the Royal Imagination making such progress. This is still but the third week since that grand Dinner at Charlottenburg:

To the Excellenz Reichenbach at London (from Grumkow).

Berlin, 22d April. "King wants to get rid of the Princess" Wilhelmina, "who is grown lean, ugly, with pimples on her face (*qui est "devenue maigre, laide, couperosée,"* [9]—dog: will nobody horsewhip that lie out of him!)—"judge what a treat that will be to a Prince of Wales, "who has his amourettes!" All is right, Nosti, is it not?

Berlin, 25th April. 'King declared to Seckendorf yesterday again, 'He might write to the Kaiser, That while he lived, nothing should ever 'part his Majesty from the Kaiser and his Cause; that the French dare 'not attack Luxembourg, as is threatened; and if they do—! Upon 'which Seckendorf dispatched a Courier to Vienna.

'As to Hotham, he explains himself upon nothing,'—stalks about with his nose in the air, as if there were nothing farther to be explained. 'I 'spoke yesterday of the Single Match, Wilhelmina and Prince of Wales; 'King answered, even of the Single Match, Devil fly away with it!'—or a still coarser phrase.

"Meanwhile the Queen, though at the end of her eighth month, is "cheery as a fish in water;[10] and always forms grand projects of totally

[8] *Nosti*, infrà (29th April), p. 72.

[9] This is one of the sentences Wilhelmina has got hold of (Wilhelmina, i. 234).

[10] Wilhelmina has this too, in a disfigured state (i. 233).

"ruining Seckendorf, by Knyphausen's and other help." 'Hotham 'yesterday, glancing at Nosti no doubt, said to the *Sieur de Potsdam*' (cant phrase for the King), '"That great Princes were very unlucky to "have ministers that durst not show themselves in good society; for the "result was, they sent nothing but false news and rumours picked-up in "coffee-houses."'

'Coffee-houses?' answers Reichenbach, by and by: "Reichen-"bach is in English society of the first distinction, and receives "visits from Lords and Dukes. This all the world knows"—to be nothing like the case, as Townshend too has occasionally mentioned.

At any rate, continues Grumkow, 'the Queen's Husband said, aside, 'to Nosti's Friend, "I see he is glancing at Reichenbach; but he won't "make much of that (cynically speaking, *ne fera que de l'eau claire*)." 'Hotham is by no means a man of brilliant mind, and his manners are 'rough: but Ginkel,' the Dutchman, 'is cleverer (*plus souple*), and much 'better liked by Nosti's Master.'

Antistrophe soon follows; London Raven is himself again;—Nosti *loquitur:*

London, 25th April. * * 'King has written to me, I *am* to report 'to him any talk there may be in the Court here about his Majesty? My 'Amiable and his Seckendorf, need they ask if Nosti will, and in a way 'to give *them* pleasure?' * *

Strophe (allegro by the Berlin Raven or Rook, who has not yet heard the above);—Grumkow *loquitur:*

Berlin, 29th April. * * 'Wrong not to write entertaining news of the 'English Court as heretofore. King likes it.

'What you say of the Prince-Royal of Prussia's writing to the Queen 'of England, is very curious; and you did well to say nothing of it to 'the Father; the thing being of extreme delicacy, and the proof difficult. 'But it seems likely. And I insinuated something of it to his Majesty, 'the day before yesterday' (27th April 1730, therefore? One momentary glance of Hansard into the Tobacco-Parliament), 'as of a thing I had 'learned from a spy' (such my pretence, O Nosti)—spy 'who is the 'intimate friend of Knyphausen and plays traitor: you may fancy that 'it struck terribly.' Yes! 'And his Majesty has looked sour upon 'Hotham ever since; and passed above an hour in colloquy with Seck-'endorf and me, in sight both of English Hotham and Dutch Ginkel 'without speaking to them.

'It was true enough what Nosti heard of the Queen's fair speeches,

'and Hotham's, to the Friend of Nosti. But it is all ended: the Queen's, 'weeks ago, being in vain: Hotham too, after some civilities, seems now 'indifferent. "*Enfin*" ('afin' he always writes it, copying the indistinct gurgle of his own horse-dialect)—"*Afin filouterie tout pure*" (whole of it thimblerig, on their part).

'Admirable story, that of Prince Fred's amourette' (sent to the cesspool by us, herald of Reichenbach thither): 'let his Majesty know it, by all 'means. What the Duchess of Kendal' (lean tall female in expensive brocades, with gilt prayerbooks, visible in the body to Nosti at that time), 'what the Duchess of Kendal says to you is perfectly just; and as 'the Princess Wilhelmina is very ill-looking' (*laide*,—how dare you say so, dog?), 'I believe she will have a bad life of it, the Prince of Wales 'being accustomed to daintier meats. Yes truly, she will, as the Duchess 'says, "need to be wiser than Solomon" to conciliate the humours down 'there (*là bas*) with the genius of his Prussian Majesty and Queen.—"As for your Princess Amelia, depend upon it, while the Commandant of "Potsdam lives, she will never get hold of the Prince-Royal, though he "is so furiously taken with the Britannic Majesties."'

[Continues; in answer to a Nosti "Caw! Caw!" which we omit.]

Berlin, 2d May. 'Wish you had not told the King so positively that 'the English say, it shall be Double Match or none. Hotham said to the 'Swedish Ambassador: "Reichenbach, walking in the dark, would give "himself a fine knock on the nose (*aurait un furieux pied de nez*), when," 'or *if*, "the thing was done quite otherwise." Have a caution what you 'write.'

Pooh, pooh! Hotham must have said "if," not "when;" Swede is quite astray!—And indeed we will here leave off, and shut-down this magazine of rubbish; right glad to wash ourselves wholly from it (in three waters) forevermore. Possibly enough the Prussian Dryasdust will, one day, print it *in extenso*, and with that lucidity of comment and arrangement which are peculiar to him: exasperated readers will then see whether I have used them *ill* or not, according to the opportunity there was!—Here, at any rate, my reader shall be free of it. Indeed he may perceive, the negotiation was by this time come to a safe point, the Nosti-Grumkows triumphant, and the interest of the matter mainly out. Farther transient anxieties this amiable couple had,—traceable in that last short croak from Grumkow,—lest the English might consent to that of the "Single Marriage in the mean time" (which the English never did, or meant to do). For example, this other screech of Nosti, which shall be his final last-screech:

London, 12th May. 'Lord Townshend alarmingly hinted to me: 'Better have done with your Grumkow-and-Seckendorf speculations: the 'ill-intentioned are perfectly sure to be found-out at the end of the 'account; and their tools will get ruined along with them. Nosti 'endeavoured to talk big in reply: but he shakes in his shoes neverthe-'less; and with a heart full of distraction exclaims now, Save yourselves, 'save me!—If Hotham speak of the Single Marriage only, it is certain 'the Prince-Royal must mean to run away,' and so make it a Double one in time.

Yes, indeed! But these were transient terrors. The day is our own, my Grumkow; yes, our own, my Nosti:—and so our Colloquy of Rookeries shall be suppressible henceforth.

His Majesty gets Sight of the St.-Mary-Axe Documents; but Nothing follows from it.

We have only to add what Hotham reports (Berlin, May 6th), That he 'has had an interview with his Majesty, and spoken of the 'St.-Mary-Axe affair; Knyphausen having found a moment to lay 'it before his Majesty.' So that the above Excerpts from St. Mary Axe (all but the last two),—the above, and many more suppressed by us,—are in his Majesty's hands: and he is busy studying them; will, it is likely, produce them in an amazed Tobacco-Parliament one of these evenings!—

What the emotions of the royal breast were during the perusal of this extraordinary dialogue of birds, which has come to him through St. Mary Axe—? Manifold probably: manifold, questionable; but not tragical, or not immediately so. Certainly it is definable as the paltriest babble; no treason visible in it, nor constructive treason: but it painfully indicates, were his Majesty candid, That his Majesty is subject to spies in his own House; nay that certain parties do seem to fancy they have got his Majesty by the nose, and are piping tunes with an eye to his dancing thereto. This is a painful thought, which, I believe, does much agitate his Majesty now and afterwards. A painful thought or suspicion, rising sometimes (in that temperament of his) to the pitch of the horrible. I believe it occasionally, ever henceforth, keeps haunting the highly poetic temperament of his Majesty, nor ever quits him again at all; stalking always, now and then, through the vacant chambers of his mind, in what we may call the night-season (or time of solitude and hypochondriacal reflection),—though in busy

times again (in daylight, so to speak) he impatiently casts it from him. Poor Majesty!

But figure Grumkow, figure the Tobacco-Parliament when Majesty laid these Papers on the Table! A *Hansard* of that night would be worth reading. There is thunderous note of interrogation on his Majesty's face;—what a glimmer in the hard puckery eyes of Feldzeugmeister Seckendorf, "*Jarni-bleu!*" No doubt, an excessively astonished Parliament. Nothing but brass of face will now serve the principal Honourable Gentleman there; but in that happily he is not wanting.

Of course Grumkow denies the Letters point-blank: Mere forgeries, these, of the English Court, plotting to ruin your Majesty's faithful servant, and bring-in other servants *they* will like better! May have written to Reichenbach, nay indeed has, this or that trifling thing: but those Copyists in St. Mary Axe, "deciphering," —garbling, manufacturing, till they make a romance of it,—alas, your Majesty? Nay, at any rate, what are the Letters? Grumkow can plead that they are the foolishest insignificant rubbish of Court-gossip, not tending any bad road, if they have a tendency. That they are adapted to the nature of the beast, and of the situation,— this he will carefully abstain from remarking.

We have no *Hansard* of this Session; all is conjecture and tobacco-smoke. What we know is, not the least effect, except an internal trouble, was produced on the royal mind by the St.-Mary-Axe Discovery. Some question there might well be, inarticulately as yet, of Grumkow's fidelity, at least of his discretion; seeds of suspicion as to Grumkow, which may sprout-up by and by; resolution to keep one's eye on Grumkow. But the first practical fruit of the matter is, fierce jealousy that the English and their clique do really wish to interfere in our ministerial appointments; so that, for the present, Grumkow is firmer in his place than ever. And privately, we need not doubt, the matter continues painful to his Majesty.

One thing is certain, precisely a week after, his Majesty,—much fluctuating in mind evidently, for the Document 'has been changed three or four times within forty-eight hours,'—presents his final answer to Hotham. Which runs to this effect ('outrageous,' as Hotham defines it):

'1°. For Hanover and your great liberality on that score, much obliged; 'but upon reconsideration think it will *not* do. 2°. Marriage *first*,

'Prince of Wales to Wilhelmina,—Consent with pleasure. 3°. 'Marriage 'second, Crown-Prince Friedrich with your Amelia,—for that also we are 'extremely wishful, and trust it will one day take effect: but first 'these Seville-Treaty matters, and differences between the Kaiser and 'allied English and French will require to be pulled straight; that done, 'we will treat about the terms of Marriage *second*. One indispensable 'will be,—That the English guarantee our Succession in Jülich and 'Berg.'[11]

"Outrageous" indeed!—Crown-Prince sends, along with this, a loving message by Hotham, of earnestly deprecating tenor, to the Britannic Majesty; 'begs his Britannic Majesty not to reject the 'King's Proposals, whatever they may be,—this for poor Sister 'Wilhelmina's sake. "For though he, the Crown-Prince, was 'determined to lose his life sooner than marry anybody but the 'Princess Amelia, yet if this Negotiation were broken off, his 'Father would go to extremities to force him and his poor Sister 'into other engagements."'—Which, alas, what can it avail with the Britannic Majesty, in regard to such outrageous Propositions from the Prussian?

Britannic Majesty's Ministry, as always, answers by return of Courier:—'*May* 22*d*. Both Marriages, or none: Seville has no 'concern with *both*, more than with one: *ditto* Jülich and Berg, '—of which latter indeed we know nothing,—nor (*aside to Hotham*) 'mean to know.'[12] Whereby Hotham perceives that it is as good to throw away the bellows, and consider the matter extinct. Hotham makes ready for an Excursion into Saxony, to a thing called *Camp of Radewitz*, or *Encampment at Radewitz;* a Military Spectacle of never-imagined magnificence, to be given by August the Strong there, whither all the world is crowding;—and considers any Business he had at Berlin to be as good as done.

Evidently Friedrich Wilhelm has not been much wrought upon by the St.-Mary-Axe Documents! One week they have been revolving in the royal mind; part of a week in the Smoking Parliament (we know not what day they were laid on the table there, but it must have been a grand occurrence within those walls!)—and this already (May 13th) is the result arrived at: Propositions, changed three or four times within forty-eight hours,

[11] Hotham's Despatch, 13th May 1730.
[12] Despatch, Whitehall, 11th May (22 by N.S.).

and definable at last as "outrageous;" which induce Hotham to lay down the bellows, and prepare to go his ways. Our St.-Mary-Axe discovery seems to have no effect at all!—

One other public result there is from it, and as yet one only: Reichenbach, 'from certain causes thereto moving Us (*aus gewissen Uns dazu bewegenden Gründen*),' gets a formal Letter of Recall. Ostensible Letter, dated Berlin, 13th May, and signed Friedrich Wilhelm; which the English may read for their comfort. Only that along with this, of the same date and signature, intended for Reichenbach's comfort, the same Leather Bag brings a Private Letter (which Dickens or another has contrived to get sight of and copy), apprising Reichenbach, That, *un*ostensibly, his proceedings are approved of; that he is to continue at his post till further orders, all the same, 'and keep watch on these Marriages, 'about which there is such debating in the world (*wovon in der 'Welt so viel debattirt wird*); things being still in the same state 'as half a year ago. That is to say, I am ready for my Daughter's 'Marriage with the Prince of Wales: but for my Son, he is too 'young yet; *und hat es damit keine Eile, weil ich Gottlob noch zwei 'Söhne hab* (nor is there any haste, as I have, thank God, two 'other sons,'—and a third coming, if I knew it):—'besides one 'indispensable condition will be, that the English guarantee Jülich 'and Berg,' which perhaps they are not in the least hurry for, either!—

What does the English Court think of that? Dated 'Berlin, 13th May:' it is the same day when his Majesty's matured Proposals, 'changed thrice or oftener within the forty-eight hours,' were handed to Hotham for transmission to his Court. An interesting Leather Bag, this Ordinary from Berlin. Reichenbach, we observe, will get his share of it some ten days after that alarming rebuke from Townshend; and it will relieve the poor wretch from his worst terrors: "Go on with your eavesdroppings as before, you alarmed wretch!"—There does one Degenfeld by and by, a man of better quality (and on special haste, as we shall see) come and supersede poor Nosti, and send him home:—there they give Nosti some exiguous Pension, with hint to disappear forevermore. Which he does; leaving only these St.-Mary-Axe Documents for his Lifemark in the History of Mankind.

What the English Answer to his Majesty's Proposals of Berlin, May 13th, was, we have already seen;—dated 'London, 22d May,' probably few hours after the Courier arrived. Hotham, well

anticipating what it would be, had already, as we phrased it, 'laid-down the bellows;' left the Negotiation, as essentially extinct;—and was preparing for the "Camp at Radewitz," Britannic Majesty being anxious to hear what Friedrich Wilhelm and August the Strong have on hand there.

'The King of Prussia's unsteadiness and want of resolution,' writes Hotham (Berlin, 20th May), 'will hinder him from being 'either very useful to his friends, or very formidable to his enemies.' And from the same place, just about quitting it for Radewitz, he writes again, exactly a week after ('Berlin, 27th May'), to enclose Copy of a remarkable Letter; remarkable to us also;—but which, he knows and we, cannot influence the English Answer now close at hand. Here is the copied Letter; copied in Guy Dickens's hand;—from which we translate,—and also will give the original French in this instance, for behoof of the curious:

To his Excellency the Chevalier Hotham.

[Potsdam, End of May 1730.]

'*Monsieur,—Je crois que c'est de la dernière importance que je vous écrive;* '*et je suis assez triste d'avoir des choses à vous dire que je devrois cacher à* '*toute la terre: mais il faut franchir ce mauvais pas là; et vous comptant* '*de mes amis, je me resouds plus facilement à vous le dire. C'est que je suis* '*traité d'une manière inouie du Roi, et que je sais qu'à présent ils se trament* '*de terribles choses contre moi, touchant certaines Lettres que j'ai écrites* '*l'hiver passé, dont je crois que vous serez informé. Enfin pour vous parler* '*franchement, la vraie raison que le Roi a de ne vouloir point donner les* '*mains à ce Mariage est, qu'il me veut toujours tenir sur un bas pied, et me* '*faire enrager toute sa vie, quand l'envie lui en prend; ainsi il ne l'accordera* '*jamais. Si l'on consent de votre côté que cette Princesse soit aussi traitée* '*ainsi, vous pouvez comprendre aisément que je serai fort triste de rendre* '*malheureuse une personne que j'estime, et de rester toujours dans le même* '*état où je suis. Pour moi donc je crois qu'il vaudroit mieux finir le Mariage* '*de ma Sœur ainsi auparavant, et ne point demander au Roi seulement des* '*assurances sur mon sujet, d'autant plus que sa parole n'y fait rien: suffit* '*que je réitère les promesses que j'ai déjà fait au Roi mon Oncle, de ne prendre* '*jamais d'autre épouse que sa seconde fille la Princesse Amélie. Je suis une* '*personne de parole, qui pourra faire réussir ce que j'avance, pourvu que l'on* '*se fie à moi. Je vous le promets, et à présent vous pouvez en avertir votre* '*Cour; et je saurai tenir ma promesse. Je suis toujours tout à vous,*

'FRÉDÉRIC.'[13]

[13] State-Paper Office: Prussian Despatches, vol. xli. (enclosed in Sir Charles Hotham's Despatch, Berlin, 27th-16th May 1730).

'Monsieur,—I believe it is of the last importance that I should write 'to you; and I am very sad to have things to say which I ought to 'conceal from all the earth. But one must take that bad leap; and 'reckoning you among my friends, I the more easily resolve to open 'myself to you.

'The case is this: I am treated in an unheard-of manner by the King; 'and I know there are terrible things in preparation against me, touching 'certain letters which I wrote last winter, of which I believe you are 'informed. In a word, to speak frankly to you, the real secret reason 'why the King will not consent to this Marriage is, That he wishes to 'keep me on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving 'me mad, whenever the whim takes him, throughout his life; thus he 'never will give his consent. If it were possible that you on your side 'could consent that your Princess too should be exposed to such treat-'ment, you may well comprehend that I should be very sad to bring 'misery on a Person whom I esteem, and to remain always in the same 'state as now.

'For my own part, therefore, I believe it would be better to conclude 'my Sister's Marriage in the first place, and not even to ask from the 'King any assurances in regard to mine; the rather as his word has 'nothing to do with it: it is enough that I here reiterate the promises 'which I have already made to the King my Uncle, Never to take 'another wife than his second Daughter the Princess Amelia. I am a 'person of my word; and shall be able to bring about what I set forth, 'provided there is trust put in me. I promise it you; and now you may 'give your Court notice of it; and I shall manage to keep my promise. 'I remain yours always.'

The Crown-Prince, for Wilhelmina's sake and everybody's, is extremely anxious they should agree to the Simple Marriage in the interim: but the English Court,—perhaps for no deep reason, perhaps chiefly because little George had the whim of standing grandly immovable upon his first offer,—never would hear of that. Which was an angry thought to the Crown-Prince in after times, as we sometimes notice.

Here, to the like effect, is another Fragment from his Royal Highness, copied in the Dickens hand, and enclosed in the same Despatch from Hotham;—giving us a glance into the inner workshop of his Royal Highness, and his hidden assiduities and endeavourings at that time:

'. . . *Vous pouvez croire que je ferai tout ce que je peux pour faire réussir* 'mon plan; *mais l'on n'en remarquera rien en dehors;—que l'on m'en laisse*

'*agir en suite, je ferai bien moi seul réussir le reste. Je finis là par vous* '*assurer encore, Monsieur, que je suis tout à vous.*

'FRÉDÉRIC PRINCE R.'

'. . . You may believe I will exert all my resources to succeed in my 'plan; but there will be no outward sign visible:—leave me to act in 'this way, I will myself successfully bring it through. I end by again 'assuring you, Monsieur, that I am yours always.'

—Which again produces no effect; the English Answer being steadily, "Both Marriages, or none."

And this, then, is what the Hotham mission is come to? Good Dubourgay is home, recalled about a month ago, 'for the sake of his health,'[14]—good old gentleman, never to be heard of in Diplomatic History more. Dubourgay went in the first days of May; and the month is not out, when Hotham is off to the Camp of Radewitz; leaving his Negotiation, as it were, extinct. To the visible regret of the Berlin public generally; to the grievous disappointment of Queen Sophie, of the Crown-Prince and some others,—not to speak of Wilhelmina's feelings, which are unknown to us.

Regretful Berlin, Wilhelmina and Mamma among the others, had, by accident, in these dejected circumstances, a strange Sign from the Heavens provided them, one night,—if we may be permitted to notice it here. Monday, 29th May;—and poor Queen Sophie, we observe withal, is in the hands of the *Monthly Nurse* since Tuesday last![15]

St. Peter's Church in Berlin has an Accident.

Monday 29th May 1730, Friedrich Wilhelm and the Crown-Prince and Party were at Potsdam, so far on their way towards Radewitz. All is peaceable at Potsdam that night: but it was a night of wild phenomena at Berlin; or rather of one wild phenomenon, the 'Burning of the *Sanct-Peters Kirche*,' which held the whole City awake and in terror for its life. Dim Fassmann becomes unusually luminous on this affair (probably an eye-witness to it, poor old soul); and enables us to fish-up one old

[14] Townshend's polite Despatch to him, Whitehall, 21st April 1730.

[15] 'Prince Ferdinand' (her last child, Father of him whose fate lay at Jena seventy-six years afterwards), 'born 23d May 1730.'

Night of Berlin City and its vanished populations into clear view again, if we like.

For two years back Berlin had been diligently building a *non-plus-ultra* of Steeples to that fine Church of St. Peter's. Highest Steeple of them all; one of the Steeples of the World, in a manner; —and Berlin was now near ending it. Tower, or shaft, has been complete some time, interior fittings going on; and is just about to get its ultimate apex, a 'Crown-Royal' set on it by way of finis. For his Majesty, the great Ædile, was much concerned in the thing; and had given materials, multifarious helps: Three incomparable Bells, especially, were his gift: melodious old Bells, of distinguished tone, 'bigger than the Great Bell of Erfurt,' than Tom of Lincoln,—or, as brief popular rumour has it, the biggest Bells in the World, at least of such a *tone*. These Bells are hung, silent but ready in their upper chamber of the Tower, and the gigantic Crown or apex is to go on; then will the basket-work of scaffolding be peeled away, and the Steeple stretch, high and grand, into the air, for ages it is hoped.

Far otherwise. On Monday evening, between eight and nine, there gathered thunder over Berlin; wild tumult of the elements: thunderbolt 'thrice in swift succession' struck the unfinished Steeple; in the 'hood' of which men thereupon noticed a light, as of a star, or sparkle of the sun; and straightway, in spite of the rain-torrents, there burst-out blazes of flame. Blazes unquenchable; grand yet perilous to behold. The fire-drums beat, the alarm-bells clanged, and ceased not; all Berlin struggling there, all night, in vain. Such volumes of smoke: 'the heavens were 'black as if you had hung them with mortcloth:' such roaring cataracts of flame, 'you could have picked-up a copper doit at the 'distance of 800 yards.'—"Hiss-s-s!" what hissing far aloft is that? That is the incomparable big Bells melting. There they vanish, their fine tones never to be tried more, and ooze through the redhot ruin, "Hush-sh-sht!" the last sound heard from them. And the stem for holding that immense Crown-royal,—it is a bar and bars of iron, 'weighing sixteen hundredweight;' down it comes thundering, crashing through the belly of St. Peter's, the fall of it like an earthquake all round. And still the fire-drums beat, and from all surviving Steeples of Berlin goes the clangor of alarm; 'none but the very young children can have slept that night,' says our vigilant old friend.

Wind was awake, too; kindling the neighbouring streets;—

storming towards the Powder-Magazine; where labour innumerable Artillerymen, 'busy with hides from the tan-pits, with stable-dung, and other material;' speed to them, we will say! Forty dwelling-houses went; but not the Powder-Magazine; not Berlin utterly (so to speak) by the Powder-Magazine. On the morrow St. Peter's and neighbourhood lay black, but still inwardly burning; not for three days more could the ruins be completely quenched.

That was the news for Friedrich Wilhelm, before sunrise, on the point of his departure for Mühlberg and King August's scenic exhibitions. "*Hm;*—but we must go, all the same! We will rebuild it!" said he.—And truly he did so. And the polite King August, sorry to hear of the Peterskirche, 'gave him excellent 'sandstone from the quarries of Pirna,' says Fassmann: 'great 'blocks came boating down the Elbe' from that notable Saxon Switzerland Country, notable to readers here in time coming; and are to be found, as ashlar, in the modern St. Peter's at Berlin; a fact which the reader, till Pirna be better known to him, may remember if he likes.[16]

And now let us to Radewitz without delay.

CHAPTER III.

CAMP OF RADEWITZ.

THE Camp of Mühlberg, called more properly the Camp of Radewitz, towards which Friedrich Wilhelm, with English Hotham and many dignitaries are now gone, was one of the sublimest scenic military exhibitions in the history of the world; leaving all manner of imitation tournaments, modern 'tin-tournaments,' out of sight; and perhaps equalling the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or Barbarossa's Mainz Tournament in ancient times. It lasted for a month, regardless of expense,—June month of the year 1730;—and from far and wide the idle of mankind ran, by the thousand, to see it. Shall the thing be abolished utterly,—as perhaps were proper, had not our Crown-Prince been there, with eyes very open

[16] Fassmann, pp. 406-409.

to it, and yet with thoughts very shut; — or shall some flying trace of the big Zero be given? Riddling or screening certain cart-loads of heavy old German printed rubbish,[1] to omit the Hotham Despatches, we obtain the following shovelful of authentic particulars, perhaps not quite insupportable to existing mankind.

The exact size of the Camp of Radewitz I nowhere find measured; but to judge on the map,* it must have covered, with its appendages, some ten or twelve square miles of ground. All on the Elbe, right bank of the Elbe; Town of Mühlberg, chief Town of the District, lying some ten miles northwest; then, not much beyond it, Torgau; and then famed Wittenberg, all on the northwest, farther down the River: and on the other side, Meissen with its Potteries not far to the southeast of you, up the River, on the Dresden hand. Nay perhaps many of my readers have seen the place, and not known, in their touring expeditions; which are now blinder than ever, and done by steam, without even eyesight, not to say intelligence. Precisely where the railway from Leipzig to Dresden crosses the Elbe,—there, if you happen to have daylight, is a flat, rather clayey country, dirty-greenish, as if depastured partly by geese; with a big full River Elbe sweeping through it, banks barish for a mile or two; River itself swift, sleek and of flint-colour; not unpleasant to behold, thus far on its journey from the Bohemian Giant-Mountains seaward: precisely there, when you have crossed the Bridge, is the southmost corner of August the Strong's Encampment,—vanished now like the last flock of geese that soiled and nibbled these localities;—and, without knowing it, you are actually upon memorable ground.

Actually, we may well say; apart from August and his fooleries. For here also it was, on the ground now under your eye, that

[1] Chiefly the terrible compilation called *Helden- Staats- und Lebens-Geschichte des &c. Friedrichs des Andern* (History Heroical, Political and Biographical of Friedrich the Second), Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1758-1760, vol. i. first *half*, pp. 171-210. There are Ten thick and thin Half-volumes, and perhaps more. One of the most hideous imbroglios ever published under the name of Book,—without vestige of Index, and on paper that has no margin and cannot stand ink,—yet with many curious articles stuffed blindly into the awful belly of it, like jewels into a rag-sack, or into *ten* rag-sacks all in one; with far more authenticity than you could expect in such case. Let us call it, for brevity, *Helden-Geschichte*, in future references.

* At p. 92.

Kurfürst Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, having been surprised the day before at public worship in the above-mentioned Town of Mühlberg, and completely beaten by Kaiser Karl the Fifth and his Spaniards and Duke of Alba, did, on Monday 25th April 1547, ride forth as Prisoner to meet the said Kaiser; and had the worst reception from him, poor man. "Take pity on me, O God! This is what it is come to?" the magnanimous beaten Kurfürst was heard murmuring as he rode. At sight of the Kaiser, he dismounted, pulled-off his iron-plated gloves, knelt, and was for humbly taking the Kaiser's hand, to kiss it. Kaiser would not; Kaiser looked thunderous tornado on him, with hands rigidly in the vertical direction. The magnanimous Kurfürst arose therefore; doffed his hat: "Great-mightiest (*grossmächtigster*) "all-gracious Kaiser, I am your Majesty's prisoner," said he, confining himself to the historical. "I *am* Kaiser now, then?" answered the sullen Tornado, with a black brow and hanging under-jaw.—"I request my imprisonment may be prince-like," said the poor Prince. "It shall be as your deserts have been!" —"I am in your power; you will do your pleasure on me," answered the other;—and was led away, to hard durance and peril of life for five years to come; his Cousin Moritz having expertly jockeyed his Electoral dignities and territories from him in the interim;[2]—as was told above, long since.

Expert Cousin Moritz: in virtue of which same Moritz, or rather perhaps in *vice* of him, August the Strong is even now Elector of Saxony; Papist, Pseudo-Papist Apostate King of Poland, and Non-plus-ultra of 'gluttonous Royal Flunkies;' doomed to do these fooleries on God's Earth for a time. For the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children,—in ways little dreamt-of by the flunky judgment,—to the sixth generation and farther. Truly enough this is memorable ground, little as King August thinks of it; little as the idle tourists think, or the depasturing geese, who happen to be there.

The ten square miles have been industriously prepared for many months past; shaved, swept by the best engineer science: every village of it thoroughly cleaned, at least: the villages all let lodgings at a Californian rate; in one village, Moritz by name,* is the slaughter-house, killing oxen night and day; and the bake-

[2] De Wette, *Kurzgefasste Lebensgeschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), pp. 1, 33, 73.

* Map at p. 92.

house, with 160 mealy bakers who never rest: in another village, Ströhme, is the playhouse of the region; in another, Glaubitz, the post-office: nothing could excel the arrangements; much superior, I should judge, to those for the Siege of Troy, and other world-great enterprises. Worthy really of admiration, had the business *not* been zero. Foreign Courts, European Diplomacy at large, wondered much what cunning scheme lay hidden here. No scheme at all, nor purpose on the part of poor August; only that of amusing himself, and astonishing the flunkies of Creation,—regardless of expense. Three temporary Bridges, three besides the regular ferry of the country, cross the Elbe; for the high officers, dames, damosels and lordships of degree, and thousandfold spectators, lodge on both sides of the Elbe: three Bridges, one of pontoons, one of wood-rafts, one of barrels; immensely long, made for the occasion. The whole Saxon Army, 30,000 horse and foot with their artillery, all in beautiful brand-new uniforms and equipments, lies beautifully encamped in tents and wooden huts, near by Zeithayn, its rear to the Elbe; this is the '*Armee-Lager* (Camp of the Army)' in our old Rubbish-Books. Northward of which, —with the Heath of Görisch still well beyond, and bluish to you, in the farther North,—rises, on favourable ground, a high 'Pavilion' elaborately built, elaborately painted and gilded, with balcony stages round it; from which the whole ground, and everything done in it, is surveyable to spectators of rank.

Eastward again, or from the Pavilion southeastward, at the right flank of the Army, where again rises a kind of Height, hard by Radewitz, favourable for survey,—there, built of sublime silk tents, or solid well-painted carpentry, the general colour of which is bright green, with gilt knobs and gilt gratings all about, is the '*Haupt-Lager*,' Head-quarters, Main *Lager*, Heart of all the *Lagers;* where his Prussian Majesty, and his Polish ditto, with their respective suites, are lodged. Kinglike wholly, in extensive green palaces ready gilt and furnished; such drawing-rooms, such bedrooms, 'with floors of dyed wicker-work;' the gilt mirrors, pictures, musical clocks;—not even the fine bathing-tubs for his Prussian Majesty have been forgotten. Never did man or flunky see the like. Such immense successful apparatus, without and within; no end of military valetaille, chiefly 'janizaries,' in Turk costume; improvised flower-gardens even, and walks of yellow sand,—the whole Hill of Radewitz made into a flower-garden in that way. Nay, in the Army *Lager* too, many of the Captains

have made little improvised flower-gardens in that Camp of theirs, up and down. For other Captains not of a poetical turn, there are billiards, coffee-houses, and plenty of excellent beer and other liquor. But the mountains of cavalry hay, that stand guarded by patrols in the rearward places, and the granaries of cavalry oats, are not to be told. Eastward, from their open porticoes and precincts, with imitation 'janizaries' pacing silent lower down, the Two Majesties oversee the Army, at discretion; can survey all things,—even while dining, which they do daily, like very kings! Fritz is lodged there; has a magnificent bed: poor young fellow, he alone now makes the business of any meaning to us. He is curious enough to see the phenomena, military and other; but oppressed with black care: "My Amelia is not here, and the tyrant Father is—tyrannous with his rattan: ye gods!"

We could insist much on the notable people that were there; for the Lists of them are given. Many high Lordships; some of whom will meet us again. Weissenfels, Wilhelmina's unfavoured lover, how busy is he, commanding gallantly (in the terrific Sham-Battle) against Wackerbarth; General Wackerbarth, whose house we saw burnt on a Dresden visit, not so long ago. Old Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau is there, the Old Dessauer; with four of his Princes; instructed in soldiering, left without other instruction; without even writing, unless they can pick it up for themselves. Likely young fellows too, with a good stroke of work in them, of battle in them, when called for. Young Anspach, lately wedded, comes, in what state he can, poor youth; lodges with the Prussian Majesty his Father-in-law; should keep rather quiet, his share of wisdom being small. Seckendorf with his Grumkow, they also are here, in the train of Friedrich Wilhelm. Grumkow shoves the bottle with their Polish and Prussian Majesties: in jolly hours, things go very high there. I observe they call King August "*le Patron*," the Captain, or "Patroon;" a fine jollity dwelling in that Man of Sin. Or does the reader notice Holstein-Beck, Prussian Major-General; Prince of Holstein-Beck; a solid dull man; capable of liquor, among other things: not wiser than he should be; sold all his Apanage or Princeship, for example, and bought plate with it, wherefore they call him ever since "Holstein-*Vaisselle* (Holstein *Plate*)" instead of Holstein-Beck.[3] His next Brother, here likewise I should think, being Major-General in the Saxon service, is still more foolish. He, poor soul, is just about to

[3] Büsching's *Beyträge*, iv. 109.

marry the Orzelska, incomparable Princess known to us, who had been her Father's mistress:—marriage, as was natural, went asunder again (1733) after a couple of years.—But mark especially that middle-aged heavy gentleman, Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst, Prussian Commandant of Stettin. Not over rich (would not even be rich if he came to be reigning Duke, as he will do); attentive at his post inthose parts, ever since the Siege-of-Stralsund time; has done his orders, fortified Stettin to perfection; solid, heavy taciturn man:—of whom there is nothing notable but this only, That last year his Wife brought him a little Daughter, Catharine the name of her. His Wife is a foolish restless dame, highborn and penniless; let her nurse well this little Catharine: little Catharine will become abundantly distinguished in a thirty years hence; Empress of all the Russias, that little girl; the Fates have so appointed it, mocking the prophecies of men! Here too is our poor unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg: poor soul, he has left his quarrels with the Ritterschaft for a week or two, and is here breathing the air of the Elbe Heaths. His wild Russian Wife, wild Peter's niece and more, we are relieved to know is dead; for her ways and Peter's have been very strange! To this unmentionable Duke of Mecklenburg she has left one Daughter, a Princess Elizabeth-Catherine, who will be called Princess *Anne*, one day: whose fortunes in the world may turn-out to be tragical. Potential heiress of all the Russias, that little Elizabeth or Anne. Heiress by her wily aunt, Anne of Courland,—Anne with the swollen cheek, whom Moritz, capable of many things, and of being *Maréchal de Saxe* by and by, could not manage to fall in love with there; and who has now just quitted Courland, and become Czarina:[4]—if Aunt Anne with the big cheek should die childless, as is likely, this little Niece were Heiress. *Was thut's*, What matter!—

In the train of King August are likewise splendours of a sort, if we had time for them. Dukes of Sachsen-Gotha, Dukes of Meiningen, most of the Dukes that put Sachsen to their name;—Sachsen-Weimar for one; who is Grandfather of Goethe's Friend, if not otherwise distinguished. The Lubomirskis, Czartoryskis, and others of Polish breed, shall be considered as foreign to us, and go unnoticed. Nor are high Dames wanting, as we see: vast flights of airy bright-hued womankind, Crown-Princess at the head of them, who lodges in Tiefenau with her Crown-Prince,—and

[4] Peter II., her Cousin-german, died January 1730 (Mannstein's *Russia*).

though plain-looking, and not of the sweetest temper, is a very high Lady indeed. Niece of the present Kaiser Karl, Daughter of the late Kaiser, Joseph of blessed memory;—for which reason August never yet will sign the Pragmatic Sanction, his Crown-Prince having hereby rights of his own in opposition thereto. She is young; to her is Tiefenau, northward, on the edge of the Görisch Heath, probably the choicest mansion in these circuits, given up: also she is Lady of "the Bucentaur," frigate equal to Cleopatra's galley in a manner; and commands, so to speak, by land and water. Supreme Lady, she, of this sublime world-foolery regardless of expense: so has the gallantry of August ordered it. Our Friedrich and she will meet again, on occasions not like this! —What the other Princesses and Countesses, present on this occasion, were to Crown-Prince Friedrich, except a general flower-bed of human nature,—ask not; nor even whether the Orzelska was so much as here! The Orzelska will be married, some two months hence,[5] to a Holstein-Beck; not to Holstein *Plate*, but to his Brother the unfortunate Saxon Major-General: a man surely not of nice tastes in regard to marriage;—and I would recommend him to keep his light Wife at home on such occasions. They parted, as we said, in a year or two, mutually indignant; and the Orzelska went to Avignon, to Venice and elsewhither, and settled into Catholic devotion in cheap countries of agreeable climate.[6]

Crown-Prince Friedrich, doubtless, looking at this flower-bed of human nature, and the reward of happy daring paid by Beauty, has vivid images of Princess Amelia and her Viceregency of Hanover; bright Princess and Viceregency, divided from him by bottomless gulfs, which need such a swim as that of Leander across the material Hellespont was but a trifle to!—In which of the villages Hotham and Dickens lodged, I did not learn or inquire; nor are their copious Despatches, chronicling these sublime phenomena from day to day for behoof of St. James's, other than entirely inane to us at this time. But one thing we do learn from them: Our Crown-Prince, escaping the paternal vigilance, was secretly in consultation with Dickens, or with Hotham through Dickens; and this in the most tragic humour on his side. In such effulgences of luxury and scenic grandeur, how sad an attendant is

[5] 10th August 1730 (Sir T. Robinson: Despatch from Dresden; in State-Paper Office).

[6] See Pöllnitz (*Memoirs*, &c.), whoever is curious about her.

Black Care,—nay foul misusage, not to be borne by human nature! Accurate Professor Ranke has read somewhere,—does not comfortably say where, nor comfortably give the least date,—this passage, or what authorises him to write it. 'In that Pleasure-Camp of 'Mühlberg, where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to 'him, the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and 'one time even with strokes (*körperlich misshandelt*), to make him 'feel he was only considered as such. The enraged King, who 'never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to 'his manual outrage. He said, "Had I been treated so by my "Father, I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has "no honour, he takes all that comes!"'[7] *Einmal körperlich misshandelt:* why did not the Professor give us time, occasion, circumstances, and name of some eye-witness? For the fact, which stands reported in the like fashion in all manner of Histories, we shall otherwise find to be abundantly certain; and it produced conspicuous definite results. It is, as it were, the one fact still worth human remembrance in this expensive Radewitz and its fooleries; and is itself left in that vague inert state,—irremediable at present.

Beaten like a slave; while lodged, while figuring about, like a royal highness, in this sumptuous manner! It appears clearly the poor Prince did hereupon, in spite of his word given to Wilhelmina, make up his mind to run. Ingenious Ranke, forgetting again to date, knows from the Archives, that Friedrich went shortly afterwards to call on Graf von Hoym, one day. Speaking to Graf von Hoym, who is Saxon First-Minister, and Factotum of the arrangements here, he took occasion cursorily to ask, Could not a glimpse of Leipzig, among all these fine things, be had? Order for horses to or at Leipzig, for "a couple of officers" (Lieutenant Keith and self),—quietly, without fuss of passes and the like, Herr Graf?—The Herr Graf glances into it with eyes which have a twinkle in them: *Schwerlich,* Royal Highness. They are very strict about passes. Do not try it, Royal Highness![8] And Friedrich did desist, in that direction, poor youth; but tried it the more in others. Very busy, in deep secrecy, corresponding with Lieutenant Katte at Berlin, consulting tragically with Captain Guy Dickens here.—Whether any hint or whisper came to the Prussian Majesty

[7] Ranke, *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte* (Berlin, 1847), i. 297.

[8] Ranke, ib.; Förster, i. 365, and more especially iii. 4 (Seckendorf's Narrative there).

from Graf von Hoym? Lieutenant Keith was, shortly after, sent to Wesel to mind his soldiering there, far down the Rhine Country in the Garrison of Wesel;[9] better there than colleaguing with a Fritz, and suggesting to him idle truantcies or worse.

With Katte at Berlin the desperate Prince has concocted another scheme of Flight, this Hoym one being impossible; scheme executable by Katte and him, were this Radewitz once over. And as for his consultations with Guy Dickens, the result of them is: Captain Dickens, on the 16th of June, with eyes brisk enough, and lips well shut, sets out from Radewitz express for London. This is what I read as abstract of *Hotham's Despatch*, 16th June 1730, which Dickens is to deliver with all caution at St. James's: 'Crown-Prince has communicated to Dickens his plan of escape; '"could no longer bear the outrages of his Father." Is to attend 'his Father to Anspach shortly (*Journey to the Reich*, of which we 'shall hear anon), and they are to take a turn to Stuttgard; which 'latter is not very far from Strasburg on the French side of the 'Rhine. To Strasburg he will make his escape; stay six weeks 'or a couple of months (that his Mother be not suspected); and 'will then proceed to England. Hopes England will take such 'measures as to save his Sister from ruin.' These are his fixed resolutions: what will England do in such abstruse case?—Captain Dickens speeds silently with his Despatch; will find Lord Harrington, not Townshend any more;[10] will copiously open his lips to Harrington on matters Prussian. A brisk military man, in the prime of his years; who might do as Prussian Envoy himself, if nothing great were going on? Harrington's final response will take some deliberating.

Hotham, meanwhile, resumes his report, as we too must do, of the Scenic Exhibitions;—and, we can well fancy, is getting weary of it; wishing to be home rather, 'as his business here seems ended.'[11] One day he mentions a rumour (inane high rumours being prevalent in such a place); "rumour circulated here, to "which I do not give the slightest credit, that the Prince-Royal of "Prussia is to have one of the Archduchesses," perhaps Maria Theresa herself! Which might indeed have saved immensities of trouble to the whole world, as well as to the Pair in question, and

[9] Wilhelmina told us lately (suprà, p. 34), Keith *had* been sent to Wesel; but she has misdated as usual.

[10] Resigned 15th May 1730: Despatch to Hotham, as farewell, of that date.

[11] Preceding Despatch (of 16th June).

have made a very different History for Germany and the rest of us. Fancy it! But for many reasons, change of religion, had there been no other, it was an impossible notion. "May be," thinks Hotham, "that the Court of Vienna throws out this bait to "continue the King's delusion,"—or a snuffle from Seckendorf, without the Court, may have given it currency in so inane an element as Radewitz.

Of the terrific Sham-Battles, conducted by Weissenfels on one side and Wackerbarth on the other; of the charges of cavalry, play of artillery, threatening to end in a very doomsday, round the Pavilion and the Ladies and the Royalties assembled on the balconies there (who always go to dinner safe, when victory has declared itself), I shall say nothing. Nor of that supreme 'attack on the entrenchments:' blowing-up of the very Bridges; cavalry posted in the woods; host doing its very uttermost against host, with unheard-of expenditure of gunpowder and learned manœuvre; in which 'the Fleet' (of shallops on the Elbe, rigged mostly in silk) took part, and the Bucentaur with all its cannon. Words fail on such occasions. I will mention only that assiduous King August had arranged everything like the King of Playhouse-Managers; was seen, early in the morning, 'driving his own curricle' all about, in vigilant supervision and inspection; crossed the Tub-Bridge, or perhaps the Float-Bridge (not yet blown up), 'in a *Wurstwagen;*' giving himself (what proved well-founded) the assurance of success for this great day;—and finally that, on the morrow, there occurred an illumination and display of fireworks, the like of which is probably still a desideratum.

For the Bucentaur and Fleet were all hung with coloured lamplets; Headquarters (*Haupt-Lager*) and Army-*Lager* ditto ditto; gleaming upwards with their golden light into the silver of the Summer Twilight:—and all this is still nothing to the scene there is across the Elbe, on our southeast corner. You behold that Palace of the Genii; wings, turrets, main-body, battlements: it is 'a gigantic wooden frame, on which two hundred carpenters have been busy for above six months,' ever since Christmas last. Two hundred carpenters; and how many painters I cannot say: but they have smeared 'six thousand yards of linen canvas;' which is now nailed up; hung with lamps, begirt with fireworks, no end of rocket-serpents, catherine-wheels; with cannon and field-music, near and far, to correspond;—and is now (evening of the 24th June 1730) shining to men and gods. Pinnacles, turrets, tablatures, tipt

with various fires and emblems, all is there: symbolic Painting, six hundred yards of it, glowing with inner light, and legible to the very owls! Arms now piled useless; Pax, with her Appurtenances; Mars resting (in that canvas) on trophies of laurel honourably won: and there is an Inscription, done in lamplets, every letter taller than a man, were you close upon it, "*Sic fulta manebit* (Thus supported it will stand)," —the *it* being either *Pax* (Peace) or *Domus* (the Genii-Palace itself), as your weak judgment may lead you to interpret delicate allusions. Every letter bigger than a man: it may be read almost at Wittenberg, I should think; flaming as *pica* written on the sky, from the steeple-tops there. *Thus supported it will stand;* and pious mortals murmur, "Hope so, I am sure!"—And the cannons fire, almost without ceasing; and the field-music, guided by telegraphs, burst over all the scene, at due moments; and the catherine-wheels fly hissing; and the Bucentaur and silk Brigantines glide about like living flambeaus;—and in fact you must fancy such a sight. King August, tired to the bone, and seeing all successful, retired about midnight. Friedrich Wilhelm stood till the finale; Saxon Crown-Prince and he, 'in a window of the highest house in Promnitz;' our young Fritz and the Margraf of Anspach, they also, in a neighbouring window,[12] stood till the finale: two in the morning, when the very Sun was not far from rising.

Or is not the ultimate closing day perhaps still notabler: a day of universal eating? Debauchee King August had a touch of genuine human good-humour in him; poor devil, and had the best of stomachs. Eighty oxen, fat as Christmas, were slain and roasted, subsidiary viands I do not count; that all the world might have one good dinner. The soldiers, divided into proper sections, had cut trenches, raised flat mounds, laid planks; and so, by trenching and planking, had made at once table and seat, wood well secured on turf. At the end of every table rose a triglyph,

[12] 24th-25th June: *Helden-Geschichte* (above spoken of), i. 200.

two strong wooden posts with lintel; on the lintel stood spiked the ox's head, ox's hide hanging beneath it as drapery: and on the two sides of the two posts hung free the four roasted quarters of said ox; from which the common man joyfully helped himself. Three measures of beer he had, and two of wine;—which, unless the measures were miraculously small, we may take to be abundance. Thus they, in two long rows, 30,000 of them by the tale, dine joyfully *sub dio*. The two Majesties and two Crown-Princes rode through the ranks, as dinner went on: "King of Prussia forever!" and caps into the air;—at length they retire to their own *Hauptquartier*, where, themselves dining, they can still see the soldiers dine, or at least drink their three measures and two. Dine, yea dine abundantly: let all mortals have one good dinner!—

Royal dinner is not yet done when a new miracle appears on the field: the largest Cake ever baked by the Sons of Adam. Drawn into the Headquarter about an hour ago, on a wooden frame with tent over it, by a team of eight horses; tent curtaining it, guarded by Cadets; now the tent is struck and off;—saw mortals ever the like? It is fourteen ells (*kleine Ellen*) long, by six broad; and at the centre half an ell thick. Baked by machinery; how otherwise could peel or roller act on such a Cake? There are five thousand eggs in it; thirty-six bushels (Berlin measure) of sound flour; one tun of milk, one tun of yeast, one ditto of butter; crackers, gingerbread-nuts, for fillet or trimming, run all round. Plainly the Prince of Cakes! A Carpenter with gigantic knife, handle of it resting on his shoulder,—Head of the Board of Works, giving word of command,—enters the Cake by incision; cuts it up by plan, by successive signal from the Board of Works. What high person would not keep for himself, to say nothing of eating, some fraction of such a Nonpareil? There is cut and come again for all. Carpenter advances, by main trench and by side-trenches, steadily to word of command.

I mention, as another trait of the poor devil of an August, full of good-humour after all, That he and his Royalties and big Lordships having dined, he gave the still groaning table with all its dishes, to be scrambled for by 'the janizaries.' Janizaries, Imitation-Turk valetaille; who speedily made clearance,—many a bit of precious Meissen porcelain going far down in society by that means.

Royal dinner done, the Colonel and Officers of every regiment, ranked in high order, with weapons drawn, preceded by their

respective bands of music, came marching up the Hill to pay their particular respects to the Majesty of Prussia. Majesty of Prussia promised them his favour, everlasting, as requested; drank a glass of wine to each party (steady, your Majesty!), who all responded by glasses of wine, and threw the glasses aloft with shouts. Sixty pieces of artillery speaking the while, and the bands of music breathing their sweetest;—till it was done, and his Majesty still steady on his feet. He could stand a great deal of wine.

And now—?—Well, the Cake is not done, many cubic yards of cake are still left, and the very corporals can do no more: let the Army scramble! Army whipt it away in no-time. And now, alas now—the time *is* come for parting. It is ended; all things end. Not for about an hour could the *Herrschaften* (Lordships and minor Sovereignties) fairly tear themselves away, under wailing music, and with the due emotion.

The Prussian Royalties, and select few, took boat down the River, on the morrow; towards Lichtenburg Hunting-Palace, for one day's slaughtering of game. They slaughtered there about one thousand living creatures, all driven into heaps for them,—'six hundred of red game' (of the stag species), 'four hundred black,' or of the boar ditto. They left all these creatures dead; dined immensely; then did go, sorrowfully sated; Crown-Prince Friedrich in his own carriage in the rear; Papa in his, preceding by a few minutes; all the wood horns, or French horns, wailing sad adieu;—and hurried towards Berlin through the ambrosial night.[13]

And so it is all ended. And August the Strong—what shall we say of August? History must admit that he attains the maximum in several things. Maximum of physical strength; can break horseshoes, nay half-crowns with finger and thumb. Maximum of sumptuosity; really a polite creature; no man of his means so regardless of expense. Maximum of Bastards, Three hundred and fifty-four of them; probably no mortal ever exceeded that quantity. Lastly, he has baked the biggest Bannock on record; Cake with 5,000 eggs in it, and a tun of butter. These things History must concede to him. Poor devil, he was full of good-humour too, and had the best of stomachs. His amputated great-toe does not mend: out upon it, the world itself is all so amputated, and not like mending! August the Strong, dilapidated

[13] 28th June 1730: *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 205.

at fifty-three, is fast verging towards a less expensive country: and in three years hence will be lodged gratis, and need no cook or flunky of either sex.

'This Camp of Radewitz,' says Smelfungus, one of my Antecessors, finishing his long narrative of it, 'this Camp is Nothing; and after all 'this expense of King August's and mine, it flies away like a dream. 'But alas, were the Congresses of Cambrai and Soissons, was the life-'long diplomacy of Kaiser Karl, or the History of torpid moribund 'Europe in those days, much of a Something? The Pragmatic Sanction, 'with all its protocolling, has fled, like the temporary Playhouse of King 'August erected there in the village of Ströhme. Much talk, noise and 'imaginary interest about both; but both literally have become zero, *were* 'always zero. As well talk about the one as the other.'—Then why not *silence* about both, my Friend Smelfungus? He answers:—'That truly 'is the thing to be aimed at;—and if we *had* once got our own out of 'both, let both be consumed with fire, and remain a handful of inarticulate 'black ashes forevermore.' Heavens, will I, of all men, object!

Smelfungus says elsewhere:

'The moral to be derived, perhaps the chief moral visible at present, 'from all this Section of melancholy History is: Modern Diplomacy is 'nothing; mind well your own affairs, leave those of your neighbours 'well alone. The Pragmatic Sanction, breaking Fritz's, Friedrich Wil-'helm's, Sophie's, Wilhelmina's, English Amelia's and I know not how 'many private hearts, and distracting with vain terrors and hopes the 'general soul of Europe for five-and-twenty years, fell at once into dust 'and vapour, and went wholly towards limbo on the storm-winds, doing 'nothing for or against any mortal. Friedrich Wilhelm's 80,000 well-'drilled troops remained very actual with their firelocks and iron ramrods, 'and did a thing or two, there being a Captain over them. Friedrich 'Wilhelm's Directorium, well-drilled Prussian Downing Street, every 'man steady at his duty, and no wind to be wasted where silence was 'better, did likewise very authentically remain,—and still remains. 'Nothing of genuine and human that Friedrich Wilhelm did but re-'mained and remains an inheritance, not the smallest item of *it* lost or 'loseable;—and the rude foolish Boor-King (singular enough!) is found 'to be the only one that has gained by the game.'—

CHAPTER IV.

EXCELLENCY HOTHAM QUITS BERLIN IN HASTE.

WHILE the Camp at Radewitz is dissolving itself in this manner, in the last days of June, Captain Guy Dickens, the oracles at Windsor having given him their response as to Prince Friedrich's wild project, is getting under way for Berlin again,—whither also Hotham has returned, to wait for Dickens's arrival, and directly thereupon come home. Dickens is henceforth to do the British Diplomacy here, any Diplomacy there can well be; Dickens once installed, Hotham will, right gladly, wash his hands of this Negotiation, which he considers to be as good as dead for a longish while past. First, however, he has one unexpected adventure to go through in Berlin; of most unexpected celebrity in the world: this once succinctly set forth, History will dismiss him to the shades of private life.

Guy Dickens, arriving we can guess about the 8th or 9th of July, brings two important Documents with him to Berlin. *First*, the English Response (in the shape of 'Instructions' to himself, which may be ostensible in the proper quarter) in regard to the Crown-Prince's project of flight into England. Response which is no other than might have been expected in the circumstances: 'Britannic Majesty sorry extremely for the Crown-Prince's situa-'tion; ready to do anything in reason to alleviate it. Better wait, 'however: Prussian Majesty will surely perhaps relent a little: 'then also the affairs of Europe are in a ticklish state. Better 'wait. As to that of taking temporary refuge in France, Britannic 'Majesty thinks that will require a mature deliberation (*mûre 'délibération*). Not even time now for inquiry of the French 'Court how they would take it; which his Britannic Majesty 'thinks an indispensable preliminary,'—and so terminates. The meaning, we perceive, is in sum: "Hm, you won't, surely? Don't;

at least Don't yet!" But Dryasdust, and any readers who have patience, can here take the Original Paper; which is written in French (or French of Stratford at the Bow), probably that the Crown-Prince, if needful, might himself read it, one of these days:

'*Monsieur Guy Dickens pourrait donner au Prince les assurances les 'plus fortes de la compassion que le Roi a du triste état où il se trouve, et 'du désir sincère de Sa Majesté de concourir par tout ce qui dépendra d'elle 'à l'en tirer. M. Guy Dickens pourrait lui communiquer en même tems les 'Instructions données à Monsieur Hotham'* (our Answer to the Outrageous propositions, which amounts to nothing, and may be spared the reader), '*et lui marquer qu'on avait lieu d'espérer que Sa Majesté Prussienne ne 'refuserait pas au moins de s'expliquer un peu plus en détail qu'elle n'a fait 'jusqu'ici. Qu'en attendant les suites que cette négociation pourrait avoir, 'Sa Majesté était d'avis que le Prince ferait bien de différer un peu l'exécu- 'tion de son dessein connu: Que la situation où les affaires de l'Europe se 'trouvaient dans ce moment critique ne paraissait pas propre à l'exécution 'd'un dessein de cette nature: Que pour ce qui est de l'intention où le Prince 'a témoigné être, de se retirer en France, Sa Majesté croit qu'elle demande une mûre délibération, et que le peu de tems qui reste ne promet pas même qu'on 'puisse s'informer de ce que la Cour de France pourrait penser là-dessus; 'dont Sa Majesté trouvait cependant absolument nécessaire de l'assurer, avant 'de pouvoir conseiller à un Prince qui lui est si cher de se retirer en ce 'pays là.'*[1]

This is Document *First;* of no concernment to Hotham at this stage; but only to us and our Crown-Prince. Document *Second* would at one time have much interested Hotham: it is no other than a Grumkow Original seized at St. Mary Axe, such as Hotham once solicited, 'strong enough to break Grumkow's back.' Hotham now scarcely hopes it will be 'strong enough.' No matter; he presents it as bidden. On introducing Dickens as successor, Monday 10th July, he puts the Document into his Prussian Majesty's hand: and—the result was most unexpected! Here is Hotham's Despatch to Lord Harrington; which it will be our briefest method to give, with some minimum of needful explanation intercalated here and there:

[1] Prussian Despatches, vol. xli.: No date or signature; bound-up along with Harrington's Despatch, 'Windsor, 20th June' (1st July) '1730,'—on the morrow of which day we may fancy Captain Dickens took the road for Berlin again,—where we auspiciously see him on Monday 10th July, probably a night or two after his arrival.

'*To the Lord Harrington* (from Sir Charles Hotham).

"Berlin, 30th June (11th July) 1730.

'My Lord,—Though the conduct of his Prussian Majesty has been 'such, for some time past, that one ought to be surprised at nothing he 'does,—it is nevertheless with great concern that I now have to acquaint 'your Lordship with an extravagancy of his which happened yesterday,' Monday 10th July 1730.

'The King of Prussia had appointed me to be with him about noon, 'with Captain Guy Dickens' (who has just returned from England, on what secret message your Lordship knows!).—'We both attended his 'Prussian Majesty, and I presented Captain Guy Dickens to him, who 'delivered his credentials: after which the King talked to us a quarter 'of an hour about indifferent matters. Seeing him in a very good 'humour, I took that opportunity of telling him, "That as General 'Grumkow had denied his having held a Secret Correspondence with 'Reichenbach, or having written the Letters I had some time ago 'delivered to his Majesty, I was now ordered by the King my Master to 'put into his hands an Original Letter of General Grumkow"'—

—Where is that Original Letter? ask some minute readers. Minute readers, the *ipsissimum corpus* of it is lost to mankind. Official Copy of it lies safe here in the State-Paper Office (Prussian Despatches, volume xli.; without date of its own, but *near* a Despatch dated 20th June 1730); has, adjoined to it, an Autograph jotting by George Second to the effect, "Yes, send it," and also some preliminary scribbles by Newcastle, to the like purport. No date of its own, we say, though, by internal evidence and light of *Fassmann*,[2] it is conclusively dateable 'Berlin, 20th May,' if anybody cared to date it. The Letter mentions lightly that 'pretended discovery' (the St.-Mary-Axe one, laid on the table of Tobacco-Parliament, 6th May or soon after), 'innocent trifles all *I* 'wrote; hope you burnt them, nevertheless, according to promise: 'yours to me I did burn as they came, and will defy the Devil to 'produce;' brags of his Majesty's fine spirits;—and is, Jotting and all, as insignificant a Letter as any other portion of the "Rookery Colloquy," though its fate was a little more distinguished. Prussian Dryasdust is expected to give it in *Facsimile*, one day,—surely no British Under-Secretary will exercise an unwise discretion, and forbid him that small pleasure!—

[2] p. 404.

'which was an undeniable proof of all the rest, and could not but con-'vince his Prussian Majesty of the truth of them.'—Well?

'He took the Letter from me, cast his eye upon it; and seeing it to 'be Grumkow's hand, said to me with all the anger imaginable' (fancy the thunderburst!), '"*Messieurs, j'ai eu assez de ces choses là;*" threw 'the Letter upon the ground, and immediately turning his back went out 'of the room, and shut the door upon us,'

—probably with a slam! And that is the naked truth concerning this celebrated Intercepted Letter. Majesty answered explosively, —his poor heart being in a burdened and grieved condition, not unlike growing a hunted one,—"I have had enough of that stuff before!" pitched the new specimen away, and stormily whirled out with a slam of the door. That he stamped with his foot, is guessable. That he 'lifted his foot as if to kick the Honourable English Excellency,'[3] which the English Excellency never could have stood, but must have died on the spot,—of this, though several Books have copied it from Wilhelmina, there is no vestige of evidence: and the case is bad enough without this.

'Your Lordship will easily imagine that Captain Guy Dickens and I 'were not a little astonished at this most extraordinary behaviour. I 'took up the Letter he had thrown upon the floor' (*ipsissimum corpus* of it lost to mankind, last seen going into Hotham's pocket in this manner); 'and returning home, immediately wrote one to his Prussian Majesty, of 'which a copy is here enclosed.'—Let us read that essential Piece: sound substance, in very stiff indifferent French of Stratford,—which may as well be made English at once:

"*To his Majesty the King of Prussia.*

"Sire,—It is with the liveliest grief that I find myself under the "necessity,—after what has passed today at the audience I had of your "Majesty, where I neither did nor said anything in regard to that Letter "of Monsieur Grumkow's or to putting it into your Majesty's hands, "that was not by my Master's order,—it is, I say, Sire, with the liveliest "grief that I am obliged to inform your Majesty of the necessity there "lies on me to dispatch a Courier to London to apprise the King my "Master of an incident so surprising as the one that has just happened. "For which reason I beg (*supplie*) your Majesty will be pleased to cause "the necessary Orders for Post-horses to be furnished me, not only for "the said Courier, but also for myself,—since, after what has just

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 228.

"happened, it is not proper for me to prolong my stay here (*faire un plus "long séjour ici*).

"I have the honour to be, your Majesty's &c. &c. &c.

"CHARLES HOTHAM."

'About two hours afterwards, General Borck came to me; and told me 'He was in the utmost affliction for what had happened; and beseeched 'me to have a little patience, and that he hoped means would be found 'to make-up the matter to me. Afterwards he communicated to me, by 'word of mouth, the Answer the King of Prussia had given to the last 'Orders I had received by Captain Guy Dickens,'—Orders, "Come home "immediately," to which the "Answer" is conceivable.

'I told him that, after the treatment I had received at noon, and the 'affront put upon the King my Master's character, I could no longer 'receive nor charge myself with anything that came from his Prussian 'Majesty. That as to what related to me personally, it was very easily 'made-up; but having done nothing but in obedience to the King my 'Master's orders, it belonged to him only to judge what satisfaction was 'due for the indignity offered to his character. Wherefore I did not look 'upon myself as authorised to listen to any expedients till I knew his 'Majesty's pleasure upon the matter.

'In the evening, General Borck wrote a Letter to Captain Guy Dick-'ens and two to me, the Copies of which are enclosed,'—fear not, reader! 'The purport of them was to desire That I would take no farther notice 'of what had happened, and that the King of Prussia desired I would 'come and dine with him next day.'—Engaged otherwise, your Majesty, next day! 'The Answer to these Letters I also enclose to your Lordship,' —reader not to be troubled with it. 'I excused myself from dining 'with the King of Prussia, not thinking myself at liberty to appear any 'more at Court till I received his Majesty's,' my own King's, 'commands, 'and told General Borck that I looked upon myself as indispensably 'obliged to acquaint the King my Master with everything that had 'passed, it being to no purpose to think of concealing it, since the thing 'was already become public, and would soon be known in all the Courts 'of Europe.

'This, my Lord, is the true state of this unaccountable accident. You 'will see, by General Borck's Letter, that the King of Prussia, being now 'returned to his senses, is himself convinced of the extravagancy of this 'proceeding; and was very desirous of having it concealed;—which was 'impossible; for the whole Town knew it an hour after it had happened.

'As to my own part, I am not a little concerned at this unfortunate 'incident. As it was impossible to foresee this fit of madness in the 'King of Prussia, there was no guarding against it: and after it had

'happened, I thought I could do no less than resent it in the manner I 'have done,—without prostituting the character with which the King 'has been pleased to honour me. I hope, however, this affair will be 'attended with no ill consequences: for the King of Prussia himself is 'at present so ashamed of his behaviour, that he says, He will order 'Count Degenfeld' (Graf von Degenfeld, going at a leisurely pace to remove *Nosti* from his perch among you)[4] 'to hasten his journey to 'England, with orders to endeavour to make-up the affair immediately.

'As I had already received the King's Orders, by Captain Guy Dickens, 'To return home forthwith, I thought, after what had happened, the 'sooner I left this place the better; and the rather because it might 'be proper I should make a report of it to his Majesty. I shall there-'fore set out a few hours after this Messenger; and will make all the 'expedition possible.

'The King of Prussia sets out for Anspach on Saturday next,'—11th July is Tuesday, Saturday next will be 15th July, which proves correct.[5] 'I am, with the utmost respect, My Lord, Your Lordship's 'most obedient and most humble servant,

CHARLES HOTHAM.'[6]

No sooner was the door slammed-to than his Majesty began to repent. At sight of the demand for Post-horses, he repented bitterly; sent Borck to ask Hotham to dinner, with what success we have seen. Sent Borck to negotiate, to correspond, to consult with Dickens, to do his utmost in pacifying Hotham. All which Correspondence exists, but is not worth giving. Borck's remonstrances are in rugged soldier-like style, full of earnestness and friendliness. Do not wreck, upon trifles, a noble interest we have in common; King is jealous about foreign interference with his Ministers, but meant nothing; I tell you it is nothing!—Hotham is polite, good-tempered; but remains inflexible: With myself, on my own score, it were soon settled, or is already settled; but with the King my Master,—no expedient but post-horses! The Diplomatist world of Berlin is in a fuss; Queen Sophie and 'the Minister of Denmark,' and other friendly Ministers, how busy! 'All day,' this day and the next, 'they spent in comings and goings;'[7] advising Hotham to relent: Hotham could not relent. The Crown-Prince himself writes, urged by a message from his Mother; Crown-Prince sends Katte off from Potsdam with this Billet[8] (if this be a correct copy to translate from)

[4] Suprà, p. 78. [5] Fassmann, p. 410.
[6] State-Paper Office: Prussian Despatches, vol. xli.
[7] Wilhelmina, i. 229, 230. [8] Ib. i. 230.

To his Excellency Monsieur the Chevalier Hotham.

'Potsdam, 11th July 1730.

'Monsieur,—Having learned by M. de Leuvener,' the Danish Minister, a judicious well-affected man, 'what the King my Father's ultimate 'intentions are, I cannot doubt but you will yield to his desires. Think, 'Monsieur, that my happiness and my Sister's depend on the resolution 'you shall take, and that your answer will mean the union or the dis-'union forever of the two Houses! I flatter myself that it will be 'favourable, and that you will yield to my entreaties. I never shall 'forget such a service, but recognise it all my life by the most perfect 'esteem,' with which I now am, *Tout à vous*,

'FRÉDÉRIC.'

This Billet Katte delivers: but to this also Hotham remains inexorable; polite, hopeful even: No harm will come; Degenfeld will go, I myself will help when at home; but for the present, no resource but post-horses! Which they at last yield him, the very post-horses ready to weep.

And so Hotham, spirited judicious English gentleman, rolls off homewards,[9] a few hours after his Courier,—and retires honourably into the shades of private life, steady there thenceforth. He has not been successful in Berlin: surely his Negotiation is now *out* in all manner of senses! Long ago (to use our former ignoble figure) he had 'laid-down the bellows, though there was still smoke traceable:' but now, by this Grumkow Letter, he has, as it were, struck the *poker* through the business; and that dangerous manœuvre, not proving successful, has been fatal and final! Queen Sophie and certain others may still flatter themselves; but it is evident the Negotiation is at last complete. What may lie in flight to England and rash and desperate measures, which Queen Sophie trembles to think of, we do not know: but by regular negotiation this thing can never be.

It is darkly apprehended the Crown-Prince still meditates Flight; the maternal heart and Wilhelmina's are grieved to see Lieutenant Katte so much in his confidence,—could wish him a wiser councillor in such predicaments and emergencies! Katte is greatly flattered by the Prince's confidence; even brags of it in society, with his foolish loose tongue. Poor youth, he is of dissolute ways; has plenty of 'unwise intellect,' little of the 'wise' kind; and is

[9] 'Wednesday,' 12th (Dickens).

still under the years of discretion. Towards Wilhelmina there is traceable in him something,—something as of almost loving a bright particular star, or of thrice-privately worshipping it for his own behoof. And Wilhelmina, during the late Radewitz time, when Mamma 'gave four Apartments (or Royal Soirees) weekly,' was severe upon him, and inaccessible in these Court Soirees. A rash young fool; carries a loose tongue:—still worse, has a Miniature, recognisable as Wilhelmina; and would not give it up, either for the Queen's Majesty or me!—"Thousand and thousand pardons, High Ladies both; my loose tongue shall be locked: but these two Miniatures, the Prince and Princess Royal, I copied them from two the Prince had lent me and has got back, ask me not for these;—never, oh, I cannot ever!"—Upon which Wilhelmina had to take a high attitude, and pass him speechless in the Soirees. The foolish fellow:—and yet one is not heartily angry either; only reserved in the Soirees; and anxious about one's Brother in such hands.

Friedrich Wilhelm repents much that Hotham explosion; is heard saying that he will not again treat in person with any Envoy from foreign parts, being of too hot temper, but will leave his Ministers to do it.[10] To Queen Sophie he says coldly, "Wilhelmina's marriage, then, is off; an end to *it*. Abbess of Herford" (good Protestant refuge for unprovided Females of Quality, which is in our gift), "let her be Abbess there;"—and writes to the then extant Abbess to make Wilhelmina 'Coadjutress,' or Heir-Apparent to that Chief-Nunship! Nay what is still more mortifying, my Brother says, "On the whole, I had better, had not I?" The cruel Brother; but indeed the desperate! —For things are mounting to a pitch in this Household.

Queen Sophie's thoughts,—they are not yet of surrender; that they will never be, while a breath of life is left to Queen Sophie and her Project: we may fancy Queen Sophie's mood. Nor can his Majesty be in a sweet temper; his vexations lately have been many. First, England is now off, not off-and-on as formerly: that comfortable possibility, hanging always in one's thoughts, is fairly gone; and now we have nothing but the Kaiser to depend on for Jülich and Berg, and the other elements of our salvation in this world! Then the St.-Mary-Axe discoveries, harassing shadows of suspicion that will rise from them, and the unseemly Hotham catastrophe and one's own blame in it; Womankind and Household

[10] Dickens's Despatch, Berlin, 22d July (n.s.) 1730.

still virtually rebellious, and all things going awry; Majesty is in the worst humour;—bullies and outrages his poor Crown-Prince almost worse than ever. There have been rattan-showers, hideous to think of, descending this very week [11] on the fine head, and far into the high heart of a Royal Young Man; who cannot, in the name of manhood, endure, and must not, in the name of sonhood, resist, and vainly calls to all the gods to teach him *what* he shall do in this intolerable inextricable state of matters.

Fate and these Two Black-Artists have driven Friedrich Wilhelm nearly mad; and he, in turn, is driving everybody so. He more than suspects Friedrich of an intention to fly; which is horrible to Friedrich Wilhelm: and yet he bullies him occasionally, as a spiritless wretch, for bearing such treatment. "Cannot you renounce the Heir-Apparentship, then; your little Brother is a fine youth. Give it up; and go, unmolested, to the—in fact to the Devil: Cannot you?"—"If your Majesty, against the honour of my Mother, declare that I am not your eldest son: Yes, so; not otherwise, ever!" modestly but steadily persists the young man, whenever this expedient is proposed to him,—as perhaps it already sometimes is. Whereat the desperate Father can only snort indignantly futile. A case growing nearly desperate. Desperate, yes, on all hands: unless one had the 'high mast' above alluded to, with two pulleys and ropes; and could see a certain Pair of Scoundrels mount rapidly thither, what hope is there for anybody? A violent crisis does not last, however; that is one certainty in it. Either these agonistic human beings, young and old, will all die all go to Bedlam, with their intolerable woes; or else something, of explosive nature will take place among them. The maddest boil, unless it kill you with its torments, does at length burst, and become an abscess.

Of course Captain Dickens, the instant Hotham was gone, hastened privily to see the Crown-Prince; saw Katte and him 'at the Gate of the Potsdam Palace at midnight,' [12] or in some other less romantic way;—read him the Windsor Paper of '*Instructions*' known to us; and preached from that text. No definite countenance from England, the reverse rather, your Highness sees;—how can there be? Give it up, your Highness; at least delay it!—

[11] Guy Dickens's Despatch, 18th July 1730.
[12] Wilhelmina; Ranke, i. 301.

Crown-Prince does not give it up a whit; whether he delays it, we shall see.

A busy week for the Crown-Prince and Katte, this of the Hotham Catastrophe; who have many consultations, the Journey to Anspach being on Saturday next! Crown-Prince has given him in keeping a writing-case with private letters; 1,000 ducats of money, money raised by loan, by picking jewels off some miniatures of honour, and the like sore methods. Katte has his very coat, a gray topcoat or travelling roquelaure, in keeping;—and their schemes are many. Off we must and will be, by some opportunity. Could not Katte get a 'Recruiting Furlough,' leave to go into the *Reich* on that score; and join one there? Lieutenant Keith is at Wesel; ready, always ready. Into France, into Holland, England? If the English would not,—there is war to be in Italy, say all the Newspapers: why not a campaign as Volunteers in Italy, till we saw how matters went? Anything and all things are preferable to ignominy like this. No dog could endure it!—

CHAPTER V.

JOURNEY TO THE REICH.

On Saturday the 15th July 1730, early in the morning as his wont was, Friedrich Wilhelm, with a small train of official military persons, rolled-off from Potsdam, towards Leipzig, on that same journey of his, towards Anspach and the *Reich*. To Anspach, to see our poor young daughter, lately married there; therefrom we can have a run into the Reich, according to circumstances. In this wide route there lie many Courts and scenes, which it might behove us to look into; Courts needing to be encouraged to stand for the Kaiser's rights, against those English, French and intrusive Foreigners of the Seville Treaty. We may hope at least to ease our own heavy mind, and have the chaff somewhat blown out of it, by this rushing through the open atmosphere.—Such, so far as I can gather, were Friedrich Wilhelm's objects in this Journey; which turned-out to be a more celebrated one than he expected. The authentic records of it are slight, the rumours about it have been

many.[1] After painful sifting through mountains of dust and ashes for a poor cinder of a fact here and there, our duty is, to tell the English reader one good time, what certainties, or available cinders, have anywhere turned up.

Crown-Prince Friedrich, it has been decided, after some consultation, shall go with his Majesty. Better he go with us, to be under our own eyes, lest he run away, or do other mischief. Old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep a strict watch over him, one of them at least to be always by him. Old General Buddenbrock, a grim but human old military gentleman, who has been in all manner of wars: he fought at Steenkirk even, and in the Siege of Namur, under Dutch William; stood, through Malplaquet and much else, under Marlborough; did the Siege of Stralsund too, and descent on Rügen there, which was not his first acquaintance with Karl of Sweden; and is a favourite old friend of Friedrich Wilhelm's. A good old gentleman, though very strict; now hard on sixty. He is chief of the Three.

Old Waldau, not younger, though still only Colonel of Horse, likewise celebrates the Malplaquet anniversary; a Pomeranian man, and silent smoker in the Tabagie, well seen by the master there. To these two elderly authorities, Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow, still only about forty, and probably sharper of eye, is adjoined as active partner. I conclude, the Prince and Buddenbrock ride face forward; Buddenbrock can tell him about so many things, if he is conversable: about Dutch William; about Charles XII., whose Polish fights he witnessed, as an envoy from Berlin, long ago. A Colonel Kröcher, I find, is general manager of the Journey;—and it does not escape notice that Friedrich, probably out of youthful curiosity, seems always very anxious to know, to the uttermost settled point, where our future stages are to be. His Royal Highness laid-in a fair stock of District Maps, especially of the Rhine Countries, at Leipzig, too;[2] and is assiduous in studying them,—evidently very desirous to know the face of Germany, the Rhine Countries in particular?

Potsdam, Wittenberg, Leipzig, the wheels rush rapidly on, stage

[1] Förster (iii. 1-11) contains Seckendorf's Narrative, as sent to Vienna; Preuss (iv. 470), a Prussian *Relatio ex Actis:* these are the only two *original* pieces which I have seen; Excerpts of others (correct doubtless, but not in a very distinct condition) occur in Ranke, i. 294-340.

[2] Förster, iii. 2.

succeeding stage; and early in the afternoon we are at Leipzig,* —never looking out at Luther's vestiges, or Karl V.'s, or thinking about Luther, which thou and I, good English reader, would surely have done, in crossing Wittenberg and the birthplace of Protestantism. At Leipzig we were thinking to have dined. At the Peter's Gate there,—where at least fresh horses are, and a topographic Crown-Prince can send hastily to buy maps,—a General Hopfgarten, Commandant of the Town, is out with the military honours; he has, as we privately know, an excellent dinner ready in the Pleissenburg Fortress yonder,[3]—but he compliments to a dreadful extent! Harangues and compliments in no end of florid inflated tautologic ornamental balderdash; repeating and again repeating, What a never-imagined honour it is; in particular saying three times over, How the Majesty of Saxony, King August, had he known, would have wished for wings to fly hither; and bowing to the very ground, "as if, in the Polish manner, he wished to clasp your feet," said Friedrich Wilhelm afterwards. I can fancy Friedrich Wilhelm somewhat startled! How, at the first mention of this idea of big August, with his lame foot, taking wing, and coming like a gigantic partridge, with lame foot and cocked-hat, Friedrich Wilhelm grinned. How, at the second mention, and Polish threat of your feet, Friedrich Wilhelm, who hates all lies, and cares not for salutations in the market-place, jerks himself impatiently and saves his feet. At the third mention, clear it is, Friedrich Wilhelm utters the word, "*Anspannen*, Horses!"—and in very truth takes to the road again; hungry indeed, but still angrier; leaving Hopfgarten bent into the shape of a parabola, and his grand dinner cooling futile, in what tragic humour we can imagine.[4] Why has no Prussian Painter done that scene? Let another Chodowiecki, when another comes, try whether he cannot.

Friedrich Wilhelm regretted the dinner, regretted to hurt the good man's feelings; but could stand it no longer. He rushes off for Meuselwitz, where Seckendorf, with at least silence, and some cold collation instead of dinner, is awaiting him. Twenty miles off is Meuselwitz; up the flat valley of the Pleisse River towards Altenburg; through a region memorable, were we not so hungry. Famed fights have had their arena here; Lützen, the top of its church-steeple visible on your right, it is there where the great Gustavus fell two hundred years ago: on that wide

* Map, p. 141*a*. * Map, 141*a*.

[3] Fassmann, p. 410. [4] Fassmann, p. 411.

champaign, a kind of Bullring of the Nations, how many fights have been, and will be! Altenburg one does not see tonight: happy were we but at Meuselwitz, a few miles nearer, and had seen what dinner the old Feldzeugmeister has.

Dinner enough, we need not doubt. The old Feldzeugmeister has a big fine Schloss at Meuselwitz; his by unexpected inheritance; with uncommonly fine gardens; with a good old Wife, moreover, blithe though childless;—and he is capable of 'lighting more than one candle' when a King comes to visit him. Doubtless the man hurls his thrift into abeyance; and blazes-out with conspicuous splendour, on this occasion. A beautiful Castle indeed, this Meuselwitz of his; the towers of Altenburg visible in the distance; Altenburg, where Kunz von Kauffungen stole the two little Princes, centuries ago;—where we do not mean to pause at this time. On the morrow morning,—unless they chose to stay over Sunday, which I cannot affirm or deny,—Seckendorf also has made his packages; and joins himself to Friedrich Wilhelm's august travelling party. Doing here a portion of the long space (length of the Terrestrial Equator in all) which he is fated to accomplish in the way of riding with that Monarch.

From Meuselwitz, through Altenburg, Gera, Saalfeld, to Coburg, is our next day's journey. Up one fork of the Leipzig Pleisse, then across the Leipzig Elster, these streams now dwindling to brooks; leading us up to the water-shed or central Hill-countries between the Mayn and Saale Rivers; where the same shower will run partly, on this hand, northward, by the Elster, Pleisse or other labyrinthic course, into the Saale, into the Elbe; and partly, on the other hand, will flow southward into the Mayn; and so, after endless windings in the Fir Mountains (*Fichtel-Gebirge*), get by Frankfurt into the Rhine at Mainz. Mayn takes the south end of your shower; Saale takes the north,—or farther east yonder, shower will roll down into the same grand Elbe-river by the Mulde (over which the Old Dessauer is minded to build a new stone bridge; Wallenstein and others, as well as Time, have ruined many bridges there). That is the line of the primeval mountains, and their ever-flowing rain-courses, in those parts.

At Gera, dim old Town,—does not your Royal Highness well know the "Gera Bond (*Geraische Vertrag*)"? Duhan did not forget to inform you of that? It is the corner-stone of the House of Brandenburg's advancement in the world. Here, by your august ancestors, the Law of Primogeniture was settled, and much rubbish

was annihilated in the House of Brandenburg: Eldest Son always to inherit the Electorate unbroken; after Anspach and Baireuth no more apanages, upon any cause or pretext whatsoever; and these themselves to lapse irrevocable to the main or Electoral House, should they ever fall vacant again. Fine fruit of the decisive sense that was in the Hohenzollerns; of their fine talent for annihilating rubbish,—which feat, if a man can do it, and keep doing it, will more than most others accelerate his course in this world. It was in this dim old Town of Gera, in the Year 1598, by him that had the twenty-three children, that the "*Gera Bond*" was brought to parchment. But indeed it was intrinsically only a renewal, more solemnly sanctioned, of Albert Achilles's *Haus Ordnung* (House-Order), done in 1478, above a century earlier.—

But see, we are under way again. His Prussian Majesty rushes forward without pause; will stop nowhere, except where business demands; no Majesty of his day travels at such a speed. Orlamünde an hour hence,—your Royal Highness has heard of Orlamünde and its famed Counts of a thousand years back, when Kaiser Redbeard was in the world, and the Junior Hohenzollern, tired of hawking, came down from the Hills to him? Orlamünde (Orla*mouth*) is not far off, on our right: and this itself is the Orla; this pleasant streamlet we are now quitting, which has borne us company for some time: this too will get into the Saale, and be at Magdeburg, quite beyond the Dessauer's Bridge, early tomorrow. Ha, here at last is Saalfeld, Town and Schloss, and the incipient Saal itself: his Serene Highness Saalfeld-Coburg's little *Residenz;*—probably his Majesty will call on him, in passing? I have no doubt he does; and transacts the civilities needful.

Christian Ernst, whose Schloss this is, a gentleman of his Majesty's age (born 1683), married an amiable *Fräulein* not of quality, whom indeed the Kaiser has ennobled: he lives here,—I think, courting the shade rather; and rules conjointly with his younger Brother, or Half-Brother, Franz Josias, who resides at Coburg. Dukes of Saalfeld-Coburg, such is their style, and in good part their possession; though, it is well known to this travelling party and the world, there has been a Lawsuit about Coburg this half-century and more; and though somewhere about 200 '*Conclusa*,'[5] or Decrees of Aulic Council, have been given in favour of the Saalfelders, their rivals of Meiningen never end. Nor will

[5] Michaelis, i. 524, 518; Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 2464; Œrtel, t. 74; Hübner, t. 166.

end yet, for five years more to come; till, in 1735, '206 *Conclusa* being given,' they do end, and leave the Saalfelders in peaceable possession; who continue so ever since to this day.[6] How long his Majesty paused in that Schloss of Saalfeld, or what he there did, or what he spake,—except perhaps encourage Christian Ernst to stand-by a Kaiser's Majesty against these French insolences, and the native German, Spanish, English derelictions of duty,—we are left to the vaguest guess of fancy. And must get on to Coburg for the night.

At Coburg, in its snug valley, under the *Festung* or Hill Castle, —where Martin Luther sat solitary during the Diet of Augsburg (Diet known to us, our old friend Margraf George of Anspach hypothetically 'laying his head on the block' there, and the great Kaiser, Karl V., practically burning daylight, with pitiable spilling of wax, in the *Corpus-Christi* procession there),[7]—where Martin Luther sat solitary, and wrote that celebrated Letter about 'Crows 'holding *their* Parliament all round,' and how 'the Pillars of the 'world were never seen by anybody, and yet the world is held up, 'in these dumb continents of space;'—at Coburg, we will not doubt, his Majesty found Franz Josias at home, and illuminated to receive him. Franz Josias, a hearty man of thirty-five, he too will stand by the Kaiser in these coming storms? With a weak contingent truly, perhaps some score or two of fighters: but many a little makes a mickle!—remark, however, two points, of a merely genealogical nature. First, that Franz Josias has, or rather is going to have, a Younger Son,[8] who in some sixty years hence will become dreadfully celebrated in the streets of Paris, as "Austrian Coburg." The Austrian Coburg of Robespierre and Company. An immeasurable terror and portent,—not much harm in him, either, when he actually comes, with nothing but the Duke of York and Dunkirk for accompaniment,—to those revolutionary French of 1792-4. This is point *first*. Point *second* is perhaps still more interesting; this namely: That Franz Josias has an Eldest Son (boy of six when Friedrich Wilhelm makes his visit), —a GRANDSON'S GRANDSON of whom is, at this day, Prince of Wales among the English People, and to me a subject of intense reflection now and then!—

From Coburg, Friedrich Wilhelm, after pause again unknown, rushed on to Bamberg; new scenes and ever new opening on the eyes of our young Hero and his Papa. The course is down the

[6] Carlyle's *Miscellanies*, vii. § *Prinzenraub*.

[7] Antea, vol. i. p. 177.

[8] Friedrich Josias: 1737-1815.

valley of the Itz, one of the many little valleys in the big slope of the Rodach; for the waters are now turned, and all streams and brooks are gurgling incessantly towards the Mayn. Towards Frankfurt, Mainz and the Rhine,—far enough from the Saale, Mulde, or the Old Dessauer's Bridge today; towards Rotterdam and the uttermost Dutch swamps today. Near upon Bamberg we cross the Mayn itself; Red Mayn and White conjoined, coming from Culmbach and Baireuth,—mark that, your Highness. A country of pleasant hills and vines: and in an hour hence, through thick fir-woods,—each side of your road horribly decked with gibbeted thieves swinging aloft,[9]—you arrive at Bamberg, chief of Bishoprics, the venerable town; whose Bishop, famous in old times, is like an Archbishop, and 'gets his pallium direct from the Pope,'—much good may it do him! 'Is bound, however, to give-up his Territory, if the Kaiser elected is landless,'—far enough from likely now. And so you are at last fairly in the Mayn Valley; River Mayn itself a little step to north;—long course and many wide windings between you and Mainz or Frankfurt, not to speak of Rotterdam, and the ultimate Dutch swamps.

At Bamberg why should a Prussian Majesty linger, except for picturesque or for mere baiting purposes? At Bamberg are certain fat Catholic Canons, in indolent, opulent circumstances; and a couple of sublime Palaces, without any Bishop in them at present. Nor indeed does one much want Papist Bishops, wherever they get their pallium; of them as well keep to windward! thinks his Majesty. And indeed there is no Bishop here. The present Bishop of Bamberg,—one of those Von Schönborns, Counts, sometimes Cardinals, common in that fat office,—is a Kaiser's Minister of State; lives at Vienna, enveloped in red tape, as well as red hat and stockings; and needs no exhortation in the Kaiser's favour. Let us yoke again, and go.—Fir-woods all round, and dead malefactors blackening in the wind: this latter point I know of the then Bamberg; and have explanation of it. Namely, that the Prince-Bishop, though a humane Catholic, is obliged to act so. His small Domain borders on some six or seven bigger sovereignties; and, being Ecclesiastical, is made a cesspool to the neighbouring scoundrelism; which state of things this Prince-Bishop

[9] Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters* (English Translation, London, 1745), i. 209. Let me say again, this is a different Book from the '*Memoirs* of Pöllnitz;' and a still different from the *Memoiren*, or 'Memoirs of Brandenburg *by* Pöllnitz:' such the excellence of nomenclature in that old fool!

has said shall cease. Young Friedrich may look, therefore, and old Friedrich Wilhelm and Suite; and make of it what they can.

'Bamberg, through Erlangen, to Nürnberg;' so runs the way. At Erlangen there loiters now, recruiting, a certain Rittmeister von Katte, cousin to our Potsdam Lieutenant and confidant; to him this transit of the Majesty and Crown-Prince must be an event like few, in that stagnant place. French Refugees are in Erlangen, busy building new straight streets; no University as yet;—nay a high Dowager of Baireuth is in it, somewhat exuberant Lady (friend Weissenfels's Sister), on whom Friedrich Wilhelm must call in passing. This high Widow of Baireuth is not Mother of the present Heir-Apparent there, who will wed our Wilhelmina one day:—ah no, his Mother was '*divorced* for weighty reasons;'[10] and his Father yet lives, in the single state; a comparatively prosperous gentleman these four years last past; Successor, since four years past, of this Lady's Husband, who was his Cousin-german. Dreadfully poor before that, the present Margraf of Baireuth, as we once explained; but now things are looking up with him again, some jingle of money heard in the coffers of the man; and his eldest Prince, a fine young fellow, only apt to stammer a little when agitated, is at present doing the return part of the Grand Tour,—coming home by Geneva, they say.

Rittmeister von Katte, I doubt not, witnesses this transit of the incognito Majesty, this call upon the exuberant Dowager; but can have little to say to it, he. I hope he is getting tall recruits here in the Reich; that will be the useful point for him. He is our Lieutenant Katte's Cousin, an elder and wiser man than the Lieutenant. A Reichsgraf's and Field-marshal's nephew, he ought to get advanced in his profession;—and can hope to do so when he has deserved it, not sooner at all, in that thrice-fortunate Country. Let the Rittmeister here keep himself well apart from what is *not* his business, and look-out for tall men.

Bamberg is halfway-house between Coburg and Nürnberg; whole distance of Coburg and Nürnberg,—say a hundred and odd miles,—is only a fair day's driving for a rapid King. And at Nürnberg, surely, we must lodge for a night and portion of a day, if not for more. On the morrow, it is but a thirty-five miles drive to Anspach; pleasant in the summer evening, after all the sights in this old Nürnberg, 'city of the Noricans (*Noricorum Burgum*).' Trading Staple of the German world in old days; Toyshop of the

[10] Hübner, t. 181.

German world in these new. Albert Dürer's and Hans Sach's City,—mortals infinitely indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm. But is it not the seed-ground of the Hohenzollerns, this Nürnberg, memorable above cities to a Prussian Majesty? Yes, there in that old white Castle, now very peaceable, they dwelt; considerably liable to bickerings and mutinous heats; and needed all their skill and strength to keep matters straight. It is now upon Seven-hundred years since the Cadet of Hohenzollern gave his hawk the slip, patted his dog for the last time, and came down from the Rough-Alp countries hitherward. And found favour, not unmerited I fancy, with the great Kaiser Redbeard, and the fair Heiress of the Vohburgs; and in fact, with the Earth and with the Heavens in some degree. A loyal, clever, and gallant kind of young fellow, if your Majesty will think? Much has grown and waned since that time: but the Hohenzollerns, ever since, are on the waxing hand;—unless this accursed Treaty of Seville and these English Matches put a stop to them?

Alas, it is not likely Friedrich Wilhelm, in the hurry and grating whirl of things, had many poetic thoughts in him, or pious auroral memories from the Past Ages, instead of grumbly dusty provocations from the present,—his feeling, haste mainly, and need of getting through! The very Crown-Prince, I should guess, was as good as indifferent to this antique Cadet of the Hohenzollerns; and looked on Nürnberg and the old white Castle with little but *ennui:* The Princess of England, and black cares on her beautiful account and his own, possess him too exclusively. But in truth we do not even know what day they arrived or departed; much less what they did or felt in that old City. We know only that the pleasant little town of Anspach, with its huge unfinished *Schloss,* lay five-and-thirty miles away; and that thither was the next and quasi-final bit of driving. Southwestward thirty-five miles; through fine summer hills and dales; climbing always, gently, on the southward hand; still drained by the Mayn River, by the Regnitz and other tributaries of the Mayn:—half-way is Heilsbronn,[11] with its old Monastery; where the bones of our Hohenzollern Forefathers rest, and Albert Achilles's 'skull, with no sutures visible.' On the gloomy Church-walls their memorials

[11] Not Heilbronn, the well-known, much larger Town, in Würtemberg, 80 or 100 miles to westward. Both names (which are applied to still other places) signify *Health-Well,* or even *Holy-Well,*—these two words, *Healthy* and *Holy* (what is very remarkable), being the same in old Teutonic speech.

are still legible: as for the Monastery itself, Margraf George, our memorable Reformation friend, abolished that,—purged the monks away, and put Schoolmasters in their stead; who were long of good renown in those parts, but have since gone to Erlangen, so to speak. The July sunset streaming over those old spires of Heilsbronn might awaken thoughts in a Prussian Majesty, were he not in such haste.

At Anspach, what a thrice-hospitable youthfully joyful welcome from the young married couple there! Margravine Frederika is still not quite sixteen; 'beautiful as Day,' and rather foolish: fancy her joy at sight of Papa's Majesty and Brother Fritz; and how she dances about, and perhaps bakes 'pastries of the finest Anspach flour.' Ah, *did* you send me Berlin sausages, then, you untrue Papa? Well, I will bake for you, won't I;—Sarah herself not more loyally (whom we read of in *Genesis*), that time the Angels entered *her* tent in a hungry condition!—

Anspach, as we hint, has an unfinished Palace, of a size that might better beseem Paris or London; Palace begun by former Margraves, left-off once and again for want of cash; stands there as a sad monument of several things;—the young family living meanwhile in some solid comfortable wing, or adjacent edifice, of natural dimensions. They are so young, as we say, and not too wise. By and by they had a son, and then a second son; which latter came to manhood, to old age; and made some noise in the foolish parts of the Newspapers,—winding-up finally at Hammersmith, as we often explain;—and was the last of the Anspach-Baireuth Margraves. I have heard farther that Frederika did not want for temper, as the Hohenzollerns seldom do; that her Husband likewise had his own stock of it, rather scant of wisdom withal; and that their life was not quite symphonious always,—especially cash being short. The Dowager Margravine, Margraf's Mother, had governed with great prudence during her Son's long minority. I think she is now, since the marriage, gone to reside at her *Wittwensitz* (Dowager-Seat) of Feuchtwang (twenty miles south-west of us); but may have come up to welcome the Majesties into these parts. Very beautiful, I hear; still almost young and charming, though there is a mortal malady upon her, which she knows of.[12] Here are certain Seckendorfs too, this is the Feldzeugmeister's native country;—and there are resources for a Royal

[12] Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, i. 209 (date, 29th September 1729;—needs *watching* before believing).

Travelling-Party. How long the Royal Party staid at Anspach I do not know; nor what they did there,—except that Crown-Prince Friedrich is said to have privately asked the young Margraf to lend him a pair of riding-horses, and say nothing of it; who, suspecting something wrong, was obliged to make protestations and refuse.

As to the Crown-Prince, there is no doubt but here at last things are actually coming to a crisis with him. To say truth, it has been the young man's fixed purpose ever since he entered on this Journey, nay was ever since that ignominy in the Camp of Radewitz, to run away;—and indeed all this while he has measures going on with Katte at Berlin of the now-or-never sort. Rash young creatures, elder of them hardly above five-and-twenty yet: not good at contriving measures. But what then? Human nature cannot stand this always; and it is time there were an end of deliberating. Can we ever have such a chance again?—What I find of certain concerning Friedrich while at Anspach is, That there comes by way of Erlangen, guided forward from that place by the Rittmeister von Katte, a certain messenger and message, which proved of deep importance to his Royal Highness. The messenger was Lieutenant Katte's servant: who has come express from Berlin hither. He inquired, on the road, as he was bidden, at Erlangen, of Master's Cousin, the experienced Rittmeister, Where his Royal Highness at present was, that he might deliver a Letter to him? The Master's Cousin, who answered naturally, "At Anspach," knew nothing, and naturally could get to know nothing, of what the message in this Letter was. But he judged, from cross-questionings, added to dim whispering rumours he had heard, that it was questionable, probably in an extreme degree. Wherefore, along with his Cousin the Lieutenant's messenger to Anspach, the Rittmeister forwarded a Note of his own to Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow, of this purport, "As a friend, I warn you, have a watchful eye on your high charge!"—and, for his own share, determined to let nothing escape him in his corner of the matter. This note to Rochow, and the Berlin Letter for the Crown-Prince, reach Anspach by the same hand; Lieutenant Katte's express, conscious of nothing, delivering them both. Rochow and the Rittmeister, though the poor Prince does not know it, are broad awake to all movements he and the rash Lieutenant may make.

Lieutenant Katte, in this Letter now arrived, complains: 'That

'he never yet can get recruiting furlough; whether it be by 'accident, or that Rochow has given my Colonel a hint, no furlough 'yet to be had: will, at worst, come without furlough and in spite 'of all men and things, whenever wanted. Only—Wesel still, if 'I might advise!' This is the substance of Katte's message by express. Date must be the end of July 1730; but neither Date nor Letter is now anywhere producible, except from Hearsay.

Deeply pondering these things, what shall the poor Prince do? From Canstatt, close by Stuttgard, a Town on our homeward route, —from Canstatt, where Katte was to 'appear in disguise,' had the furlough been got, one might have slipt away cross the Hills. It is but eighty miles to Strasburg, through the Kniebiss Pass, where the Murg, the Kinzig, and the intricate winding mountain streams and valleys start Rhine-ward: a labyrinthic rock-and-forest country, where pursuit or tracking were impossible. Near by Strasburg is Count Rothenburg's Chateau; good Rothenburg, long Minister in Berlin,—who saw those *Profossen*, or Scavenger-Executioners in French costume long since, and was always good to me:—might not that be a method? Lieutenant Keith indeed is in Wesel, waiting only a signal. Suppose he went to the Hague, and took soundings there what welcome we should have? No, not till we have actually run; beware of making noise!—The poor Prince is in unutterable perplexity; can only answer Katte by that Messenger of his, to the effect (date and Letter burnt like the former): 'Doubt is on every hand; doubt,—and yet *certainty*. Will write again before undertaking anything.'

And there is no question he did write again; more than once: letters by the post, which his faithful Lieutenant Katte in Berlin received; one of which, however, stuck on the road; and this one, —by some industry of postmasters spirited into vigilance, as is likeliest, though others say by mere misaddressing, by 'want of *Berlin* on the address,'—fell into the hands of vigilant *Rittmeister* Katte at Erlangen. Who grew pale in reading it, and had to resolve on a painful thing! This was, I suppose, among the last Letters of the series; and must have been dated, as I guess, about the 29th of July 1730; but they are now all burnt, huddled rapidly into annihilation, and one cannot say!—

Certain it is that the Royal Travelling-Party left Anspach in a few days, to go, southward still, 'by the Œttingen Country towards Augsburg.'[13] Feuchtwang (*Wet* Wang, not Dürrwang or *Dry*

[13] Fassmann, p. 410.

Wang) is the first stage; here lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach: here the Prince does some inconceivably small fault, 'lets a knife, which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady, fall,'[14] who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish Rebellion,—to the silent despair of the poor Prince. The poor Prince meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them strictly to himself.

Doubtless the Buddenbrock Trio, good old military gentlemen, would endeavour to speak comfort to him, when they were on the road again. Here is Nördlingen, your Highness, where Bernhard of Weimar, for his over-haste, got so beaten in the Thirty-Years War; would not wait till the Swedes were rightly gathered: what general, if he have reinforcement at hand, would not wait for it? The waters now, you observe, run all into the Wörnitz, into the Donau: it is a famed war-country this; known to me well in my young Eugene-Marlborough days!—"Hm, Ha, yes!" For the Prince is preoccupied with black cares; and thinks Blenheim and the Schellenberg businesses befell long since, and were perhaps simple to what he has now on hand. That Feuchtwang scene, it would appear, has brought him to a resolution. There is a young page Keith of the party, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; of this page Keith, who is often busy about horses, he cautiously makes question, What help may be in him? A willing mind traceable in this poor lad, but his terrors great.

To Donauwörth from Anspach, through Feuchtwang and Nördlingen, is some seventy or eighty miles. At Donauwörth one surely ought to lodge, and see the Schellenberg on the morrow; nay drive to the Field of Hochstädt (Blenheim, *Blindheim*), which is but a few miles farther up the River? Buddenbrock was there, and Anhalt-Dessau: for their very sake, were there nothing farther, one surely ought to go? Such was the probability, a visit to Blenheim field in passing. And surely, somewhere in those heart-rending masses of Historical Rubbish, I did at last find express evanescent mention of the fact,—but cannot now say where;—the exact record, or conceivable image of which, would have been a perceptible pleasure to us. Alas, in those dim dreary Books, all whirling dismal round one's soul, like vortices of dim Brandenburg sand, how should anything human be searched out and mentioned to us; and a thousand things not-human be searched out, and eternally suppressed from us, for the sake of that? I please myself

[14] Ranke, i. 304 ('from a Letter the Prince had written to Katte').

figuring young Friedrich looking at the vestiges of Marlborough, even in a preoccupied uncertain manner. Your Majesty too, this is the very 'Schellenberg (or *Jingle-Hill*),' this Hill we are now skirting, on highways, on swift wheels; which overhangs Donauwörth, our resting-place this hot July evening. Yes, your Majesty, here was a feat of storming done,—pang, pang!—such a noise as never jingled on that Hill before: like Doomsday come; and a hero-head to rule the Doomsday, and turn it to heroic marching music. A very pretty feat of war, your Majesty! His Majesty well knows it; feat of his Marlborough's doing, famed everywhere for the twenty-six years last past; and will go to see the Schellenberg and its Lines. The great Duke is dead four years; sank sadly, eclipsed under tears of dotage of his own, and under human stupidity of other men's! But Buddenbrock is still living, Anhalt-Dessau and others of us are still alive a little while!

Hochstädt itself,—Blenheim, as the English call it, meaning *Blindheim*, the other village on the Field,—is but a short way up the River; well worth such a detour. By what way they drove to the field of honour and back from it, I do not know. But there, northward, towards the heights, is the little wood where Anhalt-Dessau stood at bay like a Molossian dog, of consummate military knowledge; and saved the fight in Eugene's quarter of it. That is visible enough; and worth looking at. Visible enough the rolling Donau, Marlborough's place; the narrow ground, the bordering Hills all green at this season;—and down old Buddenbrock's cheek, and Anhalt's, there would roll an iron tear or two. Augsburg is but some thirty miles off, once we are across the Donau,—by the Bridge of Donauwörth, or the Ferry of Hochstädt,—swift travellers in a long day, the last of July, are soon enough at Augsburg.

As for Friedrich, haunted and whipt onwards by that scene at Feuchtwang, he is inwardly very busy during this latter part of the route. Probably there is some progress towards gaining Page Keith, Lieutenant Keith of Wesel's Brother; some hope that Page Keith, at the right moment, can be gained: the Lieutenant at Wesel is kept duly advised. To Lieutenant Katte at Berlin Friedrich now writes, I should judge from Donauwörth or Augsburg, 'That he has had a scene at Feuchtwang; that 'he can stand it no longer. That Canstatt being given up, as 'Katte cannot be there to go across the Kniebiss with us, we 'will endure till we are near enough the Rhine. Once in the

'Rhineland, in some quiet Town there, handy for Speyer, for 'French Landau,'—say Sinzheim, last stage hitherward of Heidelberg, but this we do not write,—'there might it not be? Be, 'somewhere, it shall and must! You, Katte, the instant you 'hear that we are off, speed you towards the Hague; ask for '"M. le Comte d'Alberville;" you will know that gentleman '*when* you see him: Keith, our Wesel friend, will have taken 'the preliminary soundings;—and I tell you, Count d'Alberville, 'or news of him, will be there. Bring the greatcoat with you, 'and the other things, especially the 1,000 gold ducats. Count 'd'Alberville at the Hague, if all have gone right:—nay if any-'thing go wrong, cannot he, once across the Rhine, take refuge 'in the convents in those Catholic regions? Nobody, under the 'scapulary, will suspect such a heretic as him. Speed, silence, 'vigilance! And so adieu!' A letter of such purport Friedrich did write; which Letter, moreover, the Lieutenant Katte received; it was not this, it was another, that stuck upon the road, and fell into the Rittmeister's hand. This is the young Prince's ultimate fixed project, brought to birth by that slight accident of dropping the knife at Feuchtwang;[15] and hanging heavy on his mind during this Augsburg drive. At Augsburg, furthermore, 'he bought, in all privacy, red cloth, of quantity to make a topcoat;' red, the gray being unattainable in Katte's hands: in all privacy; though the watchful Rochow had full knowledge of it, all the same.

[15] Ranke, i. 304.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY HOMEWARDS FROM THE REICH; CATASTROPHE ON JOURNEY HOMEWARDS.

THE travelling Majesty of Prussia went diligently up and down, investigating ancient Augsburg: saw, I doubt not, the *Fuggerei*, or ancient Hospice of the Fuggers,—who were once Weavers in those parts, and are now Princes, and were known to entertain Charles V. with fires of cinnamon, nay with transient flames of Bank-bills on one old occasion. Saw all the Fuggeries, I doubt not; the ancient Luther-and-Melancthon relics, Diet-Halls and notabilities of this renowned Free Town;—perhaps remembered Margraf George, and loud-voiced Kurfürst Joachim with the Bottle-nose (our *direct* Ancestor, though mistaken in opinion on some points!), who were once so audible there.

One passing phenomenon we expressly know he saw; a human, not a historically important one. Driving through the streets from place to place, his Majesty came athwart some questionable quaint procession, ribbony, perhaps musical; Majesty questioned it: "A wedding procession, your Majesty!"—"Will the Bride step out, then, and let us see how she is dressed!" "*Vom Herzen gern;* will have the honour." Bride stept out, with blushes,—handsome we will hope; Majesty surveyed her, on the streets of Augsburg, having a human heart in him; and (says Fassmann, as if with insidious insinuation) 'is said to have made her a present.' She went her way; fulfilled her destiny in an anonymous manner: Friedrich Wilhelm, loudly named in the world, did the like; and their two orbits never intersected again.—Some forty-five miles south of Augsburg, up the Wertach River, more properly up the Mindel River, lies Mindelheim, once a name known in England and in Prussia; once the Duke of Marlborough's "Principality:" given him by a grateful Kaiser Joseph; taken from him by a necessitous Kaiser Karl, Joseph's

Brother, that now is. I know not if his Majesty remembers that transaction, now while in these localities; but know well, if he does, he must think it a shabby one.

On the same day, 1st August 1730, we quit Augsburg; set out fairly homewards again. The route bends we tward this time; towards Frankfurt-on-Mayn; there yachts are to be ready; and mere sailing thenceforth, gallantly down the Rhine-stream,—such a yacht-voyage, in the summer weather, with no Tourists yet infesting it,—to end, happily we will hope, at Wesel, in the review of regiments, and other business. First stage, first pause, is to be at Ludwigsburg, and the wicked old Duke of Würtemberg's; thither first from Augsburg. We cross the Donau at Dillingen, at Günzberg, or I know not where; and by tomorrow's sunset, being rapid travellers, find ourselves at Ludwigsburg,—clear through Canstatt, Stuttgard, and certainly no Katte waiting there! Safe across the intermediate uplands, here are we fairly in the Neckar Country, in the Basin of the Rhine again; and old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg bidding us kindly welcome, poor old bewildered creature, who has become the talk of Germany in those times. Will English readers consent to a momentary glance into his affairs and him? Strange things are going on at Ludwigsburg; nay the origin of Ludwigsburg, and that the Duke should be there and not at Stuttgard, is itself strange. Let us take this Excerpt, headed *Ludwigsburg* in 1730, and then hasten on:

Ludwigsburg in 1730.

'Duke Eberhard Ludwig, now an elderly gentleman of fifty-four, has 'distinguished himself in his long reign, not by political obliquities and 'obstinacies, though those also were not wanting, but by matrimonial and 'amatory; which have rendered him conspicuous to his fellow-creatures, 'and still keep him mentionable in History, briefly and for a sad reason. 'Duke Eberhard Ludwig was duly wedded to an irreproachable Princess 'of Baden-Durlach (Johanna Elizabeth) upwards of thirty years ago; 'and he duly produced one Son in consequence, with other good results 'to himself and her. But in course of time Duke Eberhard Ludwig took 'to consorting with bad creatures; took, in fact, to swashing about at 'random in the pool of amatory iniquity, as if there had been no law 'known, or of the least validity, in that matter.

'Perceiving which, a certain young fellow, Grävenitz by name, who 'had come to him from the Mecklenburg regions, by way of pushing

'fortune, and had got some pageship or the like here in Würtemberg, 'recollected that he had a young Sister at home; pretty and artful, who 'perhaps might do a stroke of work here. He sends for the young Sister; 'very pretty indeed, and a gentlewoman by birth, though penniless. He 'borrows clothes for her (by onerous contract with the haberdashers, it 'is said, being poor to a degree); he easily gets her introduced to the 'Ducal Soirees; bids her—She knows what to do? Right well she 'knows what; catches, with her piquant face, the dull eye of Eberhard 'Ludwig, kindles Eberhard Ludwig, and will not for something quench 'him. Not she at all: How can *she;* your Serene Highness, ask her 'not! A virtuous young lady, she, and come of a stainless Family!— 'In brief, she hooks, she of all the fishes in the pool, this lumber of a 'Duke; enchants him, keeps him hooked; and has made such a penny-'worth of him, for the last twenty years and more, as Germany cannot 'match.[1] Her brother Grävenitz the page has become Count Grävenitz 'the prime minister, or chief of the Governing Cabal; she Countess 'Grävenitz and Autocrat of Würtemberg. Loaded with wealth, with 'so-called honours, she and hers, there go they, flaunting sky-high; none 'else admitted to more than the liberty of breathing in silence in this 'Duchy;—the poor Duke Eberhard Ludwig making no complaint; 'obedient as a child to the bidding of his Grävenitz. He is become 'a mere enchanted simulacrum of a Duke; bewitched under worse than 'Thessalian spells; without faculty of willing, except as she wills; his 'People and he the plaything of this Circe or Hecate, that has got hold 'of him. So it has lasted for above twenty years. Grävenitz has become 'the wonder of Germany; and requires, on these bad grounds, a slight 'mention in Human History for some time to come. Certainly it is 'by the Grävenitz alone that Eberhard Ludwig is remembered: and yet, 'down since Ulrich with the Thumb,[2] which of those serene abstruse 'Beutelsbachers, always an abstruse obstinate set, has so fixed himself 'in your memory?—

'Most persons in Würtemberg, for quiet's sake, have complied with the 'Grävenitz; though not without protest, and sometimes spoken protest. 'Thus the Right Reverend Osiander (let us name Osiander, Head of the 'Church in Würtemberg) flatly refused to have her name inserted in 'the Public Prayers: "Is not she already prayed for?" said Osiander: '"Do we not say, *Deliver us from evil?*" said the indignant Protestant 'man. And there is one other person that never will comply with 'her: the lawful Wife of Eberhard Ludwig. Serene Lady, she has 'had a sad existence of it; the voice of her wrongs audible, to little

[1] Michaelis, iii. 440.

[2] Ulricus *Pollex* (right thumb bigger than left); died A.D. 1265 (Michaelis, iii. 262).

'purpose, this long while, in Heaven and on Earth. But it is not in 'the power of reward or punishment to bend her female will in the 'essential point: "Divorce, your Highness? When *I* am found guilty, 'yes. Till then, never, your Highness, never, never," in steady *crescendo* 'tone:—so that his Highness is glad to escape again, and drop the 'subject. On which the Serene Lady again falls silent. Grävenitz, 'in fact, hopes always to be wedded with the right, nay were it only 'with the left hand: and this Serene Lady stands like a fateful monu- 'ment irremovably in the way. The Serene Lady steadily inhabits her 'own wing of the Ducal House, would not exchange it for the Palace 'of Aladdin; looks out there upon the grand equipages, high doings, 'impure splendours of her Duke and his Grävenitz with a clear-eyed 'silence; which seems to say more eloquently than words, "*Mene, mene*, 'YOU are weighed!" In the land of Würtemberg, or under the Sun, 'is no reward or punishment that can abate this silence. Speak of 'divorce, the answer is as above: leave divorce lying, there is silence 'looking forth clear-eyed from that particular wing of the Palace, on 'things which the gods permit for a time.

'Clear-eyed silence, which, as there was no abating of it, grew at last 'intolerable to the two sinners. "Let us remove," said the Grävenitz, '"since her Serene Highness will not: build a new charming Palace,— 'say at our Hunting Seat, among those pleasant Hills in the Waiblingen 'region,—and take the Court out thither." And they have done so, in 'these late bad years; taking out with them by degrees all the Courtier 'Gentry, all the *Raths*, Government Boards, public businesses; and 'building new houses for them, there.[3] Founding, in fact, a second 'Capital for Würtemberg, with what distress, sulky misery and dis- 'arrangement to Stuttgard and the old Capital, readers can fancy. There 'it stands, that Ludwigsburg, the second Capital of Würtemberg, some 'ten or twenty miles from Stuttgard the first: a lasting memorial of 'Circe Grävenitz and her Ludwig. Has not she, by her incantations, 'made the stone houses dance out hither? It remains to this day a 'pleasant town, and occasional residence of sovereignty. *Waiblingen*, 'within an hour's ride, has got memorability on other grounds;—what 'reader has not heard of *Ghibellines*, meaning Waiblingens? And in an 'another hour up the River, you will come to Beutelsbach itself, where 'Ulrich with the Thumb had his abode (better luck to him!), and gene- 'rated this Lover of the Grävenitz, and much other nonsense loud now 'and then for the last four centuries in the world!—

[3] 'From 1727 to 1730' was this latter removal. A hunting-lodge, of Eberhard Ludwig's building, and named by him *Ludwigsburg*, stood here since 1705; nucleus of the subsequent palace, with its 'Pheasantries,' its 'Favoritas,' &c. &c. The place had originally been monastic (Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, vi. 1519).

'There is something of abstruse in all these Beutelsbachers, from 'Ulrich with the Thumb downwards: a mute ennui, an inexorable 'obstinacy; a certain streak of natural gloom which no illumination can 'abolish. Veracity of all kinds is great in them; sullen passive courage 'plenty of it; active courage rarer; articulate intellect defective: hence 'a strange stiff perversity of conduct visible among them, often marring 'what wisdom they have;—it is the royal stamp of Fate put upon these 'men. What are called fateful or fated men; such as are often seen on 'the top places of the world, making an indifferent figure there. Some-'thing of this, I doubt not, is concerned in Eberhard Ludwig's fascination; 'and we shall see other instances farther down in this History.

'But so, for twenty years, the absurd Duke, transformed into a mere 'Porcus by his Circe in that scandalous miraculous manner, has lived; 'and so he still lives. And his Serene Wife, equally obstinate, is living 'at Stuttgard, happily out of his sight now. One Son, a weakly man, 'who had one heir, but has now none, is her only comfort. His Wife 'is a Prussian Margravine (Friedrich Wilhelm's *Half-Aunt*), and cultivates 'Calvinism in the Lutheran Country: this Husband of hers, he too has 'an abstruse life, not likely to last. We need not doubt "the Fates" 'are busy, and the evil demons, with those poor fellow-beings! Nay 'it is said the Circe is becoming much of a Hecate now; if the bewitched 'Duke could see it. She is getting haggard beyond the power of rouge; 'her mind, any mind she has, more and more filled with spleen, malice, 'and the dregs of pride run sour. A disgusting creature, testifies one 'Ex-Official gentleman, once a Hofrath under her, but obliged to run for 'life, and invoke free press in his defence:[4] no end to the foul things she 'will say, of an unspeakable nature, about the very Duke her victim, 'testifies this Ex-Official: malicious as a witch, says he, and as ugly as 'one in spite of paint,—"*toujours un lavement à ses trousses.*" Good 'Heavens!'

But here is the august Prussian Travelling-Party. shove aside your bewitchments and bewilderments; hang a decent screen over many things! Poor Eberhard Ludwig, who is infinitely the gentleman, bestirs himself a good deal to welcome old royal friends; nor do we hear that the least thing went awry during this transit of the royalties. "Field of Blenheim, says your Majesty? Ah me!" —For Eberhard Ludwig knows that ground; stood the World-Battle there, and so much has come and gone since then: Ah me indeed!

[4] *Apologie de Monsieur Forstner de Breitembourg &c.* (Paris, 1716: or 'à Londres, aux dépens de la Compagnie, 1745'): in Spittler, *Geschichte Würtembergs* (Spittlers *Werke*, Stuttgard und Tübingen, 1828; vol. v.), 497 539. Michaelis, iii. 428-439, gives (in abstruse Chancery German) a Sequel to this fine affair of Forstner's.

Friedrich Wilhelm and he have met before this, and have much to tell one another; Treaty of Seville by no means their only topic. Nay the flood of cordiality went at length so far, that at last Friedrich Wilhelm, the conscientious King, came upon the most intimate topics: Grävenitz; the Word of God; scandal to the Protestant Religion: no likely heir to your Dukedom; clear peril to your own soul. Is not her Serene Highness an unexceptionable Lady, heroic under sore woes; and your wedded Wife above all?—*'M-na*, and might bring Heirs too: only forty come October:—Ah Duke, ah Friend! *Avisez la fin*, Eberhard Ludwig; consider the end of it all; we are growing old fellows now! The Duke, I conceive, who was rather a fat little man, blushed blue, then red, and various colours; at length settling into steady pale, as it were, indicating anthracitic white-heat: it is certain he said at length, with emphasis, "I will!" And he did so by and by. Friedrich Wilhelm sent a messenger to Stuttgard to do his reverence to the high injured Lady there, perhaps to show her afar off some ray of hope if she could endure. Eberhard Ludwig, raised to a white-heat, perceives that in fact he is heartily tired of this Circe-Hecate; that in fact she has long been an intolerable nightmare to him, could he but have known it.

And his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince all this while? Well, yes; his Royal Highness has got a Court Tailor at Ludwigsburg; and, in all privacy (seen well by Rochow), has had the Augsburg red cloth cut into a fine upper wrappage, overcoat or roquelaure for himself; intending to use the same before long. Thus they severally, the Father and the Son; these are their known acts at Ludwigsburg, That the Father persuaded Eberhard Ludwig of the Grävenitz enormity, and that the Son got his red topcoat ready. On Thursday 3d of August (late in the afternoon, as I perceive), they, well entertained, depart towards Mannheim, Kur-Pfalz (Elector Palatine) old Karl Philip of the Pfalz's place; hope to be there on the morrow some time, if all go well. Gloomy much enlightened Eberhard takes leave of them, with abstruse but grateful feelings; will stand by the Kaiser, and dismiss that Grävenitz nightmare by the first opportunity.

As accordingly he did. Next Summer, going on a visit northward, specially to Berlin,[5] he left order that the Grävenitz was to be got out of his sight, safe stowed away, before his return. Which by

[5] There for some three weeks, 'till 9th June 1731, with a suite of above fifty persons' (Fassmann, pp. 421, 422).

the proper officers, military certain of them, was accomplished,—by fixed bayonets at last, and not without futile demur on the part of the Grävenitz. Poor Eberhard Ludwig, 'he published in the pulpits, That he was now minded to lead a better life,'—had time now been left him. Same year, 1731, November being come, gloomy Eberhard Ludwig lost, not unexpectedly, his one Son,—the one Grandson was gone long since. The serene steadfast Duchess now had her Duke again, what was left of him: but he was fallen into the sere and yellow leaf; in two years more, he died childless;[6] and his Cousin, Karl Alexander, an Austrian Feldmarschall of repute, succeeded in Würtemberg. With whom we may transiently meet, in time coming; with whom, and perhaps less pleasantly with certain of his children; for they continue to this day,—with the old abstruse element still too traceable in them.

Old Karl Philip, Kurfürst of the Pfalz, towards whom Friedrich Wilhelm is now driving, with intent to be there to-morrow evening, is not quite a stranger to readers here; and to Friedrich Wilhelm he is much the reverse, perhaps too much. This is he who ran away with poor Prince Sobieski's Bride from Berlin, at starting in life; who fell upon his own poor Protestant Heidelbergers and their Church of the Holy Ghost (being himself Papist, ever since that slap on the face to his ancestor); and who has been in many quarrels with Friedrich Wilhelm and others. A high expensive sovereign gentleman, this old Karl Philip; not, I should suppose, the pleasantest of men to lodge with. One apprehends, he cannot be peculiarly well disposed to Friedrich Wilhelm, after that sad Heidelberg passage of fence, twelve or eleven years ago. Not to mention the inextricable Jülich-and-Berg business, which is a standing controversy between them.

Poor old Kurfürst, he is now within a year of seventy. He has had crosses and losses; terrible campaignings against the Turk, in old times; and always such a stock of quarrels, at home, as must have been still worse to bear. A life of perpetual arguing, squabbling and battling,—one's neighbours being such an unreasonable set! Brabbles about Heidelberg Catechism, and Church of the Holy Ghost, so that foreign Kings interfered, shaking their whips upon us. Then brabbles about boundaries; about inheritances, and detached properties very many,—clearly mine, were the neighbours reasonable! In fact this sovereign old gentleman has been in the Kaiser's courts, or even on the edge of fight,

[6] 31st October 1733: Michaelis, iii. 441.

oftener than most other men; and it is as if that first adventure, of the Sobieski wedding turned topsyturvy, had been symbolical of much that followed in his life.

We remember that unpleasant Heidelberg affair: how hopeful it once looked; fact *done*, Church of the Holy Ghost fairly ours; your *Corpus Evangelicorum* fallen quasi-dead; and nothing now for it but protocolling by diplomatists, pleading in the Die's by men in bombazeen, never like ending at all;—when Friedrich Wilhelm did suddenly end it; suddenly locked up his own Catholic establishments and revenues, and quietly inexorable put the key in his pocket; as it were, drew his own whip, with a "Will you whip *my* Jew?"—and we had to cower out of the affair, Kaiser himself ordering us, in a most humiliated manner! Readers can judge whether Kur-Pfalz was likely to have a kindly note of Friedrich Wilhelm in that corner of his memory. The poor man felt so disgusted with Heidelberg, he quitted it soon after. He would not go to Düsseldorf (in the Berg-and-Jülich quarter), as his Forefathers used to do; but set up his abode at Mannheim, where he still is. Friedrich Wilhelm, who was far from meaning harm or insolence in that Heidelberg affair, hopes there is no grudge remaining. But so stand the facts: it is towards Mannheim, not towards Heidelberg that we are now travelling!—For the rest, this scheme of reprisals, or whipping your Jew if you whip mine, answered so well, Friedrich Wilhelm has used it, or threatened to use, as the real method, ever since, where needful; and has saved thereby much bombazeen eloquence, and confusion to mankind, on several occasions.

But the worst between these two High Gentlemen is that Jülich-and-Berg controversy; which is a sore still running, and beyond reach of probable surgery. Old Karl Philip has no male Heir; and is like to be (what he indeed proved) the last of the *Neuburg* Electors Palatine. What trouble there rose with the first of them, about that sad business; and how the then Brandenburger, much wrought upon, smote the then Neuburger across the very face, and drove him into Catholicism, we have not forgotten; how can we ever?—It is one Hundred and sixteen years since that after-dinner scene; and, O Heavens, what bickering and brabbling and confused negotiation there has been; lawyers' pens going almost continually ever since, shadowing-out the mutual darkness of sovereignties; and from time to time the military implements brandishing themselves, though loath generally to draw blood! For a hundred and

sixteen years:—but the Final Bargain, lying on parchment in the archives of both parties, and always acknowledged as final, was to this effect: 'You serene Neuburg keep what you have got; 'we serene Brandenburg the like: Cleve with detached pertinents 'ours; Jülich and Berg mainly yours. And let us live in perpetual 'amity on that footing. And, note only furthermore, when our 'Line fails, the whole of these fine Duchies shall be yours: if your 'Line fail, ours.' That was the plain bargain, done solemnly in 1624, and again more solemnly and brought to parchment with signature in 1666, as Friedrich Wilhelm knows too well. And now the very case is about to occur; this old man, childless at seventy, is the last of the Neuburgs. May not one reasonably pretend that a bargain should be kept?

"Tush," answers old Karl Philip always: "Bargain?" And will not hear reason against himself on the subject; not even when the Kaiser asks him,—as the Kaiser really did, after that Wusterhausen Treaty, but could get only negatives. Karl Philip has no romantic ideas of justice, or of old parchments tying-up a man. Karl Philip had one Daughter by that dear Radzivil Princess, Sobieski's stolen Bride; and he never, by the dear Radzivil or her dear successor,[7] had any son, or other daughter that lived to wed. One Daughter, we say; a first-born, extremely precious to him. Her he married to the young fortunate Sulzbach Cousin, Karl Joseph Heir-Apparent of Sulzbach, who, by all laws, was to succeed in the Pfalz as well, —Karl Philip thinking furthermore, "He and she, please Heaven, shall hold fast by Düsseldorf too, and that fine Jülich-and-Berg Territory, which is mine. Bargains?" Such was, and is, the old man's inflexible notion. Alas, this one Daughter died lately, and her Husband lately;[8] again leaving only Daughters; will not this change the notion? Not a whit,—though Friedrich Wilhelm may have fondly hoped it by possibility might. Not a whit: Karl Philip cherishes his little Granddaughter, now a child of nine, as he did her Mother and her Mother's Mother; hopes one day to see her wedded (as he did) to a new Heir-Apparent of the Pfalz and Sulzbach; and, for her behoof, will hold fast by Berg and Jülich, and part with no square inch of it for any parchment.

What is Friedrich Wilhelm to do? Seek justice for himself by his 80,000 men and the iron ramrods? Apparently he will not get

[7] See Buchholz, i. 61 n.

[8] She in 1728; he in 1729: their eldest Daughter was born 1721 (Hübner, t. 140; Michaelis, ii. 101, 123).

it otherwise. He is loath to begin that terrible game. If indeed Europe do take fire, as is likely at Seville or elsewhere—But in the meanwhile how happy if negotiation would but serve! Alas, and if the Kaiser, England, Holland and the others, could be brought to guarantee me,—as indeed they should (to avoid a *casus belli*), and some of them have said they will! Friedrich Wilhelm tried this Jülich-and-Berg Problem by the pacific method, all his life; strenuously, and without effect. Result perhaps was coming nevertheless; at the distance of another hundred years! One thing I know: whatever rectitude and patience, whatever courage, perseverance, or other human virtue he has put into this or another matter, is not lost; not it nor any fraction of it, to Friedrich Wilhelm and his sons' sons; but will well avail him and them, if not soon, then later, if not in Berg and Jülich, then in some other quarter of the Universe, which is a wide Entity and a long-lived! Courage, your Majesty!

So stand matters as Friedrich Wilhelm journeys towards Mannheim: human politeness will have to cloak well, and keep well down, a good many prickly points in the visit ahead. Alas, poor Friedrich Wilhelm has got other matter to think of, by the time we arrive in Mannheim.

Catastrophe on Journey Homewards.

The Royal Party, quitting Ludwigsburg, — on Thursday 3d August 1730, some hours after dinner, as I calculate it,—had but a rather short journey before them: journey to a place called Sinzheim, some fifty or sixty miles; a long way short of Heidelberg; the King's purpose being to lodge in that dilapidated silent Town of Sinzheim, and leave both Heidelberg and Mannheim, with their civic noises, for the next day's work. Sinzheim, such was the program, as the Prince and others understood it; but by some accident, or on better calculation, it was otherwise decided in the royal mind: not at Sinzheim, intricate decayed old Town, shall we lodge tonight, but five or six miles short of it, in the naturally silent Village of Steinfurth, where good clean empty Barns are to be found. Which latter is a favourite method of his Majesty, fond always of free air and the absence of fuss. Shake-downs, a temporary cooking apparatus, plenty of tobacco, and a tub to wash in; this is what man requires, and this without difficulty can be got. His Majesty's tastes are simple; simple, and yet good and human.

Here is a small Royal Order, which I read once, and ever since remember,—though the reference is now blown away, and lost in those unindexed Sibylline Farragos, the terror of human nature;—let us copy it from memory, till some deliverer arise with finger on page.[9] 'At Magdeburg, on this Review-Journey, have dinner for 'me, under a certain Tree you know of, outside the ramparts.' Dinner of one sound portion solid, one ditto liquid, of the due quality; readied honestly,—and to be eaten under a shady Tree; on the Review-ground itself, with the summer sky over one's head. Could Jupiter Tonans, had he been travelling on business in those parts, have done better with his dinner?—

"At Sinzheim?" thinks his Royal Highness; and has spoken privily to the Page Keith. To glide out of their quarters there, in that waste negligent old Town (where post-horses can be had), in the gray of the summer's dawn? Across the Rhine to Speyer is but three-hours riding; thence to Landau, into France, into —? Enough, Page Keith has undertaken to get horses, and the flight shall at last be. Husht, husht. Tomorrow morning, before the sparrow wake, it is our determination to be upon the road!

Ruins of the Tower of Stauffen, *Hohen* or High *Stauffen*, where Kaiser Barbarossa lived once, young and ruddy, and was not yet a *Myth*, 'winking and nodding under the Hill at Salzburg,'—yes, it is but a few miles to the right there, were this a deliberate touring party. But this is a rapid driving one; knows nothing about Stauffen, cares nothing.—We cannot fancy Friedrich remembered Barbarossa at all; or much regarded Heilbronn itself, the principal and only famous Town they pass this day. The St. Kilian's Church, your Highness, and big stone giant at the top of the steeple yonder,—adventurous masons and slater people get upon the crown of his head, sometimes, and stand waving flags.[10] The Townhouse too (*Rathhaus*), with its amazing old Clock? And Götz von Berlichingen, the Town-Councillors once had him in prison for one night, in the "Götz's Tower" here; your Highness has heard of "Götz with the Iron Hand"? Berlichingens still live at Jaxthausen, farther down the Neckar Valley, in these parts;

[9] Probably in Rödenbeck's *Beyträge*,—but long sad searching there, and elsewhere, proves unavailing at present. Historical Farragos without *Index;* a hundred, or several hundred, blind sacks of Historical clippings, generally authentic too if useless, and not the least scrap of *label* on them :—are not these a handy article!

[10] Buddäus, *Lexicon*, ii. § Heilbronn.

and show the old *Hand*, considerably rusted now. Heilbronn, the most famous City on the Neckar; and its old miraculous Holy Well —? What cares his Highness! Weinsberg again, which is but a few miles to the right of us,—there it was that the Besieged Wives did that astonishing feat, 600 years ago; coming out, as the capitulation bore, 'with their most valuable property,' each brought her husband on her back (were not the fact a little uncertain!)— whereby the old Castle has, to this day, the name "*Weibertreue*, Faithfulness of Women." Welf's Duchess, Husband on back, was at the head of those women; a Hohenzollern ancestor of yours, I think I have heard, was of the besieging party.[11] Alas, thinks his Royal Highness, is there not a flower of Welfdom now in England; and I, unluckiest of Hohenzollerns, still far away from her here! It is at Windsor, not in Weinsberg, or among the ruins of *Weibertreue*, that his Highness wishes to be.

At Heilbronn our road branches-off to the left; and we roll diligently towards Sinzheim, calculating to be there before nightfall. Whew! Something has gone awry at Sinzheim: no right lodging in the waste Inns there; or good clean Barns, of a promising character, are to be had nearer than there: we absolutely do not go to Sinzheim tonight; we are to stop at Steinfurth, a small quiet Hamlet with Barns, four or five miles short of that! This was a great disappointment to the Prince,—and some say, a highly momentous circumstance in his History:[12]—however, he rallies in the course of the evening; speaks again to Page Keith. "Steinfurth" (*Stony-ford*, over the Brook here); "be it at Steinfurth, all the same!" Page Keith will manage to get horses for us here, no less. And Speyer and the Ferry of the Rhine are within three hours. Favour us, Silence and all ye good genii!—

On Friday morning 4th August 1730, 'usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.,' not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village

[11] Siege is notorious enough; A.D. 1140: Köhler, *Reichshistorie*, p. 167, who does not mention the story of the women; Menzel (Wolfgang), *Geschichte der Deutschen*, p. 287, who takes no notice that it is a highly mythical story,— supported only by the testimony of one poor Monk in Köln, vaguely chronicling fifty years after date, and at that good distance.

[12] 'Might perhaps have succeeded at Sinzheim' (Seckendorf's *Relation of the Crown-Prince's meditated Flight*, p. 2;—addressed to Prince Eugene few days afterwards; given in Förster, iii. 1-13).

Green asleep in front between them;[13] for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is awake;—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas, Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster: "Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his topcoat, and is gone out of doors!" Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the gray of the morning;—finds the young Prince actually on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages. "*Guten Morgen, Ihro Königliche Hoheit!*"[14]—Fancy such a salutation to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too: "Whither with the nags, Sirrah?" Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith, seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, "Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses" (which, I suppose, is true); "ready at the usual hour!" Keith might add.—"His Majesty does not go till five this morning;—back to the stables!" beckoned Rochow; and, according to the best accounts, did not suspect anything, or affected not to do so.

Page Keith returned, trembling in his saddle. Friedrich strolled towards the other Barn,—at least to be out of Rochow's company. Seckendorf emerges from the other Barn; awake at the common hour: "How do you like his Royal Highness in the red roquelaure?" asks Rochow, as if nothing had happened. Was there ever such a baffled Royal Highness; or young bright spirit chained in the Bear's Den in this manner? Our Steinfurth project has gone to water; and it is not today we shall get across the Rhine! —Not today; nor any other day, on that errand, strong as our resolutions are! For new light, in a few hours afterwards, pours-in

[13] Compare Wilhelmina, i. 259 (her Account of the Flight: "Heard it from my Brother,"—and report it loosely after a dozen years!).

[14] Ranke, i. 305.

upon the project; and human finesse, or ulterior schemes, avail nothing henceforth. 'The Crown-Prince's meditated Flight' has tried itself, and failed. Here and so that long meditation *ends;* this at Steinfurth was all the overt-act it could ever come to. In few hours more it will melt into air; and only the terrible consequences will remain!—

By last night's arrangement, the Prince with his Trio was to set-out an hour before his Father, which circumstance had helped Page Keith in his excuses. Naturally the Prince had now no wish to linger on the Green of Steinfurth, in such a posture of affairs: "Towards Heidelberg, then; let us see the big Tun there: *allons!*" How the young Prince and his Trio did this day's journey; where he loitered, what he saw, said or thought, we have no account: it is certain only that his Father, who set-out from Steinfurth an hour after him, arrived in Mannheim several hours before him; and, in spite of Kurfürst Karl Philip's welcome, testified the liveliest inquietude on that unaccountable circumstance. Beautiful Rhine-stream, thrice-beautiful trim Mannheim; —yes, all is beautiful indeed, your Serenity! But where can the Prince be? he kept ejaculating. And Karl Philip had to answer what he could. Of course the Prince may be lingering about Heidelberg, looking at the big Tun and other miracles:—"I had the pleasure to repair that world-famous Tub or Tun, as your Majesty knows; which had lain half-burnt, ever since Louis XIV. with his firebrand robberies lay upon us, and burnt the Pfalz in whole, small honour to him! I repaired the Tun:[15] it is probably the successfulest feat I did hitherto; and well worth looking at, had your Majesty had time!"—"*Ja wohl*;—but he came away an hour before me!"—The polite Karl Philip, at length, sent-off one of his own Equerries to ride towards Heidelberg, or even to Steinfurth if needful, and see what was become of the Prince. This Official person met the Prince, all in order, at no great distance; and brought him safe to Papa's presence again.

Why Papa was in such a fuss about this little circumstance? Truly there has something come to Papa's knowledge since he

[15] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen* (viii. 418-424; 145-152), who gives a view of the world's wonder, lying horizontal with stairs running up to it. Big Tuns of that kind were not uncommon in Germany; and had uses, if multiplex dues of wine were to be paid *in naturâ:* the Heidelberg, the biggest of them, is small to the Whitbread-and-Company, for porter's-ale, in our time.

started, perhaps since he arrived at Mannheim. Page Keith, who rides always behind the King's coach, has ridden this day in an agony of remorse and terror; and at length (probably in Mannheim, once his Majesty is got to his Apartments, or now that he finds his Majesty so anxious there) has fallen on his knees, and, with tears and obtestations, made a clean breast. Page Keith has confessed that the Crown-Prince and he were to have been in Speyer, or farther, at this time of the day; flying rapidly into France. "God's Providence alone prevented it! Pardon, pardon: slay me, your Majesty; but there is the naked truth, and the whole of it, and I have nothing more to say!" Hereupon ensues dispatch of the Equerry; and hereupon, as we may conjecture, the Equerry's return with Fritz and the Trio is an unspeakable relief to Friedrich Wilhelm.

Friedrich Wilhelm now summons Buddenbrock and Company straightway; shows, in a suppressed-volcanic manner, with questions and statements,—obliged to *suppress* oneself in foreign hospitable Serene Houses,—what atrocity of scandal and terror has been on the edge of happening: "And you three, Rochow, Waldau, Buddenbrock, mark it, you three are responsible; and shall answer, I now tell you, with your heads. Death the penalty, unless you bring *him* to our own Country again,—'living or dead,'" added the Suppressed-Volcano, in low metallic tone; and the sparkling eyes of him, the red tint, and rustling gestures, make the words too credible to us.[16]

What Friedrich Wilhelm got to speak about with the old Kur-Pfalz, during their serene passages of hospitality at Mannheim, is not very clear to me; his Prussian Majesty is privately in such a desperate humour, and the old Kur-Pfalz privately so discrepant on all manner of points, especially on the Jülich-and-Berg point. They could talk freely about the old Turk Campaigns, Battle of Zentha,[17] and Prince Eugene; very freely about the Heidelburg Tun. But it is known old Karl Philip had his agents at the Congress of Soissons, to secure that Berg-and-Jülich interest for the Sulzbachs and him: directly in the teeth of Friedrich Wilhelm. How that may have gone, since the Treaty of Seville

[16] Ranke, i. 307.

[17] 11th September 1697; Eugene's crowning feat;—breaking of the Grand Turk's back in this world; who has staggered about, less and less of a terror and outrage, more and more of a nuisance growing unbearable, ever since that day. See Hormayr (iii. 97-101) for some description of this useful bit of Heroism.

broke-out to astonish mankind,—will be unsafe to talk about. For the rest, old Karl Philip has frankly adopted the Pragmatic Sanction; but then he has, likewise, privately made league with France to secure him in that Jülich-and-Berg matter, should the Kaiser break promise;—league which may much obstruct said Sanction. Nay privately he is casting glances on his Bavarian Cousin, elegant ambitious Karl Albert Kurfürst of Baiern,—are not we all from the same Wittelsbach stock, Cousins from of old? —and will undertake, for the same Jülich-and-Berg object, to secure Bavaria in *its* claims on the Austrian Heritages in defect of Heirs Male in Austria.[18] Which runs directly into the throat of said Pragmatic Sanction; and engages to make it mere waste sheepskin, so to speak! Truly old Karl Philip has his abstruse outlooks, this way, that way; most abstruse politics altogether: —and in fact we had better speak of the Battle of Zentha and the Heidelberg Tun, while this Visit lasts.

On the morrow, Saturday August 5th, certain Frenchmen from the Garrison of Landau come across to pay their court and dine. Which race of men Friedrich Wilhelm does not love; and now less than ever, gloomily suspicious they may be come on parricide Fritz's score,—you Rochow and Company keep an eye! By night and by day an eye upon him! Friedrich Wilhelm was, no doubt, glad to get away on the morrow afternoon; fairly out into the Berg-Strasse, into the summer breezes and umbrageous woods, with all his pertinents still safe about him; rushing towards Darmstadt through the Sunday stillness, where he will arrive in the evening, time enough.[19]

The old Prince of Darmstadt, Ernst Ludwig, Langraf of Hessen-Darmstadt, age now sixty-three, has a hoary venerable appearance, according to Pöllnitz, 'but sits a horse well, walks well, and seems to enjoy perfect health,'—which we are glad to hear of. What more concerns us, 'he lives usually, quite retired, in a small house 'upon the Square,' in this extremely small Metropolis of his, 'and 'leaves his Heir-Apparent to manage all business in the Palace 'and elsewhere.'[20] Poor old Gentleman, he has the biggest Palace almost in the world; only he could not finish it for want of funds; and it lies there, one of the biggest futilities, vexatious to look

[18] Michaelis, ii. 99-101.

[19] 'Sunday Evening arrive at Darmstadt,' says Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 3), but by mistake calls it the '7th' instead of '6th.'

[20] Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, ii. 66.

upon. No doubt the old Gentleman has had vexations, plenty of them, first and last. He is now got disgusted with the affairs of public life, and addicts himself very much to 'turning ivory,' as the more eligible employment. He lives in that small house of his, among his turning-lathes and ivory shavings; dines in said small house, 'at a table for four persons:' only on Sunday, and above all on this Sunday, puts off his apron; goes across to the Palace; dines there in state, with his Heir and the Grandees. He has a kinship by affinity to Friedrich Wilhelm; his Wife (dead long years since), Mother of this Heir-Apparent, was an Anspach Princess, Aunt to the now Queen Caroline of England. Poor old fellow, these insignificancies, and that he descends direct from Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen (Luther's Philip, who insisted on the supplementary Wife), are all I know of him; and he is somewhat tragic to me there, turning ivory in this extremely anarchic world. What the passages between him and Friedrich Wilhelm were, on this occasion, shall remain conjectural to all creatures. Friedrich Wilhelm said, this Sunday evening at Darmstadt, to his own Prince: "Still here, then? I thought you would have been in Paris by this time!"—To which the Prince, with artificial firmness, answered, He could certainly, if he had wished;[21] and being familiar with reproaches, perhaps hoped it was nothing.

From Darmstadt to Frankfurt-on-Mayn is not quite forty miles, an easy morning drive; through the old Country called of Katzenellenbogen; *Cats-Elbow*, a name ridiculous to hear.[22] Berg-Strasse and the Odenwald (*Forest* of the *Otti*) are gone; but blue on the northeast yonder, if your Royal Highness will please to look, may be seen summits of the *Spessart*, a much grander forest,—tall branchy timbers yonder, one day to be masts of admirals, when floated down as far as Rotterdam, whitherward one still meets them going. Spessart;—and nearer, well hidden on the right, is an obscure village called *Dettingen*, not yet become famous in the Newspapers of an idle world; of an England surely very idle to go thither seeking quarrels! All which is, naturally, in the highest degree indifferent to a Crown-Prince so preoccupied. —They reach Frankfurt, Monday, still in good time.

[21] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii.), p. 3.

[22] *Cattimelibocum*, that is, *Cattûm-Melibocum* (*Catti* a famed Nation, *Melibocus* the chief Hill or Fortress of their Country), is said to be the original;—which has got changed; like *Aballaba* into 'Appleby,' or *God encompass us* into 'The Goat and Compasses,' among ourselves.

Behold, at Frankfurt, the Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock and Company (horrible to think of!) signify, "That we have the King's express orders Not to enter the Town at all with your Royal Highness. We, for our part, are to go direct into one of the Royal Yachts, which swing at anchor here, and to wait in the same till his Majesty have done seeing Frankfurt, and return to us." Here is a message for the poor young Prince: Detected, prisoner, and a volcanic Majesty now likely to be in full play when he returns!—Gilt weathercock on the Mayn Bridge (which one Goethe used to look at, in the next generation)—this, and the steeple-tops of Frankfurt, especially that steeple-top with the grinning scull of the mutinous malefactor on it, warning to mankind what mutiny leads to; this, then, is what we are to see of Frankfurt; and with such a symphony as our thoughts are playing in the background. Unhappy Son, unhappy Father, once more!

Nay Friedrich Wilhelm got new lights in Frankfurt: Rittmeister Katte had an estafette waiting for him there. Estafette with a certain Letter, which the Rittmeister had picked-up in Erlangen, and has shot across by estafette to wait his Majesty here. Majesty has read with open eyes and throat: Letter from the Crown-Prince to Lieutenant Katte in Berlin: treasonous Flight-project now indisputable as the sun at noon!—His Majesty stept on board the Yacht in such humour as was never seen before: "Detestable rebel and deserter, scandal of scandals—!" —it is confidently written everywhere (though Seckendorf diplomatically keeps silence), his Majesty hustled and tussled the unfortunate Crown-Prince, poked the handle of his cane into his face and made the nose bleed,—"Never did a Brandenburg face suffer the like of this!" cried the poor Prince, driven to the edge of mad ignition and one knows not what: when the Buddenbrocks, at whatever peril, interfered; got the Prince brought on board a different Yacht; and the conflagration moderated for the moment. The Yachts get under way towards Mainz and down the Rhine-stream. The Yachts glide swiftly on the favouring current, taking advantage of what wind there may be: were we once ashore at Wesel in our own country,—wait till then, thinks his Majesty!

And so it was on these terms that Friedrich made his first acquaintance with the beauties of the Rhine;—readers can judge

whether he was in a temper very open to the picturesque. I know not that they paused at Mainz, or recollected Barbarossa's World-Tournament, or the Hochheim vineyards at all: I see the young man's Yacht dashing in swift gallop, not without danger, through the Gap of Bingen; dancing wildly on the boiling whirlpools of St. Goar, well threading the cliffs;—the young man gloomily insensible to danger of life, and charm of the picturesque. Coblenz (*Confluentia*), the Moselle and Ehrenbreitstein: Majesty, smoking on deck if he like, can look at these through grimly pacifying tobacco; but to the Crown-Prince life itself is fallen haggard and bankrupt.

Over against Coblenz, nestled in between the Rhine and the foot of Ehrenbreitstein,[23] there, perhaps even now, in his Hunting-Lodge of Kerlich yonder, is his Serene Highness the fat little Kurfürst of Trier, one of those Austrian Schönborns (Brother to him of Bamberg); upon whom why should we make a call? We are due at Bonn; the fortunate young Kurfürst of Köln, richest Pluralist in the Church, expects us at his Residence there. Friedrich Wilhelm views the fine Fortress of Ehrenbreitstein: —what would your Majesty think if this were to be yours in a hundred years; this and much else, by way of compound-interest for the Berg-and-Jülich and other outstanding debts? Courage, your Majesty!—On the fat little Kurfürst, at Kerlich here, we do not call: probably out hunting; 'hunts every day,'[24] as if it were his trade, poor little soul.

At Bonn, where we do step ashore to lodge with a lean Kurfürst, Friedrich Wilhelm strictly charges, in my (Seckendorf's) hearing, the Trio of Vigilance to have an eye; to see that they bring the Prince on board again, "*living or dead.*"—No fear, your Majesty. Prince listened with silent, almost defiant patience, '*mit grosser Geduld.*'[25] At Bonn the Prince contrived to confide to Seckendorf, 'That he had in very truth meant to run away: he could not, 'at the age he was come to, stand such indignities, actual strokes 'as in the Camp of Radewitz;—and he would have gone long 'since, had it not been for the Queen and the Princess his Sister's 'sake. He could not repent what he had done: and if the King 'did not cease beating him in that manner, &c., he would still do 'it. For loss of his own life, such a life as his had grown, he 'cared little; his chief misery was, that those Officers who had

[23] Pöllnitz, *Memoirs and Letters*, iii. 180.

[24] Büsching, *Beyträge*, iv. 201. [25] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 4).

'known of the thing should come to misfortune by his means. 'If the King would pardon these poor gentlemen, he would tell 'him everything. For the rest, begged Seckendorf to help him 'in this labyrinth;—nothing could ever so oblige him as help 'now;' and more of the like sort. These things he said, at Bonn, to Seckendorf, the fountain of all his woes.[26] What Seckendorf's reflections on this his sad handiwork now were, we do not know. Probably he made none, being a strong-minded case-hardened old stager; but resolved to do what he could for the poor youth. Somewhere on this route, at Bonn more likely than elsewhere, Friedrich wrote in pencil three words to Lieutenant Keith at Wesel, and got it to the Post-Office: '*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert* (All is found out;—away)!'[27]

Clement August, expensive Kurfürst of Köln (Elector of Cologne, as we call it), who does the hospitalities here at Bonn, in a grand way, with 'above a hundred and fifty chamberlains' for one item, —glance at him, reader; perhaps we shall meet the man again. He is younger Brother of the elegant ambitious Karl Albert, Kurfürst of Bavaria, whom we have transiently heard of: sons both of them are of that "Elector of Bavaria" who haunts us in the Marlborough Histories,—who joined Louis XIV. in the Succession War, and got hunted about at such a rate, after Blenheim especially. His Boys, prisoners of the Kaiser, were bred-up in a confiscated state, as sons of a mere private gentleman; nothing visibly ahead of them, at one time, but an obscure and extremely limited destiny of that kind;—though now again, on French favour, and the turn of Fortune's inconstant wheel, they are mounting very high. Bavaria came all back to the old Elector of Bavaria; even Marlborough's 'Principality of *Mindelheim*' came.[28] And the present Kurfürst, who will not do the Pragmatic Sanction at all,—Kurfürst Karl Albert of Baiern, our old Karl Philip of Mannheim's genealogical "Cousin;"—we heard of abstruse colleaguings there, tendencies to break the Pragmatic

[26] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 4).

[27] Wilhelmina (i. 265) says it was a Page of the Old Dessauer's, a comrade of Keith's, who, having known in time, gave him warning. Certain it is, this Note of Friedrich's, which the Books generally assign as cause, could not have done it (infrà, p. 326, and the irrefragable date there).

[28] At the Peace of Baden (corollary to *Utrecht*), 1714. Elector had been 'banned' (*geächtet*, solemnly drummed out), 1706; nothing but French pay to live upon, till he got back: died 26th February 1726, when Karl Albert succeeded (Michaelis, ii. 255).

Sanction altogether, and reduce it to waste sheepskin! Not impossible Karl Albert will go high enough. And this Clement August the cadet, he is Kurfürst of Köln; by good election-tactics, and favour of the French, he has managed to succeed an Uncle here: has succeeded at Osnabrück in like fashion;—poor old Ernst August of Osnabrück (to whom we once saw George I. galloping to die, and who himself soon after died), his successor is this same Clement August, the turn for a *Catholic* Bishop being come at Osnabrück, and the French being kind. Kurfürst of Köln, Bishop of Osnabrück, ditto of Paderborn and Münster, ditto now of Hildesheim; richest Pluralist of the Church. Goes about here in a languid expensive manner; 'in green coat trimmed with 'narrow silver-lace, small bagwig done with French garniture '(*Schleife*) in front; and has red heels to his shoes.' A lanky indolent figure, age now thirty; 'tall and slouching of person, 'long lean face, hook-nose, black beard, mouth somewhat open.'[29] Has above one hundred and fifty chamberlains;—and, I doubt not, is inexpressibly wearisome to Friedrich Wilhelm in his Majesty's present mood. Patience for the moment, and politeness above all things!—The Trio of Vigilance had no difficulty with Friedrich; brought him on board safe again next day, and all proceeded on their voyage; the Kurfürst in person politely escorting as far as Köln.

Köln, famed old City of the Three Kings, with its famed Cathedral where those three gentlemen are buried, here the Kurfürst ceases escorting; and the flat old City is left, exciting what reflections it can. The architectural Dilettanti of the world gather here; St. Ursula and her Eleven Thousand Virgins were once massacred here, your Majesty; an English Princess she, it is said. "*Narrenpossen* (Pack of nonsense)!" grumbles Majesty.—Pleasant Düsseldorf is much more interesting to his Majesty; the pleasant Capital of Berg, which ought to be *ours*, if right could be done; if old Pfalz would give-up his crotchets; and the bowls, in the big game playing at Seville and elsewhere, would roll fair! Düsseldorf and that fine Palace of the Pfalzers, which ought to be mine;—and here next is Kaiserswerth, a place of sieges, cannonadings, known to those I knew. 'M-na, from father to son and grandson it goes on, and there is no end to trouble and war!—

[29] Büsching (*Beyträge*, iv. 201-204: from a certain Travelling Tutor's *Ms. Diary* of 1731; where also is detail of the Kurfürst's mode of Dining,—elaborate but dreary, both mode and detail). His Schloss is now the Bonn University.

JOURNEY TO THE REICH.

His Majesty's next lodging is at Mörs; old gaunt Castle in the Town of Mörs, which (thanks to Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau and the Iron Ramrods) *is* now his Majesty's in spite of the Dutch. There the lodging is, at an hour's drive westward from the Rhine-shore: —where his Majesty quitted the River, I do not know; nor whether the Crown-Prince went to Mörs with him, or waited in his Yacht; but guess the latter. His Majesty intends for Geldern on the morrow, on matters of business thither, for the Town is his: but what would the Prince, in the present state of things, do there?—At Mörs, Seckendorf found means to address his Majesty privately, and snuffled into him suggestions of mercy to the repentant Prince, and to the poor Officers whom he was so anxious about. "Well, if he *will* confess everything, and leave-off his quirks and concealments: but I know he won't!" answered Majesty.

In that dilapidated Castle of Mörs,—look at it, reader, though in the dark; we may see it again, or the shadow of it, perhaps by moonlight. A very gaunt old Castle; next to nothing living in it, since the Old Dessauer (by stratagem, and without shot fired) flung out the Dutch, in the Treaty-of-Utrecht time; Mörs Castle and Territory being indisputably ours, though always withheld from us on pretexts.[30]

At Geldern, in the pressure of business next day, his Majesty got word from Wesel, that Lieutenant Keith was not now to be found in Wesel. "Was last seen there (that we can hear of) certain hours before your Majesty's All-gracious Order arrived. Had saddled his own horse; came ambling through the Brünen Gate, 'going out to have a ride,' he said; and did not return."—"Keith gone, scandalous Keith, whom I pardoned only few weeks ago; he too is in the Plot! Will the very Army break its oath, then?" His Majesty bursts into fire and flame, at these new tidings; orders that Colonel Dumoulin (our expertest rogue-tracer) go instantly on the scent of Keith, and follow him till found and caught. Also, on

[30] Narrative of the march thither (Night of 7th November 1712), and dextrous surprisal of the place, in *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben und Thaten* (Anonymous, by *Ranfft*), pp. 85-90;—where the Despatch of the astonished Dutch Commandant himself, to their High Mightinesses, is given. Part of the Orange Heritage, this Mörs,—came by the Great Elector's first Wife;—but had hung *sub lite* (though the Parchments were plain enough) ever since our King William's death, and earlier. Neuchâtel, accepted instead of *Orange*, and not even of the value of Mörs, was another item of the same lot. Besides which, we shall hear of old Palaces at Loo and other dilapidated objects, incidentally in time coming.

the other hand, that the Crown-Prince be constituted prisoner; sail down to Wesel, prisoner in his Yacht, and await upon the Rhine there his Majesty's arrival. Formidable omens, it is thought.

His Majesty, all business done in Geldern, drives across to Wesel; can see Fritz's Yacht waiting duly in the River, and black Care hovering over her. It is on the evening of the 12th of August 1730. And so his Majesty ends this memorable Tour into the Reich; but has not yet ended the gloomy miseries, for himself and others, which plentifully sprung out of that.

CHAPTER VII.

CATASTROPHE, AND MAJESTY, ARRIVE IN BERLIN.

At Berlin dark rumours of this intended flight, and actual Arrest of the Crown-Prince, are agitating all the world; especially Lieutenant Katte, and the Queen and Wilhelmina, as we may suppose. The first news of it came tragically on the young Princess.[1]

'Mamma had given a ball in honour of Papa's Birthday,—Tuesday 15th August 1730;—and we were all dancing in the fine saloons of Monbijou, with pretty intervals in the cool boscages and orangeries of the place: all of us as happy as could be; Wilhelmina, in particular, dancing at an unusual rate. 'We recommenced the ball after supper. For six 'years I had not danced before; it was new fruit, and I took my fill 'of it, without heeding much what was passing. Madam Bülow, who 'with others of them had worn long faces all night, pleading "illness" 'when one noticed it, said to me several times: "It is late, I wish you 'had done."—"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" I answered, "let me have enough of 'dancing this one new time; it may be long before it comes again."— '"That may well be!" said she. I paid no regard, but continued to 'divert myself. She returned to the charge half an hour after: "Will

[1] Apparently some rumour *from Frankfurt*, which she confuses in her after-memory with the specific news *from Wesel;* for her dates here, as usual, are all awry (Wilhelmina, i. 243; Preuss, i. 42, iv. 473; Seckendorf, in Förster iii. 6).

'you end, then!" said she with a vexed air: "you are so engaged, you 'have eyes for nothing."—"You are in such a humour," I replied, "that 'I know not what to make of it."—"Look at the Queen, then, Madam; 'and you will cease to reproach me!" A glance which I gave that way 'filled me with terror. There sat the Queen, paler than death, in a 'corner of the room, in low conference with Sonsfeld and Countess 'Finkenstein. As my Brother was most in my anxieties, I asked, If it 'concerned him? Bülow shrugged her shoulders, answering, "I don't 'know at all!" A moment after, the Queen gave Good-night; and got 'into her carriage with me,—speaking no word all the way to the Schloss; 'so that I thought my Brother must be dead, and I myself took violent 'palpitations, and Sonsfeld, contrary to orders, had at last to tell me 'in the course of the night.' Poor Wilhelmina, and poor Mother of Wilhelmina!

The fact, of Arrest, and unknown mischief to the Prince, is taken for certain; but what may be the issues of it; who besides the Prince have been involved in it, especially who will be found to have been involved, is matter of dire guess to the three who are most interested here. Lieutenant Katte finds he ought to dispose of the Prince's effects which were intrusted to him; of the Thousand gold Thalers in particular, and, beyond and before all, of the locked Writing-desk, in which lies the Prince's correspondence, the very Queen and Princess likely to be concerned in it! Katte dispatches these two objects, the Money and the little Desk, in all secrecy, to Madam Finkenstein, as to the surest hand, with a short Note shadowing out what he thinks they are: Countess Finkenstein, old General von Finkenstein's Wife, and a second mother to the Prince, she, like her Husband, a sworn partisan of the Prince and his Mother, shall do with these precious and terrible objects what, to her own wise judgment, seems best.

Madam Finkenstein carries them at once, in deep silence, to the Queen. Huge dismay on the part of the Queen and Princess. They know too well what Letters may be there; and there is a seal on the Desk, and no key to it; neither must it, in time coming, seem to have been opened, even if we could now open it. A desperate pinch, and it must be solved. Female wit and Wilhelmina did solve it, by some preëminently acute device of their despair;[2] and contrived to get the Letters out: hundreds of Letters, enough to be our death if read, says Wilhelmina. These Letters they burnt; and set to writing, fast as the pen would go,

[2] Wilhelmina, i. 253-257.

other letters in their stead. Fancy the mood of these two Royal Women, and the black whirlwind they were in. Wilhelmina's dispatch was incredible; pen went at the gallop night and day: new letters, of old dates and of no meaning, are got into the Desk again; the Desk closed, without mark of injury, and shoved aside while it is yet time.—Time presses; his Majesty too, and the events, go at gallop. Here is a Letter from his Majesty, to a trusty Mistress of the Robes, or whatever she is; which, let it arrive through what softening media it likes, will complete the poor Queen's despair:

'My dear Frau von Kamecke,—Fritz has attempted to desert. I have 'been under the necessity to have him arrested. I request you to tell 'my Wife of it in some good way, that the news may not terrify her. 'And pity an unhappy Father.

'FRIEDRICH WILHELM.'[3]

The same post brought an order to the Colonel of the Gens-d'Armes to put that Lieutenant Katte of his under close confinement:—we hope the thoughtless young fellow has already got out of the way? He is getting his saddle altered: fettling about this and that; does not consider what danger he is in. This same Sunday, his Major met him on the street of Berlin; said, in a significant tone, "You still *here*, Katte!"—"I go this night," answered Katte; but he again put it off, did not go this night; and the order for his arrest did come in. On the morrow morning, Colonel Pannewitz, hoping now he was not there, went with the rhadamanthine order; and finding the unlucky fellow, was obliged to execute it. Katte lies in ward, awaiting what may be prepared for him.

Friedrich Wilhelm at Wesel has had rough passages with the Prince and others. On the Saturday evening 12th August 1730,[4] his Majesty had the Culprit brought on shore, to the Commandant's House, for an interview. Culprit proving less remorseful than was expected, and evidently not confessing everything, a loud terrible scene ensued; which Friedrich Wilhelm, the unhappy Father, winded up by drawing his sword to run the unnatural Son through the body. Old General Mosel, Commandant of Wesel, sprang between them, "Sire, cut me to death, but spare your Son!" and

[3] No date: '*arrived*' (from Wesel, we conclude), Sunday '20th August,' at the Palace of Berlin (Preuss, i. 42).

[4] Preuss, iv. 473; Seckendorf (Förster, iii. 6) says 13th, but *wrong*.

the sword was got back to its scabbard; and the Prince lodged in a separate room, two sentries with fixed bayonets keeping watch over him. Friedrich Wilhelm did not see his face again for twelve months to come,—'twelve months and three days.'

Military gentlemen of due grimness interrogated the Prince next evening,[5] from a Paper drawn-up by his Majesty in the interim. Prince confesses little: Did design to get across the Rhine to Landau; thence to Strasburg, Paris, in the strictest incognito; intended to volunteer there, thought he might take French service, profoundly incognito, and signalise himself in the Italian War (just expected to break out), which might have recovered him some favour from his Majesty: does not tell clearly where his money came from; shy extremely of elucidating Katte and Keith;—in fact, as we perceive, struggles against mendacity, but will not tell the whole truth. "Let him lie in ward, then; and take what doom the Laws have appointed for the like of him!" Divine Laws, are they not? Well, yes, your Majesty; divine and human;—or are there perhaps no laws but the human sort, completely explicit in this case? "He is my Colonel at least," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm, "and tried to desert and make others desert." If a rebellious Crown-Prince, breaking his Father's heart, find the laws still inarticulate; a deserting Colonel of the Potsdam Regiment finds them speak plain enough. Let him take the answer they give him."—

Dumoulin, in the mean while, can make nothing of Keith, the runaway Lieutenant. Dumoulin, with his sagacious organ, soon came upon the scent of Keith; and has discovered these things about him: One evening, a week before his Majesty arrived, Sunday evening 6th August 1730,[6] Lieutenant Keith, doubtless smelling something, saddled his horse as above mentioned, decided to have a ride in the country this fine evening, and issued out at the Brünen Gate of Wesel. He is on the right bank of the Rhine; pleasant yellow fields on this hand and that. He ambles slowly, for a space; then gradually awakens into speed, into full speed; arrives, within a couple of hours, at Dingden, a Village in the Münster Territory, safe over the Prussian Border, by the shortest line: and from Dingden rides at more leisure, but without losing time, into the Dutch Overyssel region, straight towards the Hague. He must be in the Hague? said Dumoulin to the Official persons,

[5] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 5).

[6] *Relatio ex Actis:* in Preuss, iv. 473.

on arriving there,—to Meinertshagen the Prussian Ambassador there,[7] and to Keppel, Dutch Official gentleman who was once Ambassador at Berlin. Prussian Ambassador applies, and again applies, in the highest quarters; but we fear they are slack. Dumoulin discovers that the man was certainly here; Keppel readily admits, He had Keith to dinner a few days ago: but where Keith now is, Keppel cannot form the least guess.

Dumoulin suspects he is with Lord Chesterfield, the English Ambassador here. A light was seen, for a night or two, in one of the garret-rooms of Lord Chesterfield's house,—probably Keith reading?—but Keith is not to be heard of, on inquiry there; and the very light has now gone out. The distinguished English Lord is gone to England in these days; but his German Secretary is not gone: the House is inviolable, impregnable to Prussia. Who knows, in spite of the light going out, but Keith is still there, merely with a window-shutter to screen him? One morning, it becomes apparent Keith is not there. One morning, a gentleman at the seaside is admiring Dutch fishing-skiffs, and how they do sail. "Pooh, Sir, that is nothing!" answers a man in multiplex breeches: "the other night I went across to England in one, with an Excellency's Messenger who could not wait!"—Truth is, the Chesterfield Secretary, who forbade lights, took the first good night for conveying Keith to Scheveningen and the seaside; where a Fisher-boat was provided for him; which carried him, frail craft as it was, safe across to England. Once there, the Authorities took pity on the poor fellow;—furnished the modicum of cash and help; sent him with Admiral Norris to assist the Portuguese, menaced with Spanish war at this time; among whom he gradually rose to be Major of Horse. Friedrich Wilhelm cited him by tap of drum three times in Wesel, and also in the Gazettes, native and Dutch; then, as he did not come, nailed an Effigy of him (cut in four, if I remember) on the gallows there; and confiscated any property he had. Keith had more pedigree than property; was of Poberow in Pommern; son of poor gentlefolks there. He sent no word of himself to Prussia, for the next ten years; so that he had become a kind of myth to many people; to his poor Mother among the rest, who has her tragical surmises about him. He will appear again; but not to much purpose. His Brother, the Page Keith, is packed into the Fusileer Regiment, at Wesel

[7] Seckendorf (Förster, iii. 7).

here; and there walks sentry, unheard of for the rest of his life. So much for the Keiths.[8]

Other difficulty there is as to the Prison of the Prince. Wesel is a strong Town; but for obvious reasons one nearer Berlin, farther from the frontier, would be preferable. Towards Berlin, however, there is no route all on Prussian ground: from these divided Cleve Countries we have to cross a bit of Hanover, a bit of Hessen-Cassel: suppose these Serene Highnesses were to interfere? Not likely they will interfere, answer ancient military men, of due grimness; at any rate, we can go a roundabout road, and they need not know! That is the method settled on; neighbourhood of Berlin, clearly somewhere there, must be the place? Old Castle of Mittenwalde, in the Wusterhausen environs, let that be the first resting-point, then; Rochow, Waldau, and the Wesel Fusileer-Colonel here, sure men, with a trooper or two for escort, shall conduct the Prisoner. By Treuenbrietzen, by circuitous roads: swift, silent, steady,—and with vigilance, as you shall answer!— These preliminaries settled, Friedrich Wilhelm drives off homewards, black Care riding behind him. He reaches Berlin, Sunday 27th August; finds a world gone all to a kind of doomsday with him there, poor gentleman.

Scene at Berlin on Majesty's Arrival.

On Sunday evening 27th August 1730, his Majesty, who had rested overnight at Potsdam from his rapid journey, drove into Berlin between four and five in the afternoon. Deserter Fritz is following, under escort of his three military gentlemen, at a slower rate and by circuitous routes, so as to avoid the territories of Hanover and Hessen,—towards Mittenwalde in the Wusterhausen neighbourhood. The military gentlemen are vigilant as Argus, and, though pitying the poor Prince, must be rigorous as Rhadamanthus. His attempts at escape, of which tradition mentions more than one, they will not report to Papa, nor even notice to the Prince himself; but will take care to render futile, one and all: his Majesty may be secure on that score.

[8] Preuss: *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, pp. 380, 392.— See, on this and the other points, Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 352-374 (and correct his many blunders).

The scenes that follow are unusual in royal history; and having been reported in the world with infinite noise and censure, made up of laughter and horror, it will behove us to be the more exact in relating them as they actually befell. Very difficult to pull, out of that ravelled cartload of chaotic thrums, here a thread and there a thread, capable of being brought to the straight state, and woven into legible narrative! But perhaps, by that method the mingled laughter and horror will modify itself a little. What we can well say is, that pity also ought not to be wanting. The next six months were undoubtedly by far the wretchedest of Friedrich Wilhelm's life. The poor King, except that he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow night of Gehenna, all that while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken.

Here is scene first: Wilhelmina reports his Majesty's arrival that Sunday afternoon, to the following effect; she was present in the adventure, and not a spectatress only:

'The Queen was alone in his Majesty's Apartment, waiting for him 'as he approached. At sight of her, in the distance, he called out: '"Your losel of a Son (*votre indigne fils*) has ended at last; you have 'done with *him*," or words to that effect. "What," cried the Queen, '"you have had the barbarity to kill him?"—"Yes, I tell you,—but 'where is the sealed Desk?" The Queen went to her own Apartment 'to fetch it; I ran in to her there for a moment: she was out of herself, 'wringing her hands, crying incessantly, and said without ceasing: '"*Mon Dieu, mon fils* (O God, my Son)!" Breath failed me; I fell 'fainting into the arms of Madam de Sonsfeld.'—The Queen took away the Writing-case; King tore out the letters, and went off; upon which the Queen came down again to us.

'We learned from some attendant that, at least, my Brother was not 'dead. The King now came back. We all ran to kiss his hands; but 'me he no sooner noticed than rage and fury took possession of him. 'He became black in the face, his eyes sparkling fire, his mouth foaming. '"Infamous *canaille*," said he; "darest thou show thyself before me? 'Go, keep thy scoundrel of a Brother company!" And so saying, he 'seized me with one hand, slapping me on the face with the other,'—clenched as a fist (*poing*),—'several blows; one of which struck me on 'the temple, so that I fell back, and should have split my head against 'a corner of the wainscot, had not Madam de Sonsfeld caught me by 'the headdress and broken the fall. I lay on the ground without con-'sciousness. The King, in a frenzy, was for striking me with his feet; 'had not the Queen, my Sisters, and the rest, run between, and those

'who were present prevented him. They all ranked themselves round 'me, which gave Mesdames de Kamecke and Sonsfeld time to pick me 'up. They put me in a chair in the embrasure of a window; threw 'water on my face to bring me to life: which care I lamentably reproached 'them with, death being a thousand times better, in the pass things had 'come to. The Queen kept shrieking, her firmness had quite left her: 'she wrung her hands, and ran in despair up and down the room. The 'King's face was so disfigured with rage, it was frightful to look upon. 'The little ones were on their knees, begging for me,'[9]—

—poor little beings, what a group: Amelia, the youngest girl, about six; Henri, in his bits of trousers, hardly over four!—For the rest, I perceive, this room was on the first or a lower floor, and such noises were very audible. The Guard had turned out at the noise; and a crowd was collecting to see and hear: "Move on! Move on!"—

'The King had now changed his tune: he admitted that my Brother 'was still alive; but vowed horribly he would put him to death, and 'lay me fast within four walls for the rest of my life. He accused me 'of being the Prince's accomplice, whose crime was high treason;—also 'of having an intrigue of love with Katte, to whom, he said, I had borne 'several children.' The timid Gouvernante flamed-up at this unheard-of insult: '"That is not true," said she fiercely; "whoever has told your 'Majesty such a thing has told a lie!" "O, spare my Brother, and I 'will marry the Duke of Weissenfels," whimpered I; but in the great 'noise he did not hear; and while I strove to repeat it louder, Sonsfeld 'clapt her handkerchief on my face.

'Hustling aside to get rid of the handkerchief, I saw Katte crossing 'the Square. Four soldiers were conducting him to the King; trunks, 'my Brother's and his own, sealed, were coming on in the rear. Pale 'and downcast, he took off his hat to salute me,'—poor Katte, to me always so prostrate in silent respect, and now so unhappy! 'A moment 'after, the King, hearing he was come, went out exclaiming, "Now I 'shall have proof about the scoundrel Fritz and the offscouring (*canaille*) 'Wilhelmina; clear proofs to cut the heads off them."'—The two Hofdames again interfered; and one of them, Kamecke it was, rebuked him; told him, in the tone of a prophetess, To take care what he was doing. Whom his Majesty gazed into with astonishment, but rather with respect than with anger, saying, "Your intentions are good!"

And so his Majesty flung out, seeking Katte; and vanished:

[9] Wilhelmina, i. 265-267.

Wilhelmina saw no more of him for about a year after; being ordered to her room, and kept prisoner there on low diet, with sentries guarding her doors, and no outlook but the worst horror her imagination pleased to paint.

This is the celebrated assault of paternal Majesty on Wilhelmina; the rumour of which has gone into all lands, exciting wonder and horror, but could not be so exact as this account at first hand. Naturally the crowd of street-passengers, once dispersed by the Guard, carried the matter abroad, and there was no end of sympathetic exaggerations. Report ran in Berlin, for example, that the poor Princess was killed, beaten or trampled to death; which we clearly see she was not. Voltaire, in that mass of angry calumnies, very mendacious indeed, which he calls *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*, mentions the matter with emphasis; and says farther, The Princess once did him (Voltaire) the 'honour to show 'him a black mark she carried on her breast ever after;'—which is likelier to be false than true. Captain Guy Dickens, the Legationary Captain, who seems a clear, ingenuous and ingenious man, and of course had access to the highest circles of refined rumour, reports the matter about ten days after, with several errors, in this manner:

'*Berlin, 5th September* 1730. Four or five days ago' (by the Almanac nine, and directly on his Majesty's return, which Dickens had announced a week ago without that fact attached), 'the King dreadfully ill-treated 'Wilhelmina in bed' (not in bed at all); 'whole Castle (*Schloss* or 'Palace) was alarmed; Guard turned out,'—to clear away the crowd, as we perceive. Not properly a crowd, such was not permissible there: but a stagnation of the passers-by would naturally ensue on that esplanade; till the Guard turned out, and indicated with emphasis, "Move on!" Dickens hears farther that 'the Queen fares no better;'—such is the state of rumour in Berlin at present.

Poor Katte had a hard audience of it too. He fell at Friedrich Wilhelm's feet; and was spurned and caned;—for the rest, beyond what was already evident, had little or nothing to confess: Intention of flight and of accompanying in flight very undeniable; although preliminaries and ulterior conditions of said flight not perfectly known to Katte; known only that the thought of raising trouble in foreign Courts, or the least vestige of treason against his Majesty, had not entered even into their dreams. A name or two

of persons who had known, or guessed, of these operations, is wrung from Katte;—name of a Lieutenant Spaen, for one; who, being on guard, had admitted Katte into Potsdam once or twice in disguise:—for him and for the like of him, of whatever rank or whichever sex, let arrests be made out, and the scent as with sleuth-hounds be diligently followed on all sides; and Katte, stript of his uniform, be locked-up in the grimmest manner. Berlin, with the rumour of these things, is a much-agitated city.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEQUEL TO CROWN-PRINCE AND FRIENDS.

As for the Crown-Prince, prosecuting his circuitous route, he arrives safe at Mittenwalde; is lodged in the old Castle there, I think, for two nights (but the date, in these indexless Books, is blown away again), in a room bare of all things, with sentries at the door; and looks out, expecting Grumkow and the Officials to make assault on him. One of these Officials, a certain "Gerber, Fiscal General," who, as head of Prussian Fiscals (kind of Public Prosecutor, or supreme Essence of Bailiffs, Catchpoles and Grand-Juries all in one), wears a red cloak,—gave the Prince a dreadful start. Red cloak is the Berlin Hangman's or Headsman's dress; and poor Friedrich had the idea his end had summarily come in this manner. Soon seeing it was otherwise, his spirits recovered, perhaps rose by the shock.

He fronted Grumkow and the Officials, with a high, almost contemptuous look; answered promptly,—if possible, without lying, and yet without telling anything;—showed self-possession, pride; retorted sometimes, "Have you nothing more to ask?" Grumkow finding there was no way made into anything, not even into the secret of the Writing-case and the Royal Women's operations there, began at last, as Wilhelmina says, to hint, That in his Majesty's service there were means of bringing out the truth in spite of refractory humours; that there was a thing called the rack, not yet abolished in his Prussian Majesty's dominions!

Friedrich owned afterwards, his blood ran cold. However, he put on a high look: "A Hangman, such as you, naturally takes "pleasure in talking of his tools and his trade: but on me they "will not produce any effect. I have owned everything;—and "almost regret to have done so. For it is not my part to stand "questionings and bandy responses with a *coquin comme vous*, "scoundrel like you," reports Welhelmina,[1] though we hope the actual term was slightly less candid!—Grumkow gathered his notes together; and went his ways, with the man in red cloak and the rest; thus finishing the scene in Mittenwalde. Mittenwalde, which we used to know long since, in our Wusterhausen rides with poor Duhan; little thinking what awaited us there one day.

Mittenwalde being finished, Friedrich, on Monday 5th September 1730, is sent forward to Cüstrin, a strong little town in a quiet Country, some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin. On the evening of the 5th he finds himself lodged in a strong room of the Fortress there,—room consisting of bare walls lighted from far up; no furniture, not even the needfulest; everything indicating that the proud spirit and the iron laws shall here have their duel out at leisure, and see which is stronger.

His sword was taken from him at Wesel; sword, uniform, every mark of dignity, all are now gone: he is clad in brown prison-dress of the plainest cut and cloth; his diet is fixed at tenpence a-day ('to be got from the cook's shop, six groschen for dinner, four for supper');[2] food to be cut for him, no knife allowed. Room is to be opened, morning, noon and evening, 'on the average not above four minutes each time;' lights, or single tallow-light, to be extinguished at seven P.M. Absolute solitude; no flute allowed, far from it; no books allowed, except the Bible and a Prayer-Book, —or perhaps Noltenius's *Manual*, if he took a hankering for it. There, shut-out from the babble of fools, and conversing only with the dumb Veracities, with the huge inarticulate moanings of Destiny, Necessity and Eternity, let the fool of a Fritz bethink himself, if there is any thought in him! There, among the Bogs of the Oder, the very sedges getting brown all round him, and the very curlews flying off for happier climes, let him wait, till the question of his doom, rather an abstruse question, ripen in the royal breast.

As for Wilhelmina, she is close prisoner in her apartments in the Berlin Palace, sentries pacing at every outlet, for many

[1] i. 280. [2] Order, 14th September 1730 (in Förster, i. 372).

months to come. Wilhelmina almost rather likes it, such a dog of an existence has she had hitherto, for want of being well let alone. She plays, reads; composes music; smuggles letters to and from Mamma,—one in Pencil, from my Brother even, O Heavens! Wilhelmina weeps, now and then, with her good Sonsfeld; hopes nevertheless there will be some dawn to this *ragnarök*, or general 'twilight of the gods.' Friedrich Wilhelm, convinced that England has had a hand in this treason, signifies officially to his Excellency Captain Dickens, That the English negotiations are concluded; that neither in the way of Single-Marriage nor of Double-Marriage will he have anything more to do with England. "Well," answers England, "who can help it? Negotiation was not quite of our seeking. Let it so end!"[3]— Nay at dinner one day (Seckendorf reports, while Fritz was on the road to Cüstrin) he proposes the toast, "Downfall of England!"[4] and would have had the Queen drink it; who naturally wept, but I conjecture could not be made to drink. Her Majesty is a weeping, almost broken-hearted woman; his Majesty a raging, almost broken-hearted man. Seckendorf and Grumkow are, as it were, too victorious; and now have their apprehensions on that latter score. But they look on with countenances well veiled, and touch the helm judiciously in Tobacco-Parliament, intent on the nearest harbour of refuge.

Her Majesty nevertheless steadily persists; merely sinks deeper out of sight with her English schemes; ducking till the wave go by. Messages, desperate appeals still go, through Mamsell Bülow, Wilhelmina's Hofdame, and other channels; nay Wilhelmina thinks there were still intentions on the part of England, and that the non-fulfilment of them at the last moment turned on accident; English 'Courier arrived some hours too late,' thinks Wilhelmina.[5] But that is a mistake. The negotiation, in spite of her Majesty's endeavours, was essentially out; England, after such a message, could not, nor did, stir farther in the matter.

In that Writing-case his Majesty found what we know; nothing but mysterious effects of female art, and no light whatever. It is a great source of wrath and of sorrow to him, that neither in the

[3] Dickens's Despatch, 25th September 1730; and Harrington's Answer to it, of 6th October: Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 9), 23d September.

[4] Seckendorf (in Förster, iii. 11).

[5] Wilhelmina (i. 369, 384), and Preuss and others after her.

Writing-case, nor in Katte's or the Prince's so-called 'Confessions,' can the thing be seen into. A deeper bottom it must have, thinks his Majesty, but knows not what or where. To overturn the Country, belike; and fling the Kaiser, and European Balance of Power, bottom uppermost? Me they presumably meant to poison! he tells Seckendorf one day.[6] Was ever Father more careful for his children, soul and body? Anxious, to excess, to bring them up in orthodox nurture and admonition: and this is how they reward me, Herr Feldzeugmeister! "Had *he* honestly "confessed, and told me the whole truth, at Wesel, I would have "made it up with him quietly there. But now it must go its "lengths; and the whole world shall be judge between us." [7]

His Majesty is in a flaming height. He arrests, punishes and banishes, where there is trace of coöperation or connexion with Deserter Fritz and his schemes. The Bülows, brother and sister, brother in the King's service, sister in Wilhelmina's, respectable goldstick people, originally of Hanover, are hurled out to Lithuania and the world's end: let them live in Memel, and repent as they can. Minister Knyphausen, always of English tendencies, he, with his Wife,—to whom it is specially hard, while General Schwerin, gallant witty Kurt, once of Mecklenburg, stays behind,—is ordered to disappear, and follow his private rural business far off; no minister, ever more. The Lieutenant Spaen of the Giant Regiment, who kept false watch, and did not tell of Katte, gets cashiering and a year in Spandau. He wandered elsewhither, and came to something afterwards, poor Spaen.[8] Bookseller Hanau with this bad Fritz's Books: To Memel with him also; let him deal in more orthodox kinds of Literature there.

It is dangerous to have lent the Crown-Prince money, contrary to the Royal Edict; lucky if loss of your money will settle the account. Witness French Montholieu, for one; Count, or whatever he styled himself; nailed to the gallows (in effigy) after he had fled. It is dangerous to have spoken kindly to the Crown-Prince, or almost to have been spoken to by him. Doris Ritter, a comely enough good girl, nothing of a beauty, but given to music, Potsdam *Cantor's* (Precentor's) daughter, has chanced to be standing in the door, perhaps to be singing within doors, once or twice, when the Prince passed that way: Prince inquired about her music, gave her music, spoke a civility, as young men will,—

[6] Dickens's Despatch, 16th September 1730.

[7] Seckendorf (Förster, ubi suprà), 23d Sept.

[8] Preuss, i. 63, 66.

nothing more, upon my honour; though his Majesty believes there was much more; and condemns poor Doris to be whipt by the Beadle, and beat hemp for three years. Rhadamanthus is a strict judge, your Majesty; and might be a trifle better informed!—Poor Doris got out of this sad pickle, on her own strength; and wedded, and did well enough,—Prince and King happily leaving her alone thenceforth. Voltaire, twenty years after, had the pleasure of seeing her at Berlin: 'Wife of one Schommers, Clerk of the Hackney-Coach Office,'—read, Schomer, *Farmer* of the Berlin Hackney-Coach Enterprise in general; decidedly a poor man. Wife, by this time, was grown hard enough of feature: 'tall, lean; 'looked like a Sibyl; not the least appearance how she could ever 'have deserved to be whipt for a Prince.'[9]

The excellent Tutor of the Crown-Prince, good Duhan de Jandun, for what fault or complicity we know not, is hurled off to Memel; ordered to live there,—on what resources is equally unknown. Apparently his fault was the general one, of having miseducated the Prince, and introduced these French Literatures, foreign poisonous elements of thought and practice into the mind of his Pupil, which have ruined the young man. For his Majesty perceives that there lies the source of it; that only total perversion of the heart and judgment, first of all, can have brought about these dreadful issues of conduct. And indeed his Majesty understands, on credible information, that Deserter Fritz entertains very heterodox opinions; opinion on Predestination, for one;—which is itself calculated to be the very mother of mischief, in a young mind inclined to evil. The heresy about Predestination, or the "*Freie Gnadenwahl* (Election by Free Grace)," as his Majesty terms it, according to which a man is preappointed from all Eternity either to salvation or the opposite (which is Fritz's notion, and indeed is Calvin's, and that of many benighted creatures, this Editor among them), appears to his Majesty an altogether shocking one; nor would the whole Synod of Dort, or Calvin, or St. Augustine in person, aided by a Thirty-Editor power, reconcile his Majesty's practical judgment to such a tenet. What! May not Deserter Fritz say to himself, even now, or in whatever other deeps of sin he may fall into, "I was foredoomed to it: how could I, or how can I, help it?" The mind of his Majesty shudders, as if looking over the edge of an abyss. He is meditating much whether nothing can be done to

[9] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (calumnious *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse*), ii. 51, 52. Preuss, i. 64, 66.

save the lost Fritz, at least the soul of him, from this horrible delusion;—hurls forth your fine Duhan, with his metaphysics, to remote Memel, as the first step. And signifies withal, though as yet only historically and in a speculative way, to Finkenstein and Kalkstein themselves, That their method of training-up a young soul, to do God's will, and accomplish useful work in this world, does by no means appear to the royal mind an admirable one![10] Finkenstein and Kalkstein were always covertly rather of the Queen's party, and now stand reprimanded, and in marked disfavour.

That the treasonous mystery of this Crown-Prince (parricidal, it is likely, and tending to upset the Universe) must be investigated to the very bottom, and be condignly punished, probably with death, his Majesty perceives too well; and also what terrible difficulties, formal and essential, there will be. But whatever become of his perishable life, ought not, if possible, the soul of him to be saved from the claws of Satan! 'Claws of Satan;' 'brand from the burning;' 'for Christ our Saviour's sake;' 'in the name of the most merciful God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen:'—so Friedrich Wilhelm phrases it, in those confused old documents and Cabinet-Letters of his;[11] which awaken a strange feeling in the attentive reader; and show us the ruggedest of human creatures melted into blubbering tenderness, and growling huskily something which we perceive is real prayer. Here has a business fallen out, such as seldom occurred before!—

CHAPTER IX.

COURT-MARTIAL ON CROWN-PRINCE AND CONSORTS.

THE rumour of these things naturally fills all minds, and occupies all human tongues, in Berlin and Prussia, though an Edict threatens, That the tongues shall be *cut out* which speak of them in any, way,[1] and sounds far and wide into foreign Courts and Countries, where there is no such Edict. Friedrich Wilhelm's conduct, looked at from without, appears that of a hideous royal ogre, or blind

[10] His Letter to them (3d December 1730), in Förster, ii. 382.
[11] Förster, i. 374, 379, &c.
[1] Dickens, of 7th November 1730.

anthropophagous Polyphemus fallen mad. Looked at from within, where the Polyphemus has his reasons, and a kind of inner rush-light to enlighten his path; and is not bent on man-eating, but on discipline in spite of difficulties,—it is a wild enough piece of humanity, not so much ludicrous as tragical. Never was a royal bear so led about before by a pair of conjuring pipers in the market, or brought to such a pass in his dancing for them!

'General Ginkel, the Dutch Ambassador here,' writes Dickens, 'told 'me of an interview he had with the King;' being ordered by their High Mightinesses to solicit his Majesty in this matter. King 'harbours "most 'monstrous wicked designs, not fit to be spoken of in words," reports 'Ginkel. "It is certain," added he, "if the King of Prussia continue "in the mind he is in at present, we shall see scenes here as wicked and "bloody as any that were ever heard of since the creation of the "world." "Will sacrifice his whole family," not the Crown-Prince alone; "everybody except Grumkow being, as he fancies, in conspiracy against "him." Poor enchanted King!—"And all these things he said with such "imprecations and disordered looks, foaming at the mouth all the while, "as it was terrible either to see or hear."' That is Ginkel's report, as Dickens conveys it.[2] Another time, on new order, a month later, when Ginkel went again to speak a word for the poor Prisoner, he found his Majesty clothed not in delirious thunder, but in sorrowful thick fog; Ginkel "was the less able to judge what the King of Prussia meant to do "with his Son, as it was evident the King himself did not know."[3]

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, through these months, wanders about, shifting from room to room, in the night-time, like a man possessed by evil fiends; 'orders his carriage for Wusterhausen at two in the morning,' but finds he is no better there, and returns; drinks a great deal, 'has not gone to bed sober for a month past.'[4] One night he comes gliding like a perturbed ghost, about midnight, with his candle in his hand, into the Queen's apartment; says, wildly staring, "He thinks there is something haunting him:"—O Feekin, erring disobedient Wife, wilt not thou protect me, after all? Whither can I fly when haunted, except to thee? Feekin, like a prudent woman, makes no criticism; orders that his Majesty's bed be made-up in her apartment till these phenomena cease.[5] A much-agitated royal Father.

The question what is to be done with this unhappy Crown-Prince,

[2] Despatch, 7th September 1730.
[3] Ib. 10th October.
[4] Ib. 19th December 1730.
[5] Ib. 27th Feb. 1731.

a Deserter from the army, a rebel against the paternal Majesty, and a believer in the doctrine of Election by Free Grace, or that a man's good or ill conduct is foredoomed upon him by decree of God,—becomes more intricate the longer one thinks of it. Seckendorf and Grumkow, alarmed at being too victorious, are set against violent high methods; and suggest this and that consideration: "Who is it that can legally try, condemn, or summon to his bar, a Crown-Prince? He is Prince of the Empire, as well as your Majesty's Son!"—"Well, he is Heir of the Sovereign Majesty in Prussia, too; and Colonel in the Potsdam Guards!" answers Friedrich Wilhelm.

At length, after six or seven weeks of abstruse meditation, it is settled in Tobacco-Parliament and the royal breast, That Katte and the Crown-Prince, as Deserters from the Prussian Army, can and shall be tried by Court-Martial; to that no power, on the earth or out of it, can have any objection worth attending to. Let a fair Court-Martial of our highest military characters be selected and got ready. Let that, as a voice of Rhadamanthus, speak upon the two culprits; and tell us what is to be done. By the middle of October, things on Friedrich Wilhelm's side have got so far.

Crown-Prince in Cüstrin.

Poor Friedrich meanwhile has had a grim time of it, these two months back; left alone, in coarse brown prison-dress, within his four bare walls at Cüstrin; in uninterrupted, unfathomable colloquy with the Destinies and the Necessities there. The King's stern orders must be fulfilled to the letter; the Crown-Prince is immured in that manner. At Berlin, there are the wildest rumours as to the state he has fallen into; 'covered with rags 'and vermin, unshaven, no comb allowed him, lights his own fire,' says one testimony, which Captain Dickens thinks worth reporting. For the truth is, no unofficial eye can see the Crown-Prince, or know what state he is in. And we find, in spite of the Edict, 'tongues,' not 'cut out,' kept wagging at a high rate. 'People of all ranks are unspeakably indignant' at certain heights of the business: 'Margravine Albert said publicly, "A tyrant as bad as Nero!"'[6]

How long the Crown-Prince's defiant humour held out, we are

[6] Dickens, 7th November, 2d December 1730.

not told. By the middle of October there comes proposal of 'entire confession' from the Prince; and though, when Papa sends deputies accordingly, there is next to nothing new confessed, and Papa's anger blazes out again, probably we may take this as the turning-point on his Son's part. With him, of course, that mood of mind could not last. There is no wildest lion but, finding his bars are made of iron, ceases to bite them. The Crown-Prince there, in his horror, indignation and despair, had a lucid human judgment in him, too; loyal to facts, and well knowing their inexorable nature. Just sentiments are in this young man, not capable of permanent distortion into spasm by any form of injustice laid on them. It is not long till he begins to discern, athwart this terrible, quasi-infernal element, that so the facts are; and that nothing but destruction, and no honour that were not dishonour, will be got by not conforming to the facts. My Father may be a tyrant, and driven mad against me: well, well, let not me at least go mad!

Grumkow is busy on the mild side of the business; of course Grumkow and all official men. Grumkow cannot but ask himself this question among others: How if the King should suddenly die upon us! Grumkow is out at Cüstrin, and again out; explaining to the Prince, what the enormous situation is; how inflexible, inexorable, and of peril and horror incalculable to Mother and Sister and self and royal House; and that there is one possibility of good issue, and only one: that of loyally yielding, where one cannot resist. By degrees, some lurid troublous but perceptible light-gleam breaks athwart the black whirlwind of our indignation and despair; and saner thoughts begin to insinuate themselves. "Obey, thou art not the strongest, there are stronger than thou! All men, the highest among them, are called to learn obedience."

Moreover, the first sweep of royal fury being past, his Majesty's stern regulations at Cüstrin began to relax in fulfilment; to be obeyed only by those immediately responsible, and in letter rather than in spirit even by those. President von Münchow who is head of the Domain-Kammer, chief representative of Government at Cüstrin, and resides in the Fortress there, ventures after a little, the Prince's doors being closed as we saw, to have an orifice bored through the floor above, and thereby to communicate with the Prince, and sympathetically ask, What he can do for him? Many things, books among others, are, under cunning contrivance, smuggled in by the judicious Münchow, willing to risk himself in

such a service. For example, Münchow has a son, a clever boy of seven years old; who, to the wonder of neighbours, goes into child's-petticoats again; and testifies the liveliest desire to be admitted to the Prince, and bear him company a little! Surely the law of No-company does not extend to that of an innocent child? The innocent child has a row of pockets all round the inside of his long gown; and goes laden, miscellaneously, like a ship of the desert, or cockboat not forbidden to cross the line. Then there are stools, one stool at least indispensable to human nature; and the inside of this, once you open it, is a chest-of-drawers, containing paper, ink, new literature and much else. No end to Münchow's goodwill, and his ingenuity is great.[7]

A Captain Fouquet also, furthered I think by the Old Dessauer, whose man he is, comes to Cüstrin Garrison, on duty or as volunteer, by and by. He is an old friend of the Prince's;—ran off, being the Dessauer's little page, to the Siege of Stralsund, long ago, to be the Dessauer's little soldier there:—a ready-witted, hot-tempered, highly estimable man; and his real duty here is to do the Prince what service may be possible. He is often with the Prince; their light is extinguished precisely at seven o'clock: "Very well, Lieutenant," he would say, "you have done your "orders to the Crown-Prince's light. But his Majesty has no "concern with Captain Fouquet's candles!" and thereupon would light a pair. Nay, I have heard of Lieutenants who punctually blew-out the Prince's light, as a matter of duty and command; and then kindled it again, as a civility left free to human nature. In short, his Majesty's orders can only be fulfilled to the letter; Commandant Lepel and all Officers are willing not to see where they can help seeing. Even in the letter his Majesty's orders are severe enough.

Sentence of Court-Martial.

Meanwhile the Court-Martial, selected with intense study, instals itself at Cöpenick; and on the 25th of October commences work. This Deserter Crown-Prince and his accomplices, especially Katte his chief accomplice, what is to be done with them? Cöpenick lies on the road to Cüstrin, within a morning's drive of Berlin; there is an ancient Palace here, and room for a Court-Martial. "*Que faire? ils ont des canons!*" said the old Prussian Raths, wandering about in these woods, when Gustavus and his Swedes

[7] Preuss, i. 46.

were at the door. "*Que faire?*" may the new military gentlemen think to themselves, here again, while the brown leaves rustle down upon them, after a hundred years!

The Court consists of a President, Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, an elderly Malplaquet gentleman of good experience; one of the many Schulenburgs conspicuous for soldiering, and otherwise, in those times. He is nephew of George I.'s lean mistress; who also was a Schulenburg originally, and conspicuous not for soldiering. Lean mistress we say; not the Fat one, or cataract of tallow, with eyebrows like a cartwheel, and dim coaly disks for eyes, who was George I.'s half-sister, probably not his mistress at all; and who now, as Countess of Darlington so-called, sits at Isleworth with good fat pensions, and a tame raven come-of-will,—probably the *soul* of George I. in some form.[8] Not this one, we say:—but the thread-paper Duchess of Kendal, actual Ex-mistress; who tore her hair on the road when apoplexy overtook poor George, and who now attends chapel diligently, poor old anatomy or lean human nailrod. For the sake of the English reader searching into what is called "History," I, with indignation, endeavour to discriminate these two beings once again; that each may be each, till both are happily forgotten to all eternity. It was the latter, lean maypole or nailrod one, that was Aunt of Schulenburg, the elderly Malplaquet gentleman who now presides at Cöpenick. And let the reader remember him; for he will turn up repeatedly again.

The Court consisted farther of three Major-Generals, among whom I name only Grumkow (Major-General by rank, though more of a diplomatist and black-artist than a soldier), and Schwerin, Kurt von Schwerin of Mecklenburg (whom Madam Knyphausen regrets, in her now exile to the Country); three Colonels, Derschau one of them; three Lieutenant-Colonels, three Majors and three Captains, all of whom shall be nameless here. Lastly come three of the 'Auditor' or the Judge-Advocate sort: Mylius, the Compiler of sad Prussian Quartos, known to some; Gerber, whose red cloak has frightened us once already; and the Auditor of Katte's regiment. A complete Court-Martial, and of symmetrical structure, by the rule of three;—of whose proceedings we know mainly the result, nor seek much to know more. This Court met on Wednesday 25th October 1730, in the little Town of Cöpenick; and in six days had ended, signed, sealed and dispatched to his Majesty; and got back to Berlin on the Tuesday next. His Majesty, who

[8] See Walpole, *Reminiscences*.

is now at Wusterhausen, in hunting time, finds conclusions to the following effect:

Accomplices of the Crown-Prince are two: *First*, Lieutenant Keith, actual deserter (who cannot be caught): To be hanged in effigy, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel:—*Good*, says his Majesty. *Secondly*, Lieutenant Katte of the Gens-d'Armes, intended deserter, not actually deserting, and much tempted thereto: All things considered, Perpetual Fortress Arrest to Lieutenant Katte:—*Not Good* this; *Bad* this, thinks Majesty; this provokes from his Majesty an angry rebuke to the too lax Court-Martial. Rebuke which can still be read, in growling, unlucid phraseology; but with a rhadamanthine idea clear enough in it, and with a practical purport only too clear: That Katte was a sworn soldier, of the Gens-d'Armes even, or Bodyguard of the Prussian Majesty; and did nevertheless, in the teeth of his oath, 'worship the Rising Sun' when minded to desert; did plot and colleague with foreign Courts in aid of said Rising Sun, and of an intended high crime against the Prussian Majesty itself on Rising Sun's part; far from at once revealing the same, as duty ordered Lieutenant Katte to do. That Katte's crime amounts to high treason (*crimen læsæ majestatis*); that the rule is, *Fiat justitia, et pereat mundus*;—and that, in brief, Katte's doom is, and is hereby declared to be, Death. Death by the gallows and hot pincers is the usual doom of Traitors; but his Majesty will say in this case, Death by the sword and headsman simply; certain circumstances moving the royal clemency to go so far, no farther. And the Court-Martial has straightway to apprise Katte of this same: and so doing, 'shall say, That his Majesty is sorry for Katte; but that it is better 'he die than that justice depart out of the world' (*Wusterhausen, 1st November* 1730). 'FRIEDRICH WILHELM.'[9]

This is the iron doom of Katte; which no prayer or influence of mortal will avail to alter,—lest justice depart out of the world. Katte's Father is a General of rank, Commandant of Königsberg at this moment; Katte's Grandfather by the Mother's side, old Fieldmarshal Wartensleben, is a man in good favour with Friedrich Wilhelm, and of high esteem and mark in his country for half a century past. But all this can effect nothing. Old Wartensleben thinks of the Daughter he lost; for happily Katte's Mother is dead long since. Old Wartensleben writes to Friedrich Wilhelm; his mournful Letter, and Friedrich Wilhelm's mournful but inexorable answer, can be read in the Histories; but show only what we already know.

Katte's Mother, Fieldmarshal Wartensleben's Daughter, died in

[9] Preuss, i. 44.

1706; leaving Katte only two years old. He is now twenty-six; very young for such grave issues; and his fate is certainly very hard. Poor young soul, he did not resist farther, or quarrel with the inevitable and inexorable. He listened to Chaplain Müller of the Gens-d'Armes; admitted profoundly, after his fashion, that the great God was just, and the poor Katte sinful, foolish, only to be saved by miracle of mercy; and piously prepared himself to die on these terms. There are three Letters of his to his Grandfather, which can still be read, one of them in Wilhelmina's Book,[10] the sound of it like that of dirges borne on the wind. Wilhelmina evidently pities Katte very tenderly; in her heart she has a fine royal-maiden kind of feeling to the poor youth. He did heartily repent and submit; left with Chaplain Müller a Paper of pious considerations, admonishing the Prince to submit. These are Katte's last employments in his prison at Berlin, after sentence had gone forth.

Katte's End, 6th November 1730.

On Sunday evening 5th November, it is intimated to him, unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Cüstrin, and there die;—carriage now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready, then; and so, under charge of his old Major and two brother Officers, who, and Chaplain Müller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own old Cavalry Regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin (rather on sudden summons); drives all night, towards Cüstrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces wore a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth that night. Chaplain Müller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and, from time to time, there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness and the noise of wheels, snatches of 'devotional singing,' led by Müller.

It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin garrison. He took kind leave of Major and men: Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore! —And, about nine o'clock he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes (to 'see Katte die,' had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful

[10] Wilhelmina, i. 302.

Müller was in the death-car along with Katte: and he had adjoined to himself one Besserer, the Chaplain of the Garrison, in this sad function, since arriving. Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing:

'His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God; and we (Müller 'and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenwards, by pre-'senting the examples of those who had died in the Lord,—as of God's 'Son himself, and Stephen, and the Thief on the Cross,—till, under 'such discoursing, we approached the Castle. Here, after long wistful 'looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan,' Royal Highness the Crown-Prince, 'at a window in the Castle; from whom he, 'with the politest and most tender expression, spoken in French, took 'leave, with no little emotion of sorrow.' [11]

President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: "In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!" Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. "*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*" cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you!—"Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well," said Katte, "*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*" [12] and fared on,—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times,—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred.

"Never was such a transaction before or since, in Modern History," cries the angry reader: "cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones, like—" Or indeed like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone? This is what, after much sorting and sifting, I could get to know about the definite facts of it. Commentary, not likely to be very final at this epoch, the reader himself shall supply at discretion.

[11] Letter to Katte's Father (Extract, in Preuss, *Friedrich mit Freunden und Verwandten*, p. 7).

[12] Wilhelmina, i. 307; Preuss, i. 45.

BOOK VIII.

CROWN-PRINCE RETRIEVED: LIFE AT CUSTRIN.

November 1730—February 1732.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPLAIN MULLER WAITS ON THE CROWN-PRINCE.

FRIEDRICH'S feelings at this juncture are not made known to us by himself in the least; or credibly by others in any considerable degree. As indeed in these confused Prussian History-Books, opulent in nugatory pedantisms and learned marine-stores, all that is human remains distressingly obscure to us; so seldom, and then only as through endless clouds of ever-whirling idle dust, can we catch the smallest direct feature of the young man, and of his real demeanour or meaning, on the present or other occasions! But it is evident this last phenomenon fell upon him like an overwhelming cataract; crushed him down under the immensity of sorrow, confusion and despair; his own death not a theory now, but probably a near fact,—a welcome one in wild moments, and then anon so unwelcome. Frustrate, bankrupt, chargeable with a friend's lost life, sure enough he, for one, is: what is to become of him? Whither is he to turn, thoroughly beaten, foiled in all his enterprises? Proud young soul as he was: the ruling Powers, be they just, be they unjust, have proved too hard for him! We hear of tragic vestiges still traceable of Friedrich, belonging to this time: texts of Scripture quoted by him, pencil-sketches of his drawing; expressive of a mind dwelling in Golgothas, and pathetically, not defiantly, contemplating the very worst.

Chaplain Müller of the Gens-d'Armes, being found a pious and intelligent man, has his orders not to return at once from Cüstrin; but to stay there, and deal with the Prince, on that horrible Predestination topic and his other unexampled backslidings which have ended so. Müller staid accordingly, for a couple of weeks, intensely busy on the Predestination topic, and generally in assuaging, and mutually mollifying, paternal Majesty and afflicted Son. In all which he had good success; and especially on the Predestination

point was triumphantly successful. Müller left a little Book in record of his procedures there; which, had it not been bound over to the official tone, might have told us something. His Correspondence with the King, during those two weeks, has likewise been mostly printed;[1] and is of course still more official,—teaching us next to nothing, except poor Friedrich Wilhelm's profoundly devotional mood, anxieties about 'the claws of Satan' and the like, which we were glad to hear of above. In Müller otherwise is small help for us.

But, fifty years afterwards, there was alive a Son of this Müller's; an innocent Country Parson, not wanting in sense, and with much simplicity and veracity; who was fished-out by Nicolai, and set to recalling what his Father used to say of this adventure, much the grandest of his life. In Müller Junior's Letter of Reminiscences to Nicolai we find some details, got from his Father, which are worth gleaning:

'When my Father first attempted, by royal order, to bring the Crown-'Prince to acknowledgment and repentance of the fault committed, 'Crown-Prince gave this excuse or explanation: "As his Father could 'not endure the sight of him, he had meant to get out of the way of his 'displeasure, and go to a Court with which his Father was in friendship 'and relationship,"'—clearly indicating England, think the Müllers 'Junior and Senior.

'For proof that the intention was towards England this other circum-'stance serves, that the one confidant—Herr von Keith, if I mistake not' (no, you don't mistake), 'had already bespoken a ship for passage out.'—Here is something still more unexpected:

'My Father used to say, he found an excellent knowledge and con-'viction of the truths of religion in the Crown-Prince. By the Prince's 'arrangement, my Father, who at first lodged with the Commandant, 'had to take up his quarters in the room right above the Prince; who 'daily, often as early as six in the morning, rapped on the ceiling for 'him to come down; and then they would dispute and discuss, some-'times half-days long, about the different tenets of the Christian Sects; '—and my Father said, the Prince was perfectly at home in the Polemic 'Doctrines of the Reformed (Calvinistic) Church, even to the minutest 'points. As my Father brought him proofs from Scripture, the Prince 'asked him one time, How he could keep chapter and verse so exactly in 'his memory? Father drew from his pocket a little Hand-Concordance, 'and showed it him as one help. This he had to leave with the Prince 'for some days. On getting it back, he found inside on the fly-leaf,

[1] Förster, i. 376-379.

'sketched in pencil,'—what is rather notable to History,—'the figure of 'a man on his knees, with two swords hanging crosswise over his head; 'and at the bottom these words of Psalm Seventy-third (verses 25, 26), '*Whom have I in Heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that* '*I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart fainteth and faileth;* '*but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever.*'—Poor Friedrich, this is a very unexpected pencil-sketch on his part; but an undeniable one; betokening abstruse night-thoughts and forebodings in the present juncture!—

'Whoever considers this fine knowledge of religion, and reflects on 'the peculiar character and genius of the young Herr, which was ever 'struggling towards light and clearness (for at that time he had *not* become 'indifferent to religion, he often prayed with my Father on his knees),— 'will find that it was morally impossible this young Prince could have 'thought' (as some foolish persons have asserted) 'of throwing himself 'into the arms of Papal Superstition,' (seeking help at Vienna, marrying an Austrian Archduchess, and I know not what,) 'or allow the intrigues 'of Catholic Priests to'—Oh no, Herr Müller, nobody but very foolish persons could imagine such a thing of this young Herr.

'When my Father, Herr von Katte's execution being ended, hastened 'to the Crown-Prince; he finds him miserably ill (*sehr alterirt*); advises 'him to take a cooling-powder in water, both which materials were ready 'on the table. This he presses on him: but the Prince always shakes 'his head.' Suspects poison, you think? 'Hereupon my Father takes 'from his pocket a paper, in which he carried cooling-powder for his own 'use; shakes-out a portion of it into his hand, and so into his mouth; 'and now the Crown-Prince grips at my father's powder, and takes that.' Privately to be made away with; death resolved upon in some way! thinks the desperate young man?[2]

That scene of Katte's execution, and of the Prince's and other people's position in regard to it, has never yet been humanly set forth, otherwise the response had been different. Not humanly set forth,—and so was only barked at, as by the infinitude of little dogs, in all countries; and could never yet be responded to in austere *vox humana*, deep as a *De Profundis*, terrible as a Chorus of Æschylus,—for in effect that is rather the character of it, had the barking once pleased to cease.

'King of Prussia cannot sleep,' writes Dickens: 'the officers sit 'up with him every night, and in his slumbers he raves and talks 'of spirits and apparitions.'[3] We saw him, ghost-like, in the night-time, gliding about, seeking shelter with Feekin against

[2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 183-189. [3] Despatch, 3d October 1730.

ghosts; Ginkel by daylight saw him, now clad in thunderous tornado, and anon in sorrowful fog. Here, farther on, is a new item,—and joined to it and the others, a remarkable old one:

'In regard to Wilhelmina's marriage, and whether a Father 'cannot give his daughter in wedlock to whom he pleases, there 'have been eight Divines consulted, four Lutheran, four Reformed '(Calvinist); who, all but one' (he of the Garrison Church, a rhadamanthine fellow in serge), have answered, "No, your Majesty!" 'It is remarkable that his Majesty has not gone to bed sober for 'this month past.' [4]

What Seckendorf and Grumkow thought of all these phenomena? They have done their job too well. They are all for mercy; lean with their whole weight that way,—in black qualms, one of them withal, thinking tremulously to himself, "What if his now Majesty were to die upon us, in the interim!"

CHAPTER II.

CROWN-PRINCE TO REPENT AND NOT PERISH.

In regard to Friedrich, the Court-Martial needs no amendment from the King; the sentence on Friedrich, a Lieutenant-Colonel guilty of desertion, is, from President and all members except two, Death as by law. The two who dissented, invoking royal clemency and pardon, were Major-Generals by rank,—Schwerin, as some write, one of them, or if not Schwerin, then Linger; and for certain, Dönhof,—two worthy gentlemen not known to any of my readers, nor to me, except as names. The rest are all coldly of opinion that the military code says Death. Other codes and considerations may say this and that, which it is not in their province to touch upon; this is what the military code says: and they leave it there.

The Junius Brutus of a Royal Majesty had answered in his

[4] Dickens, 9th and 19th December 1730.

own heart grimly, Well then! But his Councillors, Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, one and all interpose vehemently. "Prince of the Empire, your Majesty, not a Lieutenant-Colonel only! Must not, cannot;"—nay good old Buddenbrock, in the fire of still unsuccessful pleading, tore open his waistcoat: "If your Majesty requires blood, take mine; that other you shall never get, so long as I can speak!" Foreign Courts interpose; Sweden, the Dutch; the English in a circuitous way, round by Vienna to wit; finally the Kaiser himself sends an Autograph;[1] for poor Queen Sophie has applied even to Seckendorf, will be friends with Grumkow himself, and in her despair is knocking at every door. Junius Brutus is said to have had paternal affections withal. Friedrich Wilhelm, alone against the whispers of his own heart and the voices of all men, yields at last in this cause. To Seckendorf, who has chalked-out a milder didactic plan of treatment, still rigorous enough,[2] he at last admits that such plan is perhaps good; that the Kaiser's Letter has turned the scale with him; and the didactic method, not the beheading one, shall be tried. That Dönhof and Schwerin, with their talk of mercy, with "their eyes upon the Rising Sun," as is evident, have done themselves no good, and shall perhaps find it so one day. But that, at any rate, Friedrich's life is spared; Katte's execution shall suffice in that kind. Repentance, prostrate submission and amendment,—these may do yet more for the prodigal, if he will in heart return. These points, sometime before the 8th of November, we find to be as good as settled.

The unhappy prodigal is in no condition to resist farther. Chaplain Müller had introduced himself with Katte's dying admonition to the Crown-Prince to repent and submit. Chaplain Müller, with his wholesome cooling-powders, with his ghostly counsels, and considerations of temporal and eternal nature,—we saw how he prospered almost beyond hope. Even on Predestination, and the real nature of Election by Free Grace, all is coming right, or come, reports Müller. The Chaplain's Reports, Friedrich Wilhelm's grimly mollified Responses on the same: they are written, and in confused form have been printed; but shall be spared the English reader.

And Grumkow has been out at Cüstrin, preaching to the same

[1] Date, 11th October 1730 (Förster, i. 380).

[2] His Letter to the King, 1st November 1730 (in Förster, i. 375, 376).

purport from other texts: Grumkow, with the thought ever present to him, "What if Friedrich Wilhelm should die?" is naturally an eloquent preacher. Enough, it has been settled (perhaps before the day of Katte's death, or at the latest three days after it, as we can see), That if the Prince will, and can with free conscience, take an Oath ("no mental reservation," mark you!) of contrite repentance, of perfect prostrate submission, and purpose of future entire obedience and conformity to the paternal mind in all things, "*Gnadenwahl*" included,—the paternal mind may possibly relax his durance a little, and put him gradually on proof again.[3]

Towards which issue, as Chaplain Müller reports, the Crown-Prince is visibly gravitating, with all his weight and will. The very *Gnadenwahl* is settled; the young soul (truly a lover of Truth, your Majesty) taps on his ceiling, my floor being overhead, before the winter sun rises, as a signal that I must come down to him;—so eager to have error and darkness purged away. Believes himself, as I believe him, ready to undertake that Oath; desires, however, to see it first, that he may maturely study every clause of it.—Say you verily so? answers Majesty. And *may* my ursine heart flow out again, and blubber gratefully over a sinner saved, a poor Son plucked as brand from the burning? 'God, the Most 'High, give His blessing on it, then!' concludes the paternal Majesty: 'And as He often, by wondrous guidances, strange 'paths and thorny steps, will bring men into the Kingdom 'of Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal 'son be brought into His communion. That his godless heart 'be beaten till it is softened and changed; and so he be snatched 'from the claws of Satan. This grant us the Almighty God and 'Father, for our Lord Jesus Christ and His passion and death's 'sake! Amen!—I am, for the rest, your well-affectioned King, 'FRIEDRICH WILHELM (*Wusterhausen, 8th November* 1730).'

Crown-Prince begins a new Course.

It was Monday 6th November, when poor Katte died. Within a fortnight, on the second Sunday after, there has a Select Commission, Grumkow, Borck, Buddenbrock, with three other Soldiers, and the Privy Councillor Thulmeyer, come out to Cüstrin: there and then, Sunday November 19th,[5] these Seven, with due

[3] King's Letter to Müller, 8th November (Förster, i. 379).

[4] Förster, i. 379.

[5] Nicolai, exactest of men, only that Documents were occasionally less ac-

solemnity, administer the Oath (terms of Oath conceivable by readers); Friedrich being found ready. He signs the Oath, as well as audibly swears it: whereupon his sword is restored to him, and his prison-door opened. He steps forth to the Town Church with his Commissioners; takes the sacrament; listens, with all Cüstrin, to an allusive Sermon on the subject; 'text happily chosen, preacher handling it well.' Text was Psalm Seventy-seventh, verse eleventh (tenth of our English version), *And I said, This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High;* or, as Luther's version more intelligibly gives it, *This I have to suffer; the right hand of the Most High can change all.* Preacher (not Müller but another) rose gradually into didactic pathos; Prince, and all Cüstrin, were weeping, or near weeping, at the close of the business.[6]

Straight from Church the Prince is conducted, not to the Fortress, but to a certain Town Mansion, which he is to call his own henceforth, under conditions: an erring Prince half-liberated, and mercifully put on proof again. His first act here is to write, of his own composition, or helped by some official hand, this Letter to his All-serenest Papa; which must be introduced, though, except to readers of German who know the '*Dero*' (Theiro), '*Allerdurchlauchtigster*,' and strange pipeclay solemnity of the Court-style, it is like to be in great part lost in any translation:

'Cüstrin, 19th November 1730.

'All-serenest and All-graciousest Father,—To your Royal Majesty, my 'All-graciousest Father, have,'—*i.e.* 'I have,' if one durst write the 'I,'— 'by my disobedience as Theiro' (Youro) 'subject and soldier, not less 'than by my undutifulness as Theiro Son, given occasion to a just wrath 'and aversion against me. With the All-obedientest respect I submit 'myself wholly to the grace of my most All-gracious Father; and beg him, 'Most All-graciously to pardon me; as it is not so much the withdrawal 'of my liberty in a sad arrest (*malheureusen Arrest*), as my own thoughts 'of the fault I have committed, that have brought me to reason: Who, 'with all-obedientest respect and submission, continue till my end,

'My All-graciousest King's and Father's faithfully obedientest

'Servant and Son,

'FRIEDRICH.'[7]

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cessible in his time, gives (*Anekdoten*, vi. 187), 'Saturday November 25th,' as the day of the Oath; but, no doubt, the later inquirers, Preuss (i. 56) and others, have found him wrong in this small instance.

[6] Preuss, i. 56.

[7] Preuss, i. 56, 57; and Anonymous, *Friedrichs des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, Posen und Bromberg, 1838), p. 3.

This new House of Friedrich's in the little Town of Cüstrin, he finds arranged for him on rigorously thrifty principles, yet as a real Household of his own; and even in the form of a Court, with Hofmarschall, Kammerjunkers, and the other adjuncts;—Court reduced to its simplest expression, as the French say, and probably the cheapest that was ever set up. Hofmarschall (Court-Marshal) is one Wolden, a civilian Official here. The Kammerjunkers are Rohwedel and Natzmer; Natzmer Junior, son of a distinguished Feldmarschall: 'a good-hearted but foolish forward young fellow,' says Wilhelmina; 'the failure of a coxcomb (*petit-maître manqué*).' For example, once, strolling about in a solemn Kaiser's Soiree in Vienna, he found in some quiet corner the young Duke of Lorraine, Franz, who it is thought will be the divine Maria Theresa's husband, and Kaiser himself one day. Foolish Natzmer found this noble young gentleman in a remote corner of the Soiree; went up, nothing loath, to speak graciosities and insipidities to him: the noble young gentleman yawned, as was too natural, a wide long yawn; and in an insipid familiar manner, foolish Natzmer (Wilhelmina and the Berlin circles know it) put his finger into the noble young gentleman's mouth, and insipidly wagged it there. "Sir, you seem to forget where you are!" said the noble young gentleman; and closing his mouth with emphasis, turned away; but happily took no farther notice.[8] This is all we yet know of the history of Natzmer, whose heedless ways and slapdash speculations, tinted with natural ingenuity and goodhumour, are not unattractive to the Prince.

Hofmarschall and these two Kammerjunkers are of the lawyer species; men intended for Official business, in which the Prince himself is now to be occupied. The Prince has four lackeys, two pages, one valet. He wears his sword, but has no sword-tash (*porte-épée*),' much less an officer's uniform: a mere Prince put upon his good behaviour again; not yet a soldier of the Prussian Army, only hoping to become so again. He wears a light-gray dress, '*hechtgrauer* (pike-gray) frock with narrow silver cordings;' and must recover his uniform, by proving himself gradually a new man.

For there is, along with the new household, a new employment laid out for him in Cüstrin; and it shall be seen what figure he makes in that, first of all. He is to sit in the *Domänen-Kammer*

[8] Wilhelmina, i. 310.

or Government Board here, as youngest Rath; no other career permitted. Let him learn Economics and the way of managing Domain Lands (a very principal item of the royal revenues in this Country): humble work, but useful; which he had better see well how he will do. Two elder Raths are appointed to instruct him in the Economic Sciences and Practices, if he show faculty and diligence;—which in fact he turns out to do, in a superior degree, having every motive to try.

This kind of life lasted with him for the next fifteen months, all through the year 1731 and farther; and must have been a very singular, and was probably a highly instructive year to him, not in the Domain Sciences alone. He is left wholly to himself. All his fellow-creatures, as it were, are watching him. Hundred-eyed Argus, or the Ear of Dionysius, that is to say, Tobacco-Parliament with its spies and reporters,—no stirring of his finger can escape it here. He has much suspicion to encounter: Papa looking always sadly askance, sadly incredulous, upon him. He is in correspondence with Grumkow; takes much advice from Grumkow (our prompter-general, president in the Dionysius'-Ear, and not an ill-wisher farther); professes much thankfulness to Grumkow, now and henceforth. Thank you for flinging me out of the six-story window, and catching me by the coatskirts!—Left altogether to himself, as we said; has in the whole Universe nothing that will save him but his own good sense, his own power of discovering what is what, and of doing what will be behoveful therein.

He is to quit his French literatures and pernicious practices, one and all. His very flute, most innocent "Princess," as he used to call his flute in old days, is denied him ever since he came to Cüstrin;—but by degrees he privately gets her back, and consorts much with her; wails forth, in beautiful adagios, emotions for which there is no other utterance at present. He has liberty of Cüstrin and the neighbourhood; out of Cüstrin he is not to lodge, any night, without leave had of the Commandant. Let him walk warily; and in good earnest study to become a new creature, useful for something in the Domain Sciences and otherwise.

CHAPTER III.

WILHELMINA IS TO WED THE PRINCE OF BAIREUTH.

CROWN-PRINCE FRIEDRICH being settled so far, his Majesty takes up the case of Wilhelmina, the other ravelled skein lying on hand. Wilhelmina has been prisoner in her Apartment at Berlin all this while: it is proper Wilhelmina be disposed of; either in wedlock, filially obedient to the royal mind; or in some much sterner way, 'within four walls,' it is whispered, if disobedient.

Poor Wilhelmina never thought of disobeying her parents: only, which of them to obey? King looks towards the Prince of Baireuth again, agreed on before those hurly-burlies now past; Queen looks far otherwards. Queen Sophie still desperately believes in the English match for Wilhelmina; and has subterranean correspondences with that Court; refusing to see that the negotiation is extinct there. Grumkow himself, so over-victorious in his late task, is now heeling towards England; 'sincere in his wish to be well with us,' thinks Dickens: Grumkow solaces her Majesty with delusive hopes in the English quarter. "Be firm, child; trust in "my management; only swear to me, on your eternal salvation, "that never, on any compulsion, will you marry another than the Prince of Wales;—give me that oath!"[1] Such was Queen Sophie's last proposal to Wilhelmina,—night of the 27th of January 1731, as is computable,—her Majesty to leave for Potsdam on the morrow. They wept much together that night, but Wilhelmina dextrously evaded the oath, on a religious ground. Prince of Baireuth, whom Papa may like or may not like, has never yet personally made appearance: who or what will make appearance, or how things can or will turn, except a bad road, is terribly a mystery to Wilhelmina.

What with chagrin and confinement, what with bad diet (for the very diet is bad, quality and quantity alike unspeakable), Wilhelmina sees herself 'reduced to a skeleton;' no company but

[1] Wilhelmina, i. 314.

her faithful Sonsfeld, no employment but her Books and Music;—struggles, however, still to keep heart. One day, it is in February 1731, as I compute, they are sitting, her Sonsfeld and she, at their sad mess of so-called dinner, in their remote upper story of the Berlin Schloss, tramp of sentries the one thing audible; and were 'looking mournfully at one another, with nothing to eat but a soup 'of salt and water, and a ragout of old bones full of hairs and 'slopperies,'—nothing else; that was its real quality, whatever fine name they might give it, says the vehement Princess,—'we heard 'a sharp tapping at the window; and started up in surprise, to see 'what it could be. It was a raven, carrying in its beak a bit of 'bread, which it left on the window-sill, and flew away.'[2]

'Tears came into our eyes at this adventure.' Are we become as Hebrew Elijahs, then; so that the wild ravens have to bring us food? Truth is, there was nothing miraculous, as Wilhelmina found by and by. It was a tame raven,—not the soul of old George I., which lives at Isleworth on good pensions; but the pet raven of a certain Margravine, which lost its way among the intricate roofs here. But the incident was touching. "Well," exclaimed Wilhelmina, "in the Roman Histories I am now reading, it is "often said those creatures betoken good luck." All Berlin, such the appetite for gossip, and such the famine of it in Berlin at present, talked of this minute event: and the French Colony,—old Protestant Colony, practical considerate people,—were so struck by it, they brought baskets of comfortable things to us, and left them daily, as if by accident, on some neutral ground, where the maid could pick them up, sentries refusing to see unless compelled. Which fine procedure has attached Wilhelmina to the French nation ever since, as a dextrous useful people, and has given her a disposition to help them where she could.

The omen of the raven did not at once bring good luck: however, it did chance to be the turning-point, solstice of this long Greenland winter; after which, amid storms and alarms, daylight came steadily nearer. Storms and alarms: for there came rumours of quarrels out at Potsdam, quarrels on the old score between the Royal Spouses there; and frightful messages, through one Eversmann, an insolent royal lackey, about wedding Weissenfels, about imprisonment for life and other hard things; through all which Wilhelmina studied to keep her poor head steady, and answer with

[2] Wilhelmina, i. 316.

dignity yet discreetly. On the other hand, her Sisters are permitted to visit her, and perceptible assuagements come. At length, on the 11th of May, there came solemn Deputation, Borck, Grumkow, Thulmeyer in it, old real friends and pretended new; which set poor Wilhelmina wringing her hands (having had a Letter from Mamma overnight); but did bring about a solution. It was Friday 11th of May; a day of crisis in Wilhelmina's history; Queen commanding one thing, King another, and the hour of decision come.

Entering, announcing themselves, with dreadful solemnity, these gentlemen, Grumkow the spokesman, in soft phrase, but with strict clearness, made it apparent to her, That marry she must,—the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth,—and without the consent of both her parents, which was unattainable at present, but peremptorily under the command of one of them, whose vote was the supreme. Do this (or even say that you will do it, whisper some of the well-affected), his Majesty's paternal favour will return upon you like pent waters;—and the Queen will surely reconcile herself (or perhaps turn it all her own way yet! whisper the well-affected). Refuse to do it, her Majesty, your Royal Brother, you yourself Royal Highness, God only knows what the unheard-of issue will be for you all! Do it, let us advise you: you must, you must!—Wilhelmina wrung her hands; ran distractedly to and fro; the well-affected whispering to her, the others 'conversing at a window.' At length she did it. Will marry whom her all-gracious Papa appoints; never wished or meant the least disobedience; hopes, beyond all things, his paternal love will now return, and make everybody blessed;—and O, reconcile Mamma to me, ye well-affected! adds she.—Bravissimo! answer they: her Majesty, for certain, will reconcile herself; Crown-Prince get back from Cüstrin, and all will be well.[3]

Friedrich Wilhelm was overjoyed; Queen Sophie Dorothee was in despair. With his Majesty, who 'wept' like a paternal bear, on reëmbracing Wilhelmina the obedient some days hence, it became a settled point, and was indicated to Wilhelmina as such, That the Crown-Prince would, on her actual wedding, probably get back from Cüstrin. But her Majesty's reconcilement,—this was very slow to follow. Her Majesty was still in flames of ire at their next interview; and poor Wilhelmina fainted, on approaching to kiss her hand. "Disgraced, vanquished, and my enemies

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 327-333.

triumphing!" said her Majesty; and vented her wrath on Wilhelmina; and fell ill (so soon as there was leisure), ill, like to die, and said, "Why pretend to weep, when it is you that have killed me!" —and indeed was altogether hard, bitter, upon the poor Princess; a chief sorrow to her in these trying months. Can there be such wrath in celestial minds, venting itself so unreasonably?—

At present there is no leisure for illness; grand visitors in quantity have come and are coming; and the Court is brilliant exceedingly;—his Majesty blazing out into the due magnificence, which was very great on this occasion, domestic matters looking up with him again. The Serenities of Brunswick and here, young and old; much liked by Friedrich Wilhelm; and almost reckoned family people,—ever since their Eldest Son was affianced to the Princess Charlotte here, last visit they made. To Princess Charlotte, Wilhelmina's second junior,—mischievous, coquettish creature she, though very pretty and insinuating, who seems to think her Intended rather a phlegmatic young gentleman, as Wilhelmina gradually discovers. Then there is old Duke Eberhard Ludwig, of Würtemberg, whom we saw at Ludwigsburg last year, in an intricate condition with his female world and otherwise, he too announces himself,—according to promise then given. Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig comes, stays three weeks in great splendour of welcome;—poor old gentleman, his one son is now dead; and things are getting earnest with him. On his return home, this time, he finds, according to order, the foul witch Grävenitz duly cleared away; reinstates his injured Duchess, with the due feelings, better late than never; and dies in a year or two, still childless.—

These are among the high guests at Berlin; and there are plenty of others whom we do not name. Magnificent dining; with 'six-and-twenty blackamoors,' high-coloured creatures, marching up the grand staircase, round the table, round it, and then down again, melodious, doing 'janizary music,' if you happen to prefer that kind;—trained creatures these blackamoors, all got when boys, and set to cymballing and fifing betimes, adds my authority.[4] Dining, boar-hunting (if the boar be huntable), especially reviewing, fail not in those fine summer days.

One evening, it is Sunday 27th of May, latish, while the high guests, with Queen and Wilhelmina, are just passing in to supper (King's Majesty having 'gone to bed at seven,' to be well astir for

[4] Fassmann, p. 726, &c.

the review tomorrow), a sound of wheels is heard in the court. Modest travelling-equipage rolls up into the inner court; to the foot of the grand staircase there, whither only Princes come:—who can it be? The Queen sends to inquire. Heavens, it is the Hereditary Prince of Baireuth! 'Medusa's Head never produced 'such effect as did this bit of news: Queen sat petrified; and I,' by reflex, was petrified too! Wilhelmina passed the miserablest night, no wink of sleep; and felt quite ill in the morning;—in dread, too, of Papa's rough jests,—and wretched enough. She had begged much, last night, to be excused from the review. But that could not be: "I must go," said the Queen after reflection, "and you with me." Which they did;—and diversified the pomp and circumstance of mock-war by a small unexpected scene.

Queen, Princess and the proper Dames had, by his Majesty's order, to pass before the line: Princess in much trouble, 'with three caps huddled on me, to conceal myself,' poor soul. Margraf of Schwedt, at the head of his regiment, 'looked swollen with rage,' high hopes gone in this manner;—and saluted us with eyes turned away. As for his Mother, the Dessau Margravine in high colours, she was 'blue in the face' all day. Lines passed, and salutations done, her Majesty and Dames withdrew to the safe distance, to look on:—Such a show, for pomp and circumstance, Wilhelmina owns, as could not be equalled in the world. Such wheeling, rhythmic coalescing and unfolding; accurate as clock-work, far and wide; swift big column here, hitting swift big column there, at the appointed place and moment; with their volleyings and trumpetings, bright uniforms and streamers and field-music,—in equipment and manœuvre perfect all, to the meanest drummer or black kettledrummer:—supreme drill-sergeant playing on the thing, as on his huge piano, several square miles in area! Comes of the Old Dessauer, all this; of the "equal step;" of the abstruse meditations upon tactics, in that rough head of his. Very pretty indeed.—But in the mean while an Official steps up; cap in hand, approaches the Queen's carriage; says, He is ordered to introduce his Highness the Prince of Baireuth. Prince comes up accordingly; a personable young fellow; intelligent-looking, self-possessed; makes obeisance to her Majesty, who answers in frosty politeness; and—and Wilhelmina, faint, fasting, sleepless all night, fairly falls aswoon. Could not be helped: and the whole world saw it; and Guy Dickens and

the Diplomatists wrote home about it, and there rose rumour and gossip enough![5] But that was the naked truth of it: hot weather, agitation, want of sleep, want of food; not aversion to the Hereditary Prince, nothing of that.

Rather the contrary, indeed; and, on better acquaintance, much the contrary. For he proved a very rational, honourable and eligible young Prince: modest, honest, with abundance of sense and spirit; kind too and good, hot temper well kept, temper hot not harsh; quietly holds his own in all circles; good discourse in him, too, and sharp repartee if requisite,—though he stammered somewhat in speaking. Submissive Wilhelmina feels that one might easily have had a worse husband. What glories for you in England! the Queen used to say to her in old times: "He is "a Prince, that Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius "is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly out of shape "even (*un peu contrefait*). But provided you have the complaisance "to suffer his debaucheries, you will quite govern him; and you "will be more King than he, when once his Father is dead. Only "see what a part you will play! It will be you that decide on the "weal or woe of Europe, and give law to the Nation,"[6]—in a manner! Which Wilhelmina did not think a celestial prospect even then. Who knows but, of all the offers she had, 'four' or three 'crowned heads' among them, this final modest honest one may be intrinsically the best? Take your portion, if inevitable and be thankful!—

The Betrothal follows in about a week: Sunday 3d June 1731; with great magnificence, in presence of the high guests and all the world: and Wilhelmina is the affianced Bride of Friedrich of Baireuth:—and that enormous Double-Marriage Tragicomedy, of Much Ado about Nothing, is at last ended. Courage, friends; all things do end!—

The high guests hereupon go their ways again; and the Court of Berlin, one cannot but suppose, collapses, as after a great effort finished. Do not Friedrich Wilhelm and innumerable persons,—the readers and the writer of this History included,—feel a stone rolled off their hearts?—It is now, and not till now, that Queen Sophie falls sick, and like to die; and reproaches Wilhelmina with killing her. Friedrich Wilhelm hopes confidently, not; waits out at Potsdam, for a few days, till this killing danger pass; then departs, with double impetuosity, for Preussen, and dispatch of

[5] Dickens, of 2d June 1731 (in pathetic terms); Wilhelmina, i. 341 (without pathos).

[6] Wilhelmina, i. 143.

Public Business; such a mountain of Domestic Business being victoriously got under.

Poor King, his life, this long while, has been a series of earthquakes and titanic convulsions. Narrow miss he has had, of pulling down his house about his ears, and burying self, son, wife, family and fortunes, under the ruin-heap,—a monument to remote posterity. Never was such an enchanted dance, of well-intentioned Royal Bear with poetic temperament, piped to by two black-artists, for the Kaiser's and Pragmatic Sanction's sake! Let Tobacco-Parliament also rejoice; for truly the play was growing dangerous, of late. King and Parliament, we may suppose, return to Public Business with double vigour.

CHAPTER IV.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE IN PREUSSEN AND ELSEWHERE.

NOT that his Majesty, while at the deepest in domestic intricacies, ever neglects Public Business. This very summer he is raising Hussar Squadrons; bent to introduce the Hussar kind of soldiery into his Army;—a good deal of horsebreaking and new sabre-exercise needed for that object.[1] The affairs of the Reich have at no moment been out of his eye; glad to see the Kaiser edging round to the Sea-Powers again, and things coming into their old posture, in spite of that sad Treaty of Seville.

Nay, for the last two years, while the domestic volcanos were at their worst, his Majesty has been extensively dealing with a new question which has risen, that of the *Salzburg Protestants;* concerning which we shall hear more anon. Far and wide, in the Diets and elsewhere, he has been diligently, piously and with solid judgment, handling this question of the poor Salzburgers; and has even stored up moneys in intended solace of them (for he foresees what the end will be);—moneys which, it appears about this time, a certain Official over in Preussen has been peculating! In the end of June, his Majesty sets off to Preussen on the usual Inspection Tour; which we should not mention, were it not in regard to that same Official, and to something very rhadamanthine and

[1] Fassmann, pp. 417, 418.

particular which befell him; significant of what his Majesty can do in the way of prompt justice.

Case of Schlubhut.

The Königsberg Domain-Board (*Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*) had fallen awry, in various points, of late; several things known to be out-at-elbows in that Country; the Kammer Raths evidently lax at their post; for which reason they have been sharply questioned, and shaken by the collar, so to speak. Nay there is one Rath, a so-called Nobleman of those parts, by name Schlubhut, who has been found actually defaulting; peculating from that pious hoard intended for the Salzburgers: he is proved, and confesses, to have put into his own scandalous purse no less than 11,000 thalers, some say 30,000 (almost 5,000*l.*), which belonged to the Public Treasury and the Salzburg Protestants! These things, especially this latter unheard-of Schlubhut thing, the Supreme Court at Berlin (*Criminal-Collegium*) have been sitting on, for some time; and, in regard to Schlubhut, they have brought out a result, which Friedrich Wilhelm not a little admires at. Schlubhut clearly guilty of the defalcation, say they; but he has moneys, landed properties: let him refund, principal and interest; and have, say, three or four years' imprisonment, by way of memento. "Years' imprisonment? Refund? Is theft in the highest quarters a thing to be let-off for refunding?" growls his Majesty; and will not confirm this sentence of his Criminal-Collegium; but leaves it till he get to the spot, and see with his own eyes. Schlubhut, in arrest or mild confinement all this while, ought to be bethinking himself more than he is!

Once on the spot, judge if the Königsberg Domain-Kammer had not a stiff muster to pass; especially if Schlubhut's drill-exercise was gentle! Schlubhut, summoned to private interview with his Majesty, carries his head higher than could be looked for: Is very sorry; knows not how it happened; meant always to refund; will refund, to the last penny, and make all good.—"Refund? Does He (*Er*) know what stealing means, then? How the commonest convicted private thief finds the gallows his portion; much more a public magistrate convicted of theft? Is He aware that He, in a very especial manner, deserves hanging, then?"—Schlubhut looks offended dignity; conscious of rank, if also of quasi-theft: "*Es ist nicht Manier* (it is not the polite thing) to

hang a Prussian Nobleman on those light terms!" answers Schlubhut, high-mannered at the wrong time: "I can and will pay the money back!"—*Noble*-man? Money back? "I will none of His scoundrelly money." To strait Prison with this *Schurke!*—And thither he goes accordingly: unhappiest of mortals; to be conscious of rank, not at the right place, when about to steal the money, but at the wrong, when answering to Rhadamanthus on it!

And there, sure enough, Schlubhut lies, in his prison on the *Schlossplatz*, or Castle Square, of Königsberg, all night; and hears, close by the *Domänen-Kammer*, which is in the same Square, *Domänen-Kammer* where his Office used to be, a terrible sound of carpentering go on;—unhappiest of Prussian Noblemen. And in the morning, see, a high gallows built; close in upon the Domain-Kammer, looking into the very windows of it;—and there, sure enough, the unfortunate Schlubhut dies the thief's death, few hours hence, speaking or thinking what, no man reports to me. Death was certain for him; inevitable as fate. And so he vibrates there, admonitory to the other Raths for days,—some say for weeks,—till by humble petition they got the gallows removed. The stumps of it, sawed close by the stones, were long after visible in that Schlossplatz of Königsberg. Here is prompt justice with a witness! Did readers ever hear of such a thing? There is no doubt about the fact,[2] though in all Prussian Books it is loosely smeared over, without the least precision of detail; and it was not till after long searching that I could so much as get it dated: July 1731, while Friedrich Crown-Prince is still in eclipse at Cüstrin, and some six weeks after Wilhelmina's betrothal. And here furthermore, direct from the then Schlubhut precincts, is a stray Note, meteorological chiefly; but worth picking up, since it is authentic. 'Wehlau,' we observe, is on the road homewards again,—on our *return* from uttermost Memel,—a day's journey hitherwards of that place, half a day's thitherwards of Königsberg:

'*Tuesday* 10*th July* 1731. King dining with General Dockum at 'Wehlau,'—where he had been again reviewing, for about forty hours, all manner of regiments brought to rendezvous there for the purpose, poor 'General Katte with his regiment' among them;—King at dinner with General Dockum after all that, 'took the resolution to be off to 'Königsberg; and arrived here at the stroke of midnight, in a deluge

[2] Benekendorf (Anonymous), *Karakterzüge aus dem Leben König Friedrich Wilhelm I.* (Berlin, 1788), vii. 15-20; Förster (ii. 268), &c. &c.

'of rain.' This brings us within a day, or two days, of Schlubhut's death. Terrible 'combat of Bisons (*Uri*, or *Auerochsen*, with such 'manes, such heads), of two wild Bisons against six wild Bears,' then ensued; and the Schlubhut human tragedy; I know not in what sequence,—rather conjecture the Schlubhut had gone *first*. Pillau, road to Dantzig, on the narrow strip between the Frische Haf and Baltic, is the next stage homewards; at Pillau, General Finkenstein (excellent old Tutor of the Crown-Prince) is Commandant, and expects his rapid Majesty, day and hour given, to me not known. Majesty goes in three carriages; Old Dessauer, Grumkow, Seckendorf, Ginkel are among his suite; weather still very electric:

'At Fischhausen, half way to Pillau, Majesty had a bout of elk-hunting; 'killed sixty elks' (Melton-Mowbray may consider it),—'creatures of the 'deer sort, nimble as roes, but strong as bulls, and four palms higher 'than the biggest horse,—to the astonishment of Seckendorf, Ginkel and 'the strangers there. Half-an-hour short of Pillau, furious electricity 'again; thunderbolt shivered an oak-tree fifteen yards from Majesty's 'carriage. And at Pillau itself, the Battalion in Garrison there, drawn-'out in arms, by Count Finkenstein, to receive his Majesty' (rain over by this time, we can hope), 'had suddenly to rush forward and take 'new ground; Frische Haf, on some pressure from the elements, having 'suddenly gushed out, two hundred paces beyond its old watermark in 'that place.'[3]

Pillau, Fischhausen,—this is where the excellent old Adalbert stamped the earth with his life 'in the shape of a crucifix' eight hundred years ago: and these are the new phenomena there!—The General Dockum, Colonel of Dragoons, whom his Majesty dined with at Wehlau, got his death not many months after. One of Dockum's Dragoon Lieutenants felt insulted at something, and demanded his discharge: discharge given, he challenged Dockum, duel of pistols, and shot him dead.[4] Nothing more to be said of Dockum, nor of that Lieutenant, in military annals.

Case of the Criminal-Collegium itself.

And thus was the error of the Criminal-Collegium rectified *in re* Schlubhut. For it is not in name only, but in fact, that this Sovereign is Supreme Judge, and bears the sword in God's stead,—interfering now and then, when need is, in this terrible manner. In the same dim authentic Benekendorf (himself a member of the

[3] See Mauvillon, ii. 293-297;—*correcting* by Fassmann, p. 422.

[4] 7th April 1732 (*Militair-Lexikon*, i. 365).

Criminal-Collegium in later times), and from him in all the Books, is recorded another interference somewhat in the comic vein; which also we may give. Undisputed fact, again totally without precision or details; not even dateable, except that, on study, we perceive it may have been before this Schlubhut's execution, and after the Criminal-Collegium had committed their error about him,—must have been while this of Schlubhut was still vividly in mind. Here is the unprecise but indubitable fact, as the Prussian Dryasdust has left us his smear of it:

'One morning early' (might be before Schlubhut was hanged, and while only sentence of imprisonment and restitution lay on him), General Graf von Dönhof, Colonel of a Musketeer regiment, favourite old soldier,—who did vote on the mild side in that Court-Martial on the Crown-Prince lately; but I hope has been forgiven by his Majesty, being much esteemed by him these long years past;—this Dönhof, early one morning, calls upon the King, with a grimly lamenting air. "What is wrong, Herr General?"—"Your Majesty, my best musketeer, an excellent soldier, and of good inches, fell into a mistake lately,—bad company getting round the poor fellow; they, he among them, slipt into a house and stole something; trifle and without violence: pay is but three half-pence, your Majesty, and the Devil tempts men! Well, the Criminal-Collegium have condemned him to be hanged; an excellent soldier and of good inches, for that one fault. Nobleman Schlubhut was 'to make restitution,' they decreed: that was their decree on Schlubhut, one of their own set; and this poor soldier, six feet three, your Majesty, is to dance on the top of nothing for a three-halfpenny matter!"—So would Dönhof represent the thing, —'fact being,' says my Dryasdust, 'it was a case of housebreaking 'with theft to the value of 6,000 thalers, and this musketeer the 'ringleader!'—Well; but was Schlubhut sentenced to hanging? Do you keep two weights and two measures, in that Criminal-Collegium of yours, then?

Friedrich Wilhelm feels this sad contrast very much; the more, as the soldier is his own chattel withal, and of superlative inches: Friedrich Wilhelm flames-up into wrath; sends off swift messengers to bring these Judges, one and all, instantly into his presence. The Judges are still in their dressing-gowns, shaving, breakfasting; they make what haste they can. So soon as the first three or four are reported to be in the anteroom, Friedrich Wilhelm, in extreme impatience, has them called in; starts dis-

coursing with them upon the two weights and two measures. Apologies, subterfuges do but provoke him farther; it is not long till he starts up, growling terribly: "*Ihr Schurken* (Ye Scoundrels), how could you?" and smites down upon the crowns of them with the Royal Cudgel itself. Fancy the hurry-scurry, the unforensic attitudes and pleadings! Royal Cudgel rains blows, right and left: blood is drawn, crowns cracked, crowns nearly broken; and 'several Judges lost a few teeth, and had their noses battered,' before they could get out. The second relay meeting them in this dilapidated state, on the staircases, dashed home again without the honour of a Royal interview.[5] Let them learn to keep one balance, and one set of weights, in their Law-Court henceforth.—This is an actual scene, of date Berlin 1731 or thereby; unusual in the annals of Themis. Of which no constitutional country can hope to see the fellow, were the need never so pressing.—I wish his Majesty had been a thought more equal, when he was so rhadamanthine! Schlubhut he hanged, Schlubhut being only Schlubhut's chattel; this musketeer, his Majesty's own chattel, he did not hang, but set him shouldering arms again, after some preliminary dusting!—

His Majesty was always excessively severe on defalcations; any Chancellor with his Exchequer-bills gone wrong, would have fared ill in that country. One Treasury dignitary, named Wilke (who had 'dealt in tall recruits,' as a kind of bye-trade, and played foul in some slight measure), the King was clear for hanging; his poor Wife galloped to Potsdam, shrieking mercy; upon which Friedrich Wilhelm had him whipt by the hangman, and stuck for life into Spandau. Still more tragical was poor Hesse's case. Hesse, some domain Rath out at Königsberg, concerned with moneys, was found with account-books in a state of confusion, and several thousands short, when the outcome was cleared up. What has become of these thousands, Sir? Poor old Hesse could not tell: "God is my witness, no penny of them ever stuck to me," asseverated poor old Hesse; "but where they are—? My account-books are in such a state;—alas, and my poor old memory is not what it was!" They brought him to Berlin; in the end they actually hanged the poor old soul;—and then afterwards in his dusty lumber-rooms, hidden in pots, stuffed into this nook and that, most or all of the money was found![6] Date and document

[5] Benekendorf, vii. 33; Förster, ii. 270.

[6] Förster (ii. 269), &c. &c.

exist for all these cases, though my Dryasdust gives none; and the cases are indubitable; very rhadamanthine indeed. The soft quality of mercy,—ah, yes, it is beautiful and blessed, when permissible (though thrice-accursed, when not): but it is on the hard quality of justice, first of all, that Empires are built up, and beneficent and lasting things become achievable to mankind, in this world!—

Skipper Jenkins in the Gulf of Florida.

A couple of weeks before Schlubhut's death, the English Newspapers are somewhat astir,—in the way of narrative merely, as yet. Ship Rebecca, Captain Robert Jenkins Master, has arrived in the Port of London, with a strange story in her logbook. Of which, after due sifting, this is accurately the substance:

'*London*, 23*d*-27*th June* 1731. Captain Jenkins left this Port with 'the Rebecca, several months ago; sailed to Jamaica, for a cargo of 'sugar. He took in his cargo at Jamaica; put to sea again, 5th April '1731, and proceeded on the voyage homewards; with indifferent winds 'for the first fortnight. April 20th, with no wind or none that would 'suit, he was hanging about in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida, 'not far from the Havana,'—almost too near it, I should think; but these baffling winds!—'not far from the Havana, when a Spanish 'Guarda-Costa hove in sight; came down on Jenkins, and furiously 'boarded him: "Scoundrel, what do *you* want; contrabanding in these 'seas? Jamaica, say you? Sugar? Likely! Let us see your logwood, 'hides, Spanish pieces-of-eight!" And broke in upon Jenkins, ship 'and person, in a most extraordinary manner. Tore-up his hatches; 'plunged down, seeking logwood, hides, pieces-of-eight; found none,— 'not the least trace of contraband on board of Jenkins. They brought 'up his quadrants, sextants, however; likewise his stock of tallow-'candles: they shook and rummaged him, and all things, for pieces-of-'eight; furiously advised him, cutlass in hand, to confess guilt. They 'slashed the head of Jenkins, his left ear almost off. Order had been 'given, "Scalp him!"—but as he had no hair, they omitted that; 'merely brought away the wig, and slashed:—still no confession, nor 'any pieces-of-eight. They hung him up to the yardarm,—actual neck-'halter, but it seems to have been tarry, and did not run:—still no 'confession. They hoisted him higher, tied his cabin-boy to his feet; 'neck-halter then became awfully stringent upon Jenkins; had not the 'cabin-boy (without head to speak of) slipt through, noose being tarry;

'which was a sensible relief to Jenkins. Before very death, they 'lowered Jenkins, "Confess, scoundrel, then!" Scoundrel could not 'confess; spoke of "British Majesty's flag, peaceable English subject 'on the high seas."—"British Majesty; high seas!" answered they, 'and again hoisted. Thrice over they tried Jenkins in this manner at 'the yardarm, once with cabin-boy at his feet: never had man such a 'day, outrageous whiskerando cutthroats tossing him about, his poor 'Rebecca and him, at such rate! Sun getting low, and not the least 'trace of contraband found, they made a last assault on Jenkins; clutched 'the bloody slit ear of him; tore it mercilessly off; flung it in his face, '"Carry that to your King, and tell him of it!" Then went their 'way; taking Jenkins's tallow-candles, and the best of his sextants with 'them; so that he could hardly work his passage home again, for want 'of latitudes;—and has lost in goods 112*l.*, not to speak of his ear. 'Strictly true all this; ship's company, if required, will testify on their 'oath.'[7]

These surely are singular facts; calculated to awaken a maritime public careful of its honour. Which they did,—after about eight years, as the reader will see! For the present, there are growlings in the coffeehouses; and, '*Thursday 28th June*,' say the Newspapers, 'This day Captain Jenkins with his Owners,' ear in his pocket, I hope, 'went out to Hampton Court to lay the matter 'before his Grace of Newcastle:' "Please your Grace, it is hardly three months since the illustrious Treaty of Vienna was signed; Dutch and we leading-in the Termagant of Spain, and nothing but halcyon weather to be looked for on that side!" Grace of Newcastle, anxious to avoid trouble with Spain, answers I can only fancy what; and nothing was done upon Jenkins and his ear;[8]—may 'keep it in cotton,' if he like; shall have 'a better ship' for some solacement. This is the first emergence of Jenkins and his ear upon negligent mankind. He and it will marvellously reëmerge, one day!—

Baby Carlos gets his Apanage.

But in regard to that Treaty of Vienna, seventh and last of the travail-throes for Baby Carlos's Apanage, let the too oblivious

[7] *Daily Journal* (and the other London Newspapers), 12th-17th June (o.s.) 1731. Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 579, 560 (indistinct, and needing correction).

[8] 'The Spaniards own they did a witty thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.'
POPE (date not given me).

reader accept the following Extract, to keep him on a level with Public 'Events,' as they are pleased to denominate themselves:

'By that dreadful Treaty of Seville, Cardinal Fleury and the Spaniards 'should have joined with England, and coerced the Kaiser *vi et armis* 'to admit Spanish Garrisons' (instead of neutral) 'into Parma and 'Piacenza, and so secure Baby Carlos his heritage there, which all 'Nature was in travail till he got. "War in Italy to a certainty!" said 'all the Newspapers, after Seville: and Crown-Prince Friedrich, we 'saw, was running off to have a stroke in said War;—inevitable, as the 'Kaiser still obstinately refused. And the English, and great George 'their King, were ready. Nevertheless, no War came. Old Fleury, not 'wanting war, wanting only to fish-out something useful for himself, '—Lorraine how welcome, and indeed the smallest contributions are 'welcome!—Old Fleury manœuvered, hung back; till the Spaniards and 'Termagant Elizabeth lost all patience, and the very English were weary, 'and getting suspicious. Whereupon the Kaiser edged round to the 'Sea-Powers again, or they to him; and comfortable *As-you-were* was 'got accomplished: much to the joy of Friedrich Wilhelm and others. 'Here are some of the dates to these sublime phenomena:

'*March 16th*, 1731, Treaty of Vienna, England and the Kaiser 'coalescing again into comfortable *As-you-were*. Treaty done by Robin-'son' (Sir Thomas, ultimately Earl of Grantham, whom we shall often 'hear of in time coming); 'was confirmed and enlarged by a kind of 'second edition, 22d July 1731; Dutch joining, Spain itself acceding, 'and all being now right. Which could hardly have been expected.

'For before the first edition of that Treaty, and while Robinson at 'Vienna was still labouring like Hercules in it,—the poor Duke of 'Parma died. Died; and no vestige of a "Spanish Garrison" yet there, 'to induct Baby Carlos according to old bargain. On the contrary, the 'Kaiser himself took possession,—"till once the Duke's Widow, who 'declares herself in the family-way, be brought to bed! If of a Son, 'of course he must have the Duchies; if of a Daughter only, then Carlos '*shall* get them, let not Robinson fear." The due months ran, but 'neither son nor daughter came; and the Treaty of Vienna, first edition 'and also second, was signed; and,

'*October 20th*, 1731, Spanish Garrisons, no longer an hypothesis, but 'a bodily fact, 6,000 strong, "convoyed by the British Fleet," came into 'Leghorn, and proceeded to lodge themselves in the long-litigated Parma 'and Piacenza;—and, in fine, the day after Christmas, blessed be Heaven,

'*December 26th*, Baby Carlos in highest person came in: Baby Carlos '(more power to him!) got the Duchies, and we hope there was an end. 'No young gentleman ever had such a pother to make among his fellow-

'creatures about a little heritable property. If Baby Carlos's performance 'in it be anything in proportion, he will be a supereminent sovereign!

'There is still some haggle about Tuscany, the Duke of which is old 'and heirless; Last of the Medici, as he proved. Baby Carlos would 'much like to have Tuscany too; but that is a Fief of the Empire, and 'might easily be better disposed of, thinks the Kaiser. A more or less 'uncertain point, that of Tuscany; as many points are! Last of the 'Medici complained, in a polite manner, that they were parting his 'clothes before he had put them off: however, having no strength, he 'did not attempt resistance, but politely composed himself, "Well, 'then!"[9] Do readers need to be informed that this same Baby Carlos 'came to be King of Naples, and even ultimately to be Carlos III. of 'Spain, leaving younger Son to be King of Naples, ancestor of the 'now Majesty there?'

And thus, after such Diplomatic earthquakes and travail of Nature, there is at last birth; the Seventh Travail-throe has been successful, in some measure successful. Here actually is Baby Carlos's Apanage; there probably, by favour of Heaven and of the Sea-Powers, will the Kaiser's Pragmatic Sanction be, one day. Treaty of Seville, most imminent of all those dreadful Imminences of War, has passed off as they all did; peaceably adjusts itself into Treaty of Vienna: A Termagant, as it were, sated; a Kaiser hopeful to be so, Pragmatic Sanction and all: for the Sea-Powers and everybody mere halcyon weather henceforth,—not extending to the Gulf of Florida and Captain Jenkins, as would seem! Robinson, who did the thing,—an expert man, bred to business as old Horace Walpole's Secretary, at Soissons and elsewhere, and now come to act on his own score,—regards this Treaty of Vienna (which indeed had its multiform difficulties) as a thing to immortalise a man.

Crown-Prince has, long since, by Papa's order, written to the Kaiser, to thank Imperial Majesty for that beneficent intercession, which has proved the saving of his life, as Papa inculcates. We must now see a little how the saved Crown-Prince is getting on, in his eclipsed state, among the Domain Sciences at Cüstrin.

[9] Schöll, ii. 219-221; Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 346; Coxe's *House of Austria* (London, 1854), iii. 151.

CHAPTER V.

INTERVIEW OF MAJESTY AND CROWN-PRINCE AT CUSTRIN.

EVER since the end of November last year, Crown-Prince Friedrich, in the eclipsed state, at Cüstrin, has been prosecuting his probationary course, in the Domain Sciences and otherwise, with all the patience, diligence and dexterity he could. It is false, what one reads in some foolish Books, that Friedrich neglected the functions assigned him as assessor in the *Kriegs- und Domänen-Kammer*. That would not have been the safe course for him! The truth still evident is, he set himself with diligence to learn the Friedrich Wilhelm methods of administering Domains, and the art of Finance in general, especially of Prussian Finance, the best extant then or since;—Finance, Police, Administrative Business;—and profited well by the Raths appointed as tutors to him, in the respective branches. One Hille was his Finance-tutor; whose '*Kompendium*,' drawn up and made use of on this occasion, has been printed in our time; and is said to be, in brief compass, a highly instructive Piece; throwing clear light on the exemplary Friedrich-Wilhelm methods.[1] These the Prince did actually learn; and also practise, all his life,—'essentially following his Father's methods,' say the Authorities,—with great advantage to himself, when the time came.

Solid Nicolai hunted diligently after traces of him in the Assessor business here; and found some:—Order from Papa, to 'make Report upon the Glassworks of the Neumark:' Autograph signatures to common Reports, one or two; and some traditions of his having had a hand in planning certain Farm-Buildings still standing in those parts:—but as the Kammer Records of Cüstrin, and Cüstrin itself, were utterly burnt by the Russians in 1758, such traces had mostly vanished thirty years before Nicolai's time.[2] Enough have turned up since, in the form of Correspondence with the King and otherwise: and it is certain the Crown-Prince did plan Farm-Buildings;—'both Carzig and Himmelstädt (Carzig now 'called *Friedrichsfelde* in consequence),' * dim mossy Steadings,

[1] Preuss, i. 59 n. [2] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 193.

* See Map at p. 209.

which pious Antiquarianism can pilgrim to if it likes, were built or rebuilt by him :—and it is remarkable withal how thoroughly instructed Friedrich Wilhelm shows himself in such matters; and how paternally delighted to receive such proposals of improvement introducible at the said Carzig and Himmelstädt, and to find young Graceless so diligent, and his ideas even good.[3] Perhaps a momentary glance into those affairs may be permitted farther on.

The Prince's life, in this his eclipsed state, is one of constraint, anxiety, continual liability; but after the first months are well over, it begins to be more supportable than we should think. He is fixed to the little Town; cannot be absent any night, without leave from the Commandant; which, however, and the various similar restrictions, are more formal than real. An amiable Crown-Prince, no soul in Cüstrin but would run by night or by day to serve him. He drives and rides about, in that green peaty country, on Domain business, on visits, on permissible amusement, pretty much at his own modest discretion. A green flat region, made of peat and sand; human industry needing to be always busy on it: raised causeways with incessant bridges, black sedgy ditch on this hand and that; many meres, muddy pools, stagnant or flowing waters everywhere; big muddy Oder, of yellowish-drab colour, coming from the south, big black Warta (Warthe) from the Polish fens in the east, the black and yellow refusing to mingle for some miles. Nothing of the picturesque in this country; but a good deal of the useful, of the improvable by economic science; and more of fine productions in it, too, of the floral, and still more interesting sorts, than you would suspect at first sight. Friedrich's worst pinch was his dreadful straitness of income; checking one's noble tendencies on every hand: but the gentry of the district privately subscribed gifts for him (*se cotisirent*, says Wilhelmina); and one way and other he contrived to make ends meet. Münchow, his President in the Kammer, next to whom sits Friedrich, 'King's place standing always ready but empty there,' is heartily his friend; the Münchows are diligent in getting up balls, rural gaieties, for him; so the Hilles,—nay Hille, severe Finance Tutor, has a Mamsell Hille whom it is pleasant to dance with;[4] nor indeed is she the only fascinating specimen, or flower of loveliness, in those peaty regions, as we shall see. On the whole, his Royal Highness, after the first paroxysms of Royal suspicion are over, and forgiveness beginning

[3] Förster, ii. 390, 387, 391.

[4] Preuss, i. 59.

to seem possible to the Royal mind, has a supportable time of it; and possesses his soul in patience, in activity and hope.

Unpermitted things, once for all, he must avoid to do: perhaps he will gradually discover that many of them were foolish things better not done. He walks warily; to this all things continually admonish. We trace in him some real desire to be wise, to do and learn what is useful if he can here. But the grand problem, which is reality itself to him, is always, To regain favour with Papa. And this, Papa being what he is, gives a twist to all other problems the young man may have, for they must all shape themselves by this; and introduces something of artificial,—not properly of hypocritical, for that too is fatal if found out,—but of calculated, reticent, of half-sincere, on the Son's part: an inevitable feature, plentifully visible in their Correspondence now and henceforth. Corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched, at every step, by such an Argus as the Tobacco-Parliament, real frankness of speech is not quite the recommendable thing; apparent frankness may be the safer! Besides mastery in the Domain Sciences, I perceive the Crown-Prince had to study here another art, useful to him in after life: the art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak-of-darkness. Gradually he becomes master of it as few are: a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them. An art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain Sciences itself; and,—if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case,—a difficult art. It is the chief feature in the Two or Three Thousand *Letters* we yet have of Friedrich's to all manner of correspondents: Letters written with the gracefulest flowing rapidity; polite, affable, —refusing to give you the least glimpse into his real inner man, or tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know.

As the History of Friedrich, in this Cüstrin epoch, and indeed in all epochs and parts, is still little other than a whirlpool of simmering confusions, dust mainly, and sibylline paper-shreds, in the pages of poor Dryasdust, perhaps we cannot do better than snatch a shred or two (of the partly legible kind, or capable of being made legible) out of that hideous cauldron; pin them down at their proper dates; and try if the reader can, by such means, catch a glimpse of the thing with his own eyes. Here is shred first; a Piece in Grumkow's hand.

This treats of a very grand incident; which forms an era or turning-point in the Cüstrin life. Majesty has actually, after hopes long held out of such a thing, looked in upon the Prodigal at Cüstrin, in testimony of possible pardon in the distance;—sees him again, for the first time since that scene at Wesel with the drawn sword, after year and day. Grumkow, for behoof of Seckendorf and the Vienna people, has drawn a rough 'Protocol' of it; and here it is, snatched from the Dust-whirlwinds, and faithfully presented to the English reader. His Majesty is travelling towards Sonnenburg, on some grand Knight-of-Malta Ceremony there; and halts at Cüstrin for a couple of hours as he passes:

Grumkow's 'Protokoll' of the 15*th August* 1731; *or Summary of what took place at Cüstrin that day.*

'His Majesty arrived at Cüstrin yesterday' (*gestern*, Monday 15th,—hour not mentioned), 'and proceeded at once to the Government House, 'with an attendance of several hundred persons. Major-General Lepel,' Commandant of Cüstrin, 'Colonel Derschau and myself are immediately 'sent for to his Majesty's apartment there. Privy-Councillor Wolden,' Prince's Hofmarschall, a solid legal man, 'is ordered by his Majesty to 'bring the Crown-Prince over from his house; who accordingly in few 'minutes, attended by Rohwedel and Natzmer,' the two Kammerjunkers, 'entered the room where his Majesty and we were.

'So soon as his Majesty, turning round, had sight of him, the Crown-'Prince fell at his feet. Having bidden him rise, his Majesty said with 'a severe mien:

'"You will now bethink yourself what passed year and day ago; and "how scandalously you saw fit to behave yourself, and what a godless "enterprise you took in hand. As I have had you about me from the "beginning, and must know you well, I did all in the world that was in "my power, by kindness and by harshness, to make an honourable man "of you. As I rather suspected your evil purpose, I treated you in the "harshest and sharpest way in the Saxon Camp," at Radewitz, in those 'gala days, "in hopes you would consider yourself, and take another line "of conduct; would confess your faults to me, and beg forgiveness. But "all in vain; you grew ever more stiffnecked. When a young man gets "into follies with women, one may try to overlook it as the fault of his "age: but to do with forethought basenesses (*lâchetéen*) and ugly actions; "that is unpardonable. You thought to carry it through with your "headstrong humour: but hark ye, my lad (*höre, mein Kerl*), if thou "wert sixty or seventy instead of eighteen, thou couldst not cross my

"resolutions." It would take a bigger man to do that, my lad! "And "as, up to this date (*bis dato*) I have managed to sustain myself against "any comer, there will be methods found of bringing thee to reason "too!—

'"How have not I, on all occasions, meant honourably by you! Last "time I got wind of your debts, how did I, as a Father, admonish you "to tell me all; I would pay all, you were only to tell me the truth. "Whereupon you said, There were still Two-thousand Thalers beyond "the sum named. I paid these also at once; and fancied I had made "peace with you. And then it was found, by and by, you owed many "thousands more; and as you now knew you could not pay, it was as "good as if the money had been stolen;—not to reckon how the French "vermin, Montholieu and partner, cheated you with their new loans." 'Pfui!——"Nothing touched me so much" (continues his Majesty, 'verging towards the pathetic), "as that you had not any trust in me. "All this that I was doing for aggrandisement of the House, the Army "and Finances, could only be for you, if you made yourself worthy of "it! I here declare I have done all things to gain your friendship;— "and all has been in vain!" At which words the Crown-Prince, with 'a very sorrowful gesture, threw himself at his Majesty's feet,'—tears (presumably) in both their eyes by this time.

'"Was it not your intention to go to England?" asked his Majesty 'farther on. The Prince answered "*Ja!*"—"Then hear what the "consequences would have been. Your Mother would have got into "the greatest misery; I could not but have suspected she was the author "of the business. Your Sister I would have cast, for life, into a place "where she never would have seen sun and moon again. Then on with "my Army into Hanover, and burn and ravage; yes, if it had cost me "life, land and people. Your thoughtless and godless conduct, see what "it was leading to. I intended to employ you in all manner of business, "civil, military; but how, after such an action, could I show the face "of you to my Officers (soldiers) and other servants?—The one way of "repairing all this is, That you seek, regardless of your very life in com- "parison, to make the fault good again!" At which words the Crown- 'Prince mournfully threw himself at his Royal Majesty's feet; begging 'to be put upon the hardest proofs: He would endure all things, so as 'to recover his Majesty's grace and esteem.

'Whereupon the King asked him: "Was it thou that temptedst 'Katte; or did Katte tempt thee?" The Crown-Prince without hesita- 'tion answered, "I tempted him."—"I am glad to hear the truth from 'you, at any rate."'

The Dialogue now branches out, into complex general form; out of which, intent upon abridging, we gather the following points. King *loquitur:*

"How do you like your Cüstrin life? Still as much aversion to "Wusterhausen, and to wearing your shroud" (*Sterbekittel*, name for the tight uniform you would now be so glad of, and think quite other than a shroud!) "as you called it?" Prince's answer wanting.—"Likely "enough my company does not suit you: I have no French manners, "and cannot bring out *bon-mots* in the *petit-maître* way; and truly "regard all that as a thing to be flung to the dogs. I am a German "Prince; and mean to live and die in that character. But you can now "say what you have got by your caprices and obstinate heart; hating "everything that I liked; and if I distinguished any one, despising him! "If an Officer was put in arrest, you took to lamenting about him. Your "real friends, who intended your good, you hated and calumniated; "those that flattered you, and encouraged your bad purpose, you caressed. "You see what that has come to. In Berlin, in all Prussia for some "time back, nobody asks after you, Whether you are in the world or "not; and were it not one or the other coming from Cüstrin who reports "you as playing tennis and wearing French hairbags, nobody would "know whether you were alive or dead."

Hard sayings; to which the Prince's answers (if there were any beyond mournful gestures) are not given. We come now upon Predestination, or the *Gnadenwahl;* and learn (with real interest, not of the laughing sort alone) how his 'Majesty, in the most conclusive way, set forth the 'horrible results of that Absolute-Decree notion; which makes out God 'to be the Author of Sin, and that Jesus Christ died only for some! 'Upon which the Crown-Prince vowed and declared (*hoch und theuer*), he 'was now wholly of his Majesty's orthodox opinion.'

The King, now thoroughly moved, expresses satisfaction at the orthodoxy; and adds with enthusiasm, "When godless fellows about "you speak against your duties to God, the King and your Country, fall "instantly on your knees, and pray with your whole soul to Jesus Christ "to deliver you from such wickedness, and lead you on better ways. "And if it come in earnest from your heart, Jesus, who would have all "men saved, will not leave you unheard." No! And so may God in his mercy aid you, poor son Fritz. And as for me, in hopes the time coming will show fruits, I forgive you what is past.—To which the Crown-Prince answered with monosyllables, with many tears; 'kissing his Majesty's feet;'—and as the King's eyes were not dry, he withdrew into another room; revolving many things in his altered soul.

'It being his Majesty's birthday' (4th August by *old style*, 15th by *new*, forty-third birthday), 'the Prince, all bewept and in emotion, 'followed his Father; and, again falling prostrate, testified such heartfelt 'joy, gratitude and affection over this blessed anniversary, as quite touched 'the heart of Papa; who at last clasped him in his arms' (poor soul, after

all!), 'and hurried out to avoid blubbering quite aloud. He 'stept into his carriage,' intending for Sonnenburg (chiefly by water) this evening, where a Serene Cousin, one of the Schwedt Margraves, Head Knight of Malta, has his establishment.

'The Crown-Prince followed his Majesty out; and, in the presence 'of many hundred people, kissed his Majesty's feet' again (linen gaiters, not Day-and-Martin shoes); 'and was again embraced by his Majesty, 'who said, "Behave well, as I see you mean, and I will take care of 'you," which threw the Crown-Prince into such an ecstasy of joy as 'no pen can express:' and so the carriages rolled away,—towards the Knights-of-Malta business and Palace of the Head Knight of Malta, in the first place.[5]

These are the main points, says Grumkow, reporting next day; and the reader must interpret them as he can. A Crown-Prince with excellent histrionic talents, thinks the reader. Well; a certain exaggeration, immensity of wish becoming itself enthusiasm; somewhat of that: but that is by no means the whole or even the main part of the phenomenon, O reader. This Crown-Prince has a real affection to his Father, as we shall in time convince ourselves. Say, at lowest, a Crown-Prince loyal to fact; able to recognise overwhelming fact, and aware that he must surrender thereto. Surrender once made, the element much clears itself; Papa's side of the question getting fairly stated for the first time. Sure enough, Papa is God's Vicegerent in several undeniable respects, most important some of them: better try if we can obey Papa.

Dim old Fassmann yields a spark or two,—as to his Majesty's errand at Sonnenburg. Majesty is going to preside tomorrow 'at 'the Installation of young Margraf Karl, new *Herrmeister* (Grand-'Master) of the Knights of St. John' there; 'the Office having 'suddenly fallen vacant lately.' Office which is an heirloom;—usually held by one of the Margraves, half-uncles of the King,—some junior of them, not provided for at Schwedt or otherwise. Margraf Albert, the last occupant, an old gentleman of sixty, died lately, 'by stroke of apoplexy while at dinner;'[6]—and his eldest Son, Margraf Karl, with whom his Majesty lodges tonight, is now Herrmeister. 'Majesty came at six P.M. to Sonnenburg' (must have left Cüstrin about five); 'forty-two Ritters made at Sonnenburg next day,'—a certain Colonel or Lieutenant-General von Wreech, whom we shall soon see again, is one of them; Secken-

[5] Förster, iii. 50-54.

[6] 21st June 1731: Fassmann, p. 423; Pöllnitz, ii. 390.

dorf another. 'Fresh *Ritter-Schlag*' ('Knightstroke,' Batch of Knights dubbed) 'at Sonnenburg, 29th September next,' which shall not the least concern us. Note Margraf Karl, however, the new Herrmeister; for he proves a soldier of some mark, and will turn-up again in the Silesian Wars;—as will a poor Brother of his still more impressively, 'shot dead beside the King,' on one occasion there.

We add this of Dickens, for all the Diplomatists, and a discerning public generally, are much struck with the Event at Cüstrin; and take to writing of it as news;—and 'Mr. Ginkel,' Dutch Ambassador here, an ingenious, honest and observant man, well enough known to us, has been out to sup with the Prince, next day; and thus reports of him to Dickens; 'Mr. Ginkel, who supped 'with the Prince on Thursday last,' day after the Interview, 'tells 'me that his Royal Highness is extremely improved since he had 'seen him; being grown much taller; and that his conversation is 'surprising for his age, abounding in good sense and the prettiest 'turns of expression.' [7]

Here are other shreds, snatched from the Witch-Cauldron, and pinned down, each at its place; which give us one or two subsequent glimpses:

Potsdam, 21*st August* 1731 (King to Wolden the Hofmarschall) * * * 'Crown-Prince shall travel over, and personally inspect, the following 'Domains: Quartschen, Himmelstädt, Carzig, Massin, Lebus, Gollow and 'Wollup,' dingy moor-farms dear to Antiquarians; 'travel over these and 'not any other. Permission always to be asked, of his Royal Majesty, in 'writing, and mention made to which of them the Crown-Prince means 'to go. Some one to be always in attendance, who can give him fit 'instruction about the husbandry; and as the Crown-Prince has yet only 'learned the theory, he must now be diligent to learn the same practically. 'For which end it must be minutely explained to him, How the hus-'bandry is managed,—how ploughed, manured, sown, in every particular; 'and what the differences of good and bad husbandry are, so that he may 'be able of himself to know and judge the same. Of Cattle-husbandry 'too, and the affairs of Brewing (*Viehzucht und Brauwesen*), the due 'understanding to be given him; and in the matter of Brewing, show him 'how things are handled, mixed, the beer drawn off, barrelled, and all 'how they do with it (*wie überall dabei verfahren*); also the malt, how it 'must be prepared, and what like, when good. Useful discourse to be 'kept-up with him on these journeys; pointing out how and why this is

[7] Despatch, 18th August 1731.

'and that, and whether it could not be better:'—O King of a thousand! '—Has liberty to shoot stags, moorcocks (*Hühner*) and the like; and a 'small-hunt' (*kleine Jagd*, not a *Parforce* or big one) 'can be got-up for 'his amusement now and then;' furthermore 'a little duck-shooting from 'boat,' on the sedgy waters there,—if the poor soul should care about it. Wolden, or one of the Kammerjunkers, to accompany always, and be responsible. 'No *Mädchen* or *Frauensmensch*,' no shadow of womankind; —keep an eye on him, 'you three!'

These things are in the Prussian Archives; of date the week after that interview. In two weeks farther, follows the Prince's speculation about Carzig and the Building of a Farmstead there; with Papa's 'real contentment that you come upon 'such proposals, and seek to make improvements. Only'—

Wusterhausen, 11*th September* (King to Crown-Prince). * * 'Only 'you must examine whether there is meadow-ground enough, and how 'many acres can actually be allotted to that Farm.' (Hear his Majesty!) 'Take a Land-surveyor with you; and have all well considered; and 'exactly inform *yourself* what kind of land it is, whether it can only grow 'rye, or whether some of it is barley-land; you must consider it yourself, 'and do it all out of your own head, though you may consult with others 'about it. In grazing-ground (*Hüthung*) I think it will not fail; if only 'the meadow-land'—

in fact, it fails in nothing; and is got all done ('wood laid out to 'season straightway,' and 'what digging and stubbing there is, 'proceeded with through the winter'): done in a successful and instructive manner, both Carzig and Himmelstädt, though we will say nothing farther of them.[8]

Cüstrin, 22*d September* (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * 'Have been at 'Lebus; excellent land out there; fine weather for the husbandman. 'Major Röder,' unknown Major, 'passed this way; and dined with me, 'last Wednesday. He has got a pretty fellow (*schönen Kerl*) for my 'Most All-Gracious Father's regiment' (the Potsdam Giants, where I used to be); 'whom I could not look upon without bleeding heart. I depend 'on my Most All-Gracious Father's Grace, that he will be good to me: I 'ask for nothing and no happiness in the world but what comes from 'You; and hope You will, some day, remember me in grace, and give me 'the Blue Coat to put on again!'[9]—To which Papa answers nothing, or only "Hm, na, time *may* come!"

[8] Förster, i. 387-392.

[9] *Briefwechsel mit Vater* (Œuvres, xxvii. part 3d, p. 27).

Carzig goes on straightway; Papa charmed to grant the moneys; 'wood laid out to season,' and much 'stubbing and digging' set on foot, before the month ends. Carzig; and directly on the heel of it, on like terms, Himmelstädt,—but of all this we must say no more. It is clear the Prince is learning the Domain Sciences; eager to prove himself a perfect son in the eyes of Papa. Papa, in hopeful moments, asks himself: "To whom shall we marry him, then; how settle him?" But what the Prince, in his own heart, thought of it all; how he looked, talked, lived, in unofficial times? Here has a crabbed dim Document turned up, which, if it were not nearly undecipherable to the reader and me, would throw light on the point:

Schulenburg's Three Letters to Grumkow, on Visits to the Crown-Prince, during the Cüstrin Time.

The reader knows Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; stiff little military gentleman of grave years, nephew of the maypole *Emerita* who is called Duchess of Kendal in England. 'Had a horse shot under him at Malplaquet;' battlings and experiences enough, before and since. Has real sense, abundant real pedantry; a Prussian soldier every inch. He presided in the Cöpenick Court-martial; he is deeply concerned in these Crown-Prince difficulties. His Majesty even honours him by expecting he should quietly keep a monitorial eye upon the Crown-Prince;—being his neighbour in those parts; Colonel-Commandant of a regiment of Horse at Landsberg not many miles off. He has just been at Vienna[10] on some 'business' (quasi-diplomatic probably, which can remain unknown to us); and has reported upon it, or otherwise finished it off, at Berlin;—whence rapidly home to Landsberg again. On the way homewards, and after getting home, he writes these three Letters; offhand and in all privacy, and of course with a business sincerity, to Grumkow;—little thinking they would one day get printed, and wander into these latitudes to be scanned and scrutinised! Undoubtedly an intricate crabbed Document to us; but then an indubitable one. Crown-Prince, Schulenburg himself, and the actual figure of Time and Place, are here mirrored for us, with a business sincerity, in the mind of Schulenburg,—as from an accidental patch of water; ruffled bogwater, in sad twilight, and with sedges and twigs intervening; but under these conditions we do look with our own eyes!

[10] September 1731 (*Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 433).

Could not one, by any conceivable method, interpret into legibility this abstruse dull Document; and so pick out here and there a glimpse, actual face-to-face view, of Crown-Prince Friedrich in his light-gray frock with the narrow silver tresses, in his eclipsed condition there in the Cüstrin region? All is very mysterious about him; his inward opinion about all manner of matters, from the *Gnadenwahl* to the late Double-Marriage Question. Even his outward manner of life, in its flesh-and-blood physiognomy,—we search in vain through tons of dusty lucubration totally without interest, to catch here and there the corner of a feature of it. Let us try Schulenburg. We shall know at any rate that to Grumkow, in the Autumn 1731, these words were luculent and significant: consciously they tell us something of young Friedrich; unconsciously a good deal of Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, who with his strict theologies, his military stiffnesses, his reticent, pipeclayed, rigorous and yet human ways, is worth looking at, as an antique species extinct in our time. He is just home from Vienna, getting towards his own domicile from Berlin, from Cüstrin, and has seen the Prince. He writes in a wretched wayside tavern, or post-house, between Cüstrin and Landsberg,—dates his Letter '*Wien* (Vienna),' as if he were still in the imperial City, so offhand is he.

No. 1. *To his Excellenz* (add a shovelful of other titles) *Lieutenant-General Herr Baron von Grumkow, President of the Krieges-und Domänen-Directorium, of the* (in fact, Vice-President of the Tobacco-Parliament), *in Berlin.*

'Wien' (properly Berlin-Landsberg Highway, other side of Cüstrin), '4th October 1731.

'I regret much to have missed the pleasure of seeing your Excellency 'again before I left Berlin. I set off between seven and eight in the 'morning yesterday, and got to Cüstrin' (seventy miles or so) 'before 'seven at night. But the Prince had gone, that day, to the Bailliage 'of Himmelstädt' (up the Warta Country, eastward some five-and-thirty miles, much preparatory digging and stubbing there); and he 'slept at 'Massin' (circuitous road back), 'where he shot a few stags this morn-'ing. As I was told he might probably dine at Kammin' (still nearer Cüstrin, twelve miles from it; half that distance east of Zorndorf,—mark that, O reader *) 'with Madam Colonel Schöning, I drove thither. 'He had arrived there a moment before me.' And who is Madam Schöning, lady of Kammin here?—Patience, reader.

'I found him much grown; an air of health and gaiety about him.

* Map at p. 209.

'He caressed me greatly (*me gracieusa fort*); afterwards questioned me 'about my way of life in Vienna; and asked, if I had diverted myself 'well there? I told him what business had been the occasion of my 'journey, and that this rather than amusements had occupied me; for 'the rest, that there had been great affluence of company, and no lack of 'diversions. He spoke a long time to Madam de Wreech'—

'Wrochem' Schulenburg calls her: young Wife of Lieutenant-General von Wreech, a Marlborough Campaigner, made a Knight of Malta the other day;[11]—*his* charming young Wife, and Daughter of Madam Colonel Schöning our hostess here; lives at Tamsel, in high style, in these parts: mark the young Lady well,—

'who did not appear indifferent to him.' No!—'and in fact she was in 'all her beauty; a complexion of lily and rose.'

Charming creature; concerning whom there are anecdotes still afloat, and at least verses of this Prince's writing; not too well seen by Wreech, lately made a Knight of Malta, who, though only turning forty, is perhaps twice her age. The beautifulest, cleverest,—fancy it; and whether the peaty Neumark produces nothing in the floral kind!

'We went to dinner; he asked me to sit beside him. The conversa-'tion fell, among other topics, on the Elector Palatine's Mistress,'—crotchety old gentleman, never out of quarrels, with Heidelberg Protestants, heirs of Jülich and Berg, and in general with an unreasonable world, whom we saw at Mannheim last year; has a Mistress,—'Elector 'Palatine's Mistress, called Taxis. Crown-Prince said: "I should like 'to know what that good old gentleman does with a Mistress?" I 'answered, that the fashion had come so much in vogue, Princes did 'not think they were Princes unless they had mistresses; and that I 'was amazed at the facility of women, how they could shut their eyes 'on the sad reverse of fortune nearly inevitable for them;—and instanced 'the example of Madam Grävenitz'—

'Grävenitz;' example lately fallen-out at Würtemberg, as we predicted. Prayers of the Country, "Deliver us from evil," are now answered there: Grävenitz quite over with it! Alas, yes; lately fallen from her high estate in Würtemberg, and become the topic of dinner-tables; seized by soldiers in the night-time; vain her high refusals, assurances of being too unwell to dress, "Shall go in your shift, then,"—is in prison, totally eclipsed.[12] Calming her fury, she will get out; and wearisomely wander about in fashionable capitals, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses!*—

[11] *Militair-Lexikon*, iv. 269. [12] Michaelis, iii. 440; Pöllnitz, i. 297.

'There were other subjects touched upon; and I always endeavoured 'to deduce something of moral instruction from them,' being a military gentleman of the old school.

'Among other things, he said, He liked the great world, and was 'charmed to observe the ridiculous weak side of some people. "That 'is excellent," said I, "if one profit by it oneself: but if it is only for 'amusement, such a motive is worth little; we should rather look out 'for our own ridiculous weak side." On rising, Hofmarschall Wolden 'said to me,' without much sincerity, '"You have done well to preach 'a little morality to him." The Prince went to a window and beckoned 'me thither.

'"You have learned nothing of what is to become of me?" said he. 'I answered: "It is supposed your Royal Highness will return to Berlin, 'when the Marriage" (Wilhelmina's) "takes place; but as to what will 'come next, I have heard nothing. But as your Highness has friends, 'they will not fail to do their endeavour; and M. de Grumkow has told 'me he would try to persuade the King to give you a regiment, in order 'that your Highness might have something to do." It seemed as if that 'would give him pleasure. I then took the liberty of saying: "Mon- 'seigneur, the most, at present, depends on yourself."—"How so?" asked 'he. I answered, "It is only by showing good conduct, and proofs of 'real wisdom and worth, that the King's entire favour can be gained. 'First of all, to fear God"'— —And, in fact, I launched now into a moral preachment, or discursive Dialogue, of great length; much needing to have the skirts of it tucked up, in a way of faithful abridgment, for behoof of poor English readers. As follows:

'*Schulenburg:* If your Highness behave well, the King will accord 'what you want; but it is absolutely necessary to begin by that.— '*Prince:* I do nothing that can displease the King.—*Schulenburg:* It 'would be a little soon yet! But I speak of the future. Your High- 'ness, the grand thing I recommend is to fear God! Everybody says, 'you have the sentiments of an honest man; excellent, that, for a be- 'ginning; but without the fear of God, your Highness, the passions 'stifle the finest sentiments. Must lead a life clear of reproach; and 'more particularly on the chapter of women! Need not imagine you 'can do the least thing without the King's knowing it: if your Highness 'take the bad road, he will wish to correct it; the end will be, he will 'bring you back to live beside him; which will not be very agreeable.— '*Prince:* Hmph, No!—*Schulenburg:* Of the ruin to health I do not 'speak; I—*Prince:* Pooh, one is young, one is not master of that;'— and, in fact, on this delicate chapter, which runs to some length, Prince answers as wildish young fellows will; quizzing my grave self, with glances even at his Majesty, on alleged old peccadilloes of ours. Which allegations or inferences I rebutted with emphasis. 'But, I confess,

'though I employed all my rhetoric, his mind did not seem to alter; and 'it will be a miracle if he change on this head.' Alas, General! Can't 'be helped, I fear!

'He said he was not afraid of anything so much as of living constantly 'beside the King.—*Schulenburg:* Arm yourself with patience, Mon- 'seigneur, if that happen. God has given you sense enough; persevere 'to use it faithfully on all occasions, you will gain the good graces of the 'King.—*Prince:* Impossible; beyond my power, indeed, said he; and 'made a thousand objections.—*Schulenburg:* Your Highness is like one 'that will not learn a trade because you do not already know it. Begin; 'you will certainly never know it otherwise! Before rising in the 'morning, form a plan for your day,'—in fact, be moral, O be moral!

His Highness now got upon the marriages talked-of for him; an important point for the young man. He spoke, hopefully rather, of the marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg,—Niece of the late Czar Peter the Great; Daughter of that unhappy Duke who is in quarrel with his Ritters, and a trouble to all his neighbours, and to us among the number. Readers recollect that young Lady's Serene Mother, and a meeting she once had with her Uncle Peter,—at Magdeburg, a dozen years ago, in a public drawingroom with alcove near;—anecdote not lightly to be printed in human types, nor repeated where not necessary. The Mother is now dead; Father still up to the eyes in puddle and trouble: but as for the young Lady herself, she is Niece to the now Czarina Anne; by law of primogeniture Heiress of all the Russias: something of a match truly!

'But there will be difficulties; your Highness to change your religion, for 'one thing?—*Prince:* Won't, by any means.—*Schulenburg:* And give-up 'the succession to Prussia?—*Prince:* A right fool if I did!—*Schulenburg:* 'Then this marriage comes to nothing.—Thereupon next he said, If the 'Kaiser is so strong for us, let him give me his second Daughter;' lucky 'Franz of Lorraine is to get the first.—'*Schulenburg:* Are you serious? '—*Prince:* Why not? with a Duchy or two it would do very well.—'*Schulenburg:* No Duchies possible under the Pragmatic Sanction, your 'Highness: besides, your change of religion?—*Prince:* Oh, as to that, 'never!—Then this marriage also comes to nothing. Of the English, 'and their Double-Marriage, and their Hotham brabble, he spoke lightly, 'as of an extinct matter,—in terms your Excellency will like.

'But, said I, since you speak so much of marriages, I suppose you wish 'to be married?—*Prince:* No; but if the King absolutely will have it, 'I will marry to obey him. After that, I will shove my wife into the

'corner (*planterai là ma femme*), and live after my own fancy.—*Schulen-burg:* Horrible to think of! For, in the first place, your Highness, is 'it not written in the Law of God, Adulterers shall not inherit the 'Kingdom of Heaven?' And in the second place; and in the third and fourth place!—To all which he answered as wild young fellows do, especially if you force marriage on them. 'I can perceive, if he marries, 'it will only be to have more liberty than now. It is certain, if he had 'his elbows free, he would strike out (*s'en donnerait à gauche*). He 'said to me several times: "I am young; I want to profit by my 'youth."' A questionable young fellow, Herr General; especially if you force marriage on him.

'This conversation done,' continues the General, 'he set to talking 'with the Madam Wreech,' and her complexion of lily and rose; 'but 'he did not stay long; drove off about five' (dinner at the stroke of twelve in those countries), 'inviting me to see him again at Cüstrin, 'which I promised.'

And so the Prince is off in the Autumn sunset, driving down the peaty hollow of the Warta, through unpicturesque country, which produces Wreechs and incomparable flowers nevertheless. Yes; and if he look a six miles to the right, there is the smoke of the evening kettles from Zorndorf, rising into the sky; and across the River, a twenty miles to the left, is Kunersdorf: poor sleepy sandy hamlets: where nettles of the Devil are to be plucked one day!—

'The beautiful Wreech drove off to Tamsel,' her fine house: I to this wretched tavern; where, a couple of hours after that conversation, I began writing it all down, and have nothing else to do for the night. Your Excellency's most moral, stiffnecked, pipeclayed and extremely obedient,

'Von Schulenburg.'[13]

This young man may be orthodox on Predestination, and outwardly growing all that a Papa could wish; but here are strange heterodoxies, here is plenty of mutinous capricious fire in the interior of him, Herr General! In fact, a young man unfortunately situated; already become solitary in Creation; has not, except himself, a friend in the world available just now. Tempestuous Papa storms one way, tempestuous Mamma Nature another; and between the outside and the inside there are inconsistencies enough.

[13] Förster, iii. 65-71.

Concerning the fair Wreech of Tamsel, with her complexion of lily and rose, there ensued by and by much whispering, and rumouring underbreath; which has survived in the apocryphal Anecdote-Books, not in too distinct a form. Here, from first hand, are three words, which we may take to be the essence of the whole. Grumkow reporting, in a sordid, occasionally smutty, spy manner, to his Seckendorf, from Berlin, eight or ten months hence, has this casual expression: 'He' (King Friedrich Wilhelm) 'told 'me in confidence that Wreech, the Colonel's Wife, is —— to 'P. R. (Prince-Royal); and that Wreech vowed he would not 'own it for his. And his Majesty in secret is rather pleased,' adds the smutty spy.[14] Elsewhere I have read that the poor object, which actually came as anticipated (male or female, I forget), did not live long;—nor had Friedrich, by any opportunity, another child in this world. Domestic Tamsel had to allay itself as it best could; and the fair Wreech became much a stranger to Friedrich,—surprisingly so to Friedrich the *King*, as perhaps we may see.— —

Predestination, *Gnadenwahl*, Herr General: what is orthodoxy on Predestination, with these accompaniments![15] We go now to the Second Letter and the Third,—from Landsberg about a fortnight later:

No. 2. *To his Excellency* (shovelful of titles) *von Grumkow, in Berlin.*

'Landsberg, 19th October 1731.

'The day before yesterday' (that is, Wednesday 17th October) 'I 'received an Order, To have only fifty Horse at that post, and'—Order which shows us that there has fallen out some recruiting squabble on the Polish Frontier hereabouts; that the Polack gentlemen have seized certain Corporals of ours, but are about restoring them; Order and affair which we shall omit. 'Corporals will be got back: but as these Polack gen-'tlemen will see, by the course taken, that we have no great stomach for '*biting*, I fancy they will grow more insolent; then, 'ware who tries to 'recruit there for the future!

'On the same day I was apprised, from Cüstrin, That the Prince-'Royal had resolved on an excursion to Carzig, and thence to the Bail-'liage of Himmelstädt' (digging and stubbing now on foot at Himmelstädt too), 'which is but a couple of miles[16] from this; that there would be

[14] Grumkow to Seckendorf, Berlin, 20th August 1732 (Förster, iii. 112).

[15] For Wreech see *Benekendorf*, v. 94; for Schulenburg, ib. 26;—and *Militair-Lexikon*, iii. 432, 433, and iv. 268, 269. Vacant on the gossiping points; cautiously official, both these.

[16] '*Demi-mille*' German.

'a little hunt between the two Bailliages; and that if I chose to come, 'I might, and the Prince would dine with me.'—Which I did; and so, here again, Thursday 18th October 1731, in those remote Warta-Oder Countries, is a glimpse of his Royal Highness at first hand. Schulenburg continues; not even taking a new paragraph, which indeed he never does:

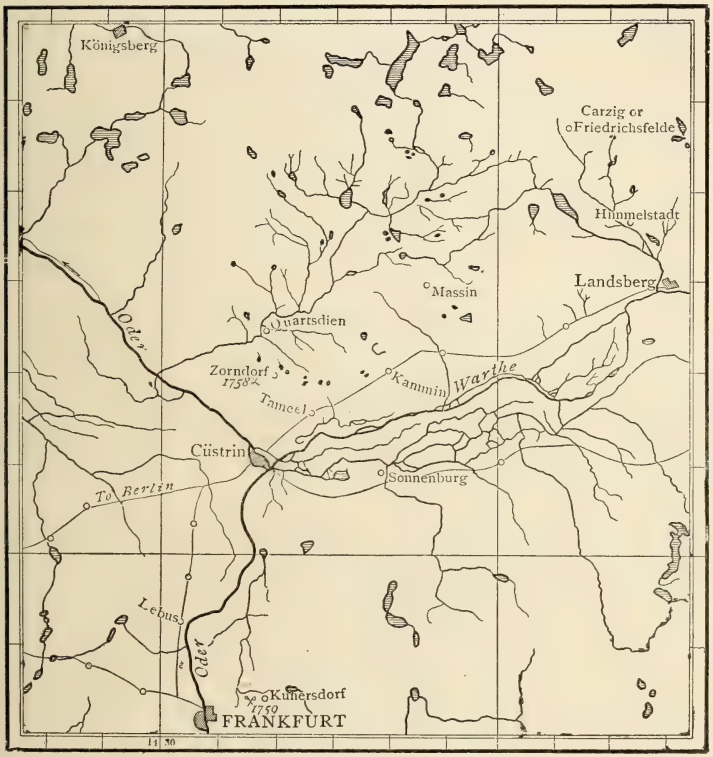
'They had shut-up a couple of *Spiesser* (young roes), and some stags, 'in the old wreck of a *Saugarten*' (Boar-park, between Carzig and Himmelstädt; *fast ruinirten Saugarten*, he calls it, daintily throwing-in a touch of German here): 'the Prince shot one or two of them, and his 'companions the like; but it does not seem as if this amusement were 'much to his taste. He went on to Himmelstädt; and at noon he arrived 'here,' in my poor Domicile at Landsberg.

'At one o'clock we went to table, and sat till four. He spoke only 'of very indifferent things; except saying to me: "Do you know, the 'King has promised 400,000 crowns (60,000*l.*) towards disengaging 'those Bailliages of the Margraf of Baireuth's,"'—old Margraf, Bailliages pawned to raise ready cash; readers remember what interminable Law-pleading there was, till Friedrich Wilhelm put it into a liquid state, "Pay me back the moneys, then!"[17]—'"400,000 thalers to the old 'Margraf, in case his Prince (Wilhelmina's now Bridegroom) have a son 'by my Sister." I answered, I had heard nothing of it.—"But," said 'he, "that is a great deal of money! And some hundred-thousands 'more have gone the like road, to Anspach, who never will be able to 'repay. For all is much in disorder at Anspach. Give the Margraf 'his Heron-hunt (*chasse au héron*), he cares for nothing; and his people 'pluck him at no allowance." I said: That if these Princes would 'regulate their expenditure, they might, little by little, pay-off their 'debts; that I had been told at Vienna the Baireuth Bailliages were 'mortgaged on very low terms, those who now held them making eight 'or ten per-cent of their money;'—that the Margraf ought to make an effort; and so on. 'I saw very well that these Loans the King makes 'are not to his mind.

'Directly on rising from table, he went away; excusing himself to 'me, That he could not pass the night here; that the King would not 'like his sleeping in the Town; besides that he had still several things 'to complete in a Report he was sending-off to his Majesty. He went to 'Massin, and slept there. For my own share, I did not press him to 'remain; what I did was rather in the way of form. There were with 'him President Münchow,' civil gentleman whom we know, 'an En-'gineer Captain Reger, and the three Gentlemen of his Court,' Wolden, Rohwedel, Natzmer who once twirled his finger in a certain mouth, the insipid fellow.

[17] Antea, p. 46.

'He is no great eater; but I observed he likes the small dishes '(*petits plats*) and the high tastes: he does not care for fish; though I 'had very fine trouts, he never touched them. He does not take brown 'soup (*soup au bouillon*). It did not seem to me he cared for wine: 'he tastes at all the wines; but commonly stands by burgundy with 'water.



'I introduced to him all the Officers of my Regiment who are here; 'he received them in the style of a king' (*en roi*, plenty of quiet pride in him, Herr General). 'It is certain he feels what he is born to; and if 'ever he get to it, will stand on the top of it. As to me, I mean to keep 'myself retired; and shall see of him as little as I can. I perceive well 'he does not like advice,' especially when administered in the way of preachment, by stiff old military gentlemen of the all-wise stamp;— 'and does not take pleasure except with people inferior to him in mind. 'His first aim is to find-out the ridiculous side of every one, and he loves 'to banter and quiz. It is a fault in a Prince: he ought to know people's 'faults, and not to make them known to anybody whatever,'—which, we

perceive, is not quite the method with private gentlemen of the all-wise type!—

'I speak to your Excellency as a friend; and assure you he is a 'Prince who has talent, but who will be the slave of his passions (*se fera 'dominer par ses passions*,'—not a felicitous prophecy, Herr General); 'and will like nobody but such as encourage him therein. For me, I 'think all Princes are cast in the same mould; there is only a more and 'a less.

'At parting, he embraced me twice; and said, "I am sorry I cannot 'stay longer; but another time I will profit better." Wolden' (one of the Three) 'told me he could not describe how well-intentioned for your 'Excellency the Prince-Royal is' (cunning dog!), 'who says often to 'Wolden' (doubtless guessing it will be re-said), "If I cannot show *him* 'my gratitude, I will his posterity:" '—profoundly obliged to the Grumkow kindred first and last!—'I remain your Excellency's' most pipeclayed

'VON SCHULENBURG.'[18]

And so, after survey of the spademen at Carzig and Himmelstädt (where Colonel Wreech, by the way, is *Amts-Hauptmann*, Official Head-man), after shooting a *Spiesser* or two, and dining and talking in this sort, his Royal Highness goes to sleep at Massin; and ends one day of his then life. We proceed to Letter No. 3.

A day or two after No. 2, it would appear, his Majesty, who is commonly at Wusterhausen hunting in this season, has been rapidly out to Crossen, in these Landsberg regions (to south, within a day's drive of Landsberg), rapidly looking after something; Grumkow and another Official attending him:—other Official, 'Truchsess,' is Truchsess von Waldburg, a worthy soldier and gentleman of those parts, whom we shall again hear of. In No. 3 there is mention likewise of the 'Kurfürst of Köln,'—Elector of Cologne; languid lanky gentleman of Bavarian breed, whom we saw last year at Bonn, richest Pluralist of the Church; whom doubtless our poor readers have forgotten again. Mention of him; and also considerable sulky humour, of the Majesty's-Opposition kind, on Schulenburg's part; for which reason, and generally as a poor direct reflex of time and place,—reflex by ruffled bog-water, through sedges, and in twilight; dim but indubitable,—we give the Letter, though the Prince is little spoken of in it:

[18] Förster, iii. 71-73.

No. 3. *To the Excellency Grumkow* (as above), *in Berlin.*

'Landsberg, 22d October (Monday) 1731.

'Monsieur,—I trust your Excellency made your journey to Crossen 'with all the satisfaction imaginable. Had I been warned sooner, I 'would have come; not only to see the King, but for your Excellency's 'sake and Truchsess's: but I received your Excellency's Letter only 'yesterday morning; so I could not have arrived before yesternight, and 'that late; for it is fifty miles off, and one has to send relays beforehand; 'there being no posthorses on that road.

'We are,—not to make comparisons—like Harlequin! No sooner 'out of one scrape, than we get into another; and all for the sake of 'those Big Blockheads (*l'amour de ces grands colosses*). What the 'Kurfürst of Köln has done, in his character of Bishop of Osnabrück,'—a deed not known to this Editor, but clearly in the way of snubbing our recruiting system,—'is too droll: but if we avenge ourselves, there will 'be high play, and plenty of it, all round our borders! If such things 'would make any impression on the spirit of our Master: but they do 'not; they'—in short, this recruiting system is delirious, thinks the stiff Schulenburg; and scruples not to say so, though not in his place in Parliament, or even Tobacco-Parliament. For there is a Majesty's Opposition in all lands and times. 'We ruin the Country,' says the Honourable Member, 'sending annually millions of money out of it, for 'a set of vagabond fellows (*gens à sac et à corde*), who will never do us 'the least service. One sees clearly it is the hand of God,' darkening some people's understanding; 'otherwise it might be possible their eyes 'would open, one time or another!'—A stiff pipeclayed gentleman of great wisdom, with plenty of sulphur burning in the heart of him. The rest of his Letter is all in the Opposition strain (almost as if from his place in Parliament, only far briefer than usual 'within these walls'); and winds-up with a glance at Victor Amadeus's strange feat, or rather at the Son's feat done upon Victor, over in Sardinia; preceded by this interjectionary sentence on a Prince nearer home:

'As to the Prince-Royal, depend on it he will do whatever is required 'of him' (marry anybody you like &c.), 'if you give him more elbow-'room, for that is whither he aims.—Not a bad stroke that, of the King 'of Sardinia'—Grand news of the day, at that time; now somewhat forgotten, and requiring a word from us:

Old King Victor Amadeus of Sardinia had solemnly abdicated in favour of his Son; went, for a twelvemonth or more, into private felicity with an elderly Lady-love whom he had long esteemed the first of women;—tired of such felicity, after a twelvemonth;

demanded his crown back, and could not get it! Lady-love and he are taken prisoners; lodged in separate castles:[19] and the wrath of the proud old gentleman is Olympian in character,—split an oak table, smiting it while he spoke (say the cicerones);—and his silence, and the fiery daggers he looks, are still more emphatic. But the young fellow holds out; you cannot play handy-dandy with a King's crown, your Majesty! say his new Ministers. Is and will continue King. 'Not a bad stroke of him,' thinks Schulenburg,—

—'especially if his Father meant to play him the same trick,' that is, clap him in prison. Not a bad stroke;—which perhaps there is another that could imitate, 'if *his* Papa gave him the opportunity! But *this* 'Papa will take good care; and the Queen will not forget the Sardinian 'business, when he talks again of abdicating,' as he does when in ill-humour.—

'But now had not we better have been friends with England, should 'war rise upon that Sardinian business? General Schulenburg,'—the famed Venetian Fieldmarshal, bruiser of the Turks in Candia,[20] my honoured Uncle, who sometimes used to visit his Sister the Maypole, now *Emerita*, in London, and sip beer and take tobacco on an evening, with George I. of famous memory,—he also 'writes me this Victor-Amadeus news, from Paris;' so that it is certain; Ex-King locked in Rivoli near a fortnight ago: 'he, General Schulenburg, says farther, 'To 'judge by the outside, all appears very quiet; but many think, at the 'bottom of the bag it will not be the same.'—

'I am, with respect,' your Excellency's much in buckram,

'Le Comte de Schoulenbourg.'[21]

So far Lieutenant-General Schulenburg; whom we thank for these contemporary glimpses of a young man that has become historical, and of the scene he lived in. And with these three accidental utterances, as if they (which are alone left) had been the sum of all he said in the world, let the Lieutenant-General withdraw now into silence: he will turn up twice again, after half-a-score of years, once in a nobler than talking attitude, the

[19] 2d September 1730 abdicated, went to Chambéry; reclaims, is locked in Rivoli, 8th October 1731 (news of it just come to Schulenburg); dies there, 31st October 1732, his 67th year.

[20] Same who was beaten by Charles XII. before; a worthy soldier nevertheless, say the Authorities: *Life* of him by Varnhagen von Ense (*Biographische Denkmale*, Berlin, 1845).

[21] Förster, iii. 73-75.

close-harnessed, stalwart, slightly atribiliar military gentleman of the old Prussian school.

These glimpses of the Crown-Prince, reflected on us in this manner, are not very luculent to the reader,—light being indifferent, and mirror none of the best:—but some features do gleam forth, good and not so good; which, with others coming, may gradually coalesce into something conceivable. A Prince clearly of much spirit, and not without petulance; abundant fire, much of it shining and burning irregularly at present; being sore held-down from without, and anomalously situated. Pride enough, thinks Schulenberg, capricious petulance enough,—likely to go into 'a reign of the passions,' if we live. As will be seen!—

Wilhelmina was betrothed in June last: Wilhelmina, a Bride these six months, continues to be much tormented by Mamma. But the Bridegroom, Prince of Baireuth, is gradually recommending himself to persons of judgment, to Wilhelmina among others. One day he narrowly missed an unheard-of accident: a foolish servant, at some boar-hunt, gave him a loaded piece on the half-cock; half-cock slipped in the handling; bullet grazed his Majesty's very temple, was felt twitching the hair there;—ye Heavens! Whereupon impertinent remarks from some of the Dessau people (allies of Schwedt and the Margravine in high colours); which were well answered by the Prince, and noiselessly but severely checked by a well-bred King.[22] King has given the Prince of Baireuth a regiment; and likes him tolerably, though the young man will not always drink as could be wished. Wedding, in spite of clouds from her Majesty, is coming steadily on.

His Majesty's Building Operations.

'This year,' says Fassmann, 'the building operations both in Berlin and Stettin,'—in Stettin where new fortifications are completed, in Berlin where gradually whole new quarters are getting built,—'were exceedingly pushed forward (*äusserst poussirt*).' Alas, yes; this too is a questionable memorable feature of his Majesty's reign. Late Majesty, old King Friedrich I., wishful, as others had been, for the growth of Berlin, laid-out a new Quarter, and called it Friedrichs Stadt; scraggy boggy ground, planned-out into streets, Friedrichs Strasse the chief street, with here and there a house

[22] Wilhelmina, i. 356.

standing lonesomely prophetic on it. But it is this present Majesty, Friedrich Wilhelm, that gets the plan executed, and the Friedrichs Strasse actually built, not always in a soft or spontaneous manner. Friedrich Wilhelm was the Ædile of his Country, as well as the Drill-sergeant; Berlin City did not rise of its own accord, or on the principle of leave-alone, any more than the Prussian Army itself. Wreck and rubbish Friedrich Wilhelm will not leave alone, in any kind; but is intent by all chances to sweep them from the face of the Earth, that something useful, seemly to the Royal mind, may stand there instead. Hence these building operations in the Friedrich Street and elsewhere, so 'exceedingly pushed forward.'

The number of scraggy waste places he swept clear, first and last, and built tight human dwellings upon, is almost uncountable. A common gift from him (as from his Son after him) to a man in favour, was that of a new good House,—an excellent gift. Or if the man is himself able to build, Majesty will help him, incite him: "Timber enough is in the royal forests; stone, lime are in the royal quarries; scraggy waste is abundant: why should any man, of the least industry or private capital, live in a bad house?" By degrees, the pressure of his Majesty upon private men to build with encouragement became considerable, became excessive, irresistible; and was much complained of, in these years now come. Old Colonel Derschau is the King's Agent, at Berlin, in this matter; a hard stiff man; squeezes men, all manner of men with the least capital, till they build.

Nüssler, for example, whom we once saw at Hanover, managing a certain contested Heritage for Friedrich Wilhelm; adroit Nüssler, though he has yet got no fixed appointment, nor pay except by the job, is urged to build;—second year hence, 1733, occurs the case of Nüssler, and is copiously dwelt upon by Büsching his biographer: "Build yourself a house in the Friedrichs Strasse!" urges Derschau. "But I have no pay, no capital!" pleads Nüssler.—"Tush, your Father-in-law, abstruse Kanzler von Ludwig, in Halle University, monster of law-learning there, is not he a monster of hoarded moneys withal? He will lend you, for his own and his Daughter's sake.[23] Or shall his Majesty compel him?" urges Derschau. And slowly, continually turns the screw upon Nüssler, till he too raises for himself a firm good house in the Friedrichs Stadt,—Friedrichs Strasse, or *Street*, as they now call

[23] Büsching, *Beyträge*, i. 324.

it, which the Tourist of these days knows. Substantial clear ashlar Street, miles or half-miles long; straight as a line:—Friedrich Wilhelm found it scrag and quagmire; and left it what the Tourist sees, by these hard methods. Thus Herr Privy-Councillor Klinggräf too, Nüssler's next neighbour: he did not want to build; far from it; but was obliged, on worse terms than Nüssler. You have such work, founding your house;—for the Nüssler-Klinggräf spot was a fish-pool, and 'carps were dug up' in founding;—such piles, bound platform of solid beams; '4,000 thalers gone before the first stone is laid:' and, in fact, the house must be built honestly, or it will be worse for the house and you. "Cost me 12,000 thalers (1,800*l.*) in all, and is worth perhaps 2,000!" sorrowfully ejaculates Nüssler, when the job is over. Still worse with Privy-Councillor Klinggräf: his house, the next to Nüssler's, is worth mere nothing to him when built; a soapboiler offers him 800 thalers (120*l.*) for it; and Nüssler, to avoid suffocation, purchases it himself of Klinggräf for that sum. Derschau, with his slow screw-machinery, is very formidable;—and Büsching knows it for a fact, 'that respectable Berlin persons used to run 'out of the way of Bürgermeister Koch and him, when either of 'them turned up on the streets!'

These things were heavy to bear. Truly, yes; where is the liberty of private capital or liberty of almost any kind, on those terms? Liberty to *annihilate* rubbish and chaos, under known conditions, you may have; but not the least liberty to keep them about you, though never so fond of doing it! What shall we say? Nüssler and the Soapboiler do both live in houses more human than they once had. Berlin itself, and some other things, did not spring from Free-trade. Berlin City would, to this day, have been a Place of *Scrubs* ('the *Berlin*,' a mere appellative noun to that effect), had Free-trade always been the rule there. I am sorry his Majesty transgresses the limits:—and we, my friends, if we can make our Chaos into Cosmos by firing Parliamentary eloquence into it, and bombarding it with Blue-Books, we will much triumph over his Majesty, one day!—

Thus are the building operations exceedingly pushed forward, the Ear of Jenkins torn off, and Victor Amadeus locked in ward, while our Crown-Prince, in the eclipsed state, is inspected by a Sage in pipeclay, and Wilhelmina's wedding is coming on.

CHAPTER VI.

WILHELMINA'S WEDDING.

TUESDAY 20th November 1731, Wilhelmina's wedding-day arrived, after a brideship of eight months; and that young Lady's troublesome romance, more happily than might have been expected, did at last wind itself up. Mamma's unreasonable humours continued, more or less; but these also must now end. Old wooers and outlooks, 'the four or three crowned heads,'—they lie far over the horizon; faded out of one's very thoughts, all these. Charles XII., Peter II. are dead; Weissenfels is not, but might as well be. Prince Fred, not yet wedded elsewhere, is doing French madrigals in Leicester House; tending towards the 'West Wickham' set of Politicians, the Pitt-Lyttelton set; stands ill with Father and Mother, and will not come to much. August the Dilapidated-Strong is deep in Polish troubles, in Anti-Kaiser politics, in drinking-bouts;—his great-toe never mended, never will mend. Gone to the spectral state all these: here, blooming with life in its cheeks, is the one practical Fact, our good Hereditary Prince of Baireuth,—privately our fate all along;—which we will welcome cheerfully; and be thankful to Heaven that we have not died in getting it decided for us!—

Wedding was of great magnificence; Berlin Palace and all things and creatures at their brightest: the Brunswick-Beverns here, and other high Guests; no end of pompous ceremonials, solemnities and splendours,—the very train of one's gown was 'twelve yards long.' Eschewing all which, the reader shall commodiously conceive it all, by two samples we have picked out for him: one sample of a Person, high Guest present; one of an Apartment where the sublimities went on.

The Duchess Dowager of Sachsen-Meiningen, who has come to honour us on this occasion, a very large Lady, verging towards sixty; she is the person. A living elderly Daughter of the Great Elector himself; half-sister to the late King, half-aunt to Friedrich

Wilhelm; widow now of her third husband: a singular phenomenon to look upon, for a moment, through Wilhelmina's satirical spectacles. One of her three husbands, 'Christian Ernst of Baireuth' (Margraf there, while the present Line was but expectant), had been a kind of Welsh-Uncle to the Prince now Bridegroom; so that she has a double right to be here. 'She had found the 'secret of totally ruining Baireuth,' says Wilhelmina; 'Baireuth, 'and Courland as well, where her first wedlock was;'—perhaps Meiningen was done to her hand? Here is the Portrait of 'my Grand-Aunt;' dashed-off in very high colours, not by a flattering pencil:

'It is said she was very fond of pleasing, in her youth; one saw as 'much still by her affected manners. She would have made an excellent 'actress, to play fantastic parts of that kind. Her flaming red counte-'nance, her shape, of such monstrous extent that she could hardly walk, 'gave her the air of a Female Bacchus. She took care to expose to view 'her'—a part of her person, large but no longer beautiful,—'and con-'tinually kept patting it with her hands, to attract attention thither. 'Though sixty gone,'—fifty-seven in point of fact,—'she was tricked-out 'like a girl; hair done in ribbon-locks (*marronnés*), all filled with 'gewgaws of rose-pink colour, which was the prevailing tint in her 'complexion, and so loaded with coloured jewels, you would have taken 'her for the rainbow.'[1]

This charming old Lady, daughter of the *Grosse Kurfürst*, and so very fat and rubicund, had a Son once: he too is mentionable in his way,—as a milestone (parish milestone) in the obscure Chronology of those parts. Her first Husband was the Duke of Courland; to him she brought an heir, who became Duke in his turn,—and was the final Duke, *last* of the 'Kettler' or native Line of Dukes there. The Kettlers had been Teutsch Ritters, Commandants in Courland; they picked-up that Country, for their own behoof, when the Ritterdom went down; and this was the last of them. He married Anne of Russia with the big cheek (Czar Peter's Niece, who is since become Czarina); and died shortly after, twenty years ago; with tears doubtless from the poor rosepink Mother, far away in Baireuth and childless otherwise; and also in a sense to the sorrow of Courland, which was hereby left vacant, a prey to enterprising neighbours. And on those terms it was that Saxon Moritz (our dissolute friend, who

[1] Wilhelmina, i. 375.

will be *Maréchal de Saxe* one day) made his clutch at Courland, backed by moneys of the French actress; rumour of which still floats vaguely about. Moritz might have succeeded, could he have done the first part of the feat, fallen in love with swoln-cheeked Anne, Dowager there; but he could not; could only pretend it: Courland therefore (now that the Swoln-cheek is become Czarina) falls to one Bieren, a born Courlander, who could.[2]—We hurry to the 'Grand Apartment' in Berlin Schloss, and glance rapidly, with Wilhelmina (in an abridged form), how magnificent it is:

Royal Apartment, third floor of the Palace at Berlin, one must say, few things equal it in the world. 'From the Outer Saloon or Ante-'chamber, called *Salle des Suisses*' (where the halberdier and valet people wait) 'you pass through six grand rooms, into a saloon magnificently 'decorated: thence through two rooms more, and so into what they 'call the Picture-Gallery, a room ninety feet long. All this is in a line.' Grand all this; but still only common in comparison. From the Picture-Gallery you turn (to right or left is not said, nor does it matter) into a suite of Fourteen great rooms, each more splendid than the other: lustre from the ceiling of the first room, for example, is of solid silver; weighs, in pounds avoirdupois I know not what, but in silver coin '10,000 crowns:' ceilings painted as by Correggio; 'wall-mirrors between 'each pair of windows are twelve feet high, and their piers (*trumeaux*) 'are of massive silver; in front of each mirror, table can be laid for 'twelve;' twelve Serenities may dine there, flanked by their mirror, enjoying the Correggiosities above, and the practical sublimities all round: 'And this is but the first of the Fourteen;' and you go on increasing in superbness, till, for example, in the last, or superlative Saloon, you find 'a lustre weighing 50,000 crowns; the globe of it big enough to hold a 'child of eight years; and the branches (*guéridons*) of it,' I forget how many feet or fathoms in extent: silver to the heart. Nay the music-balcony is of silver; wearied fiddler lays his elbow on balustrades of that precious metal. Seldom if ever was seen the like. In this superlative Saloon the Nuptial Benediction was given.[3]

Old King Friedrich, the expensive Herr, it was he that did the

[2] Last Kettler, Anne's Husband, died (leaving only an old Uncle, fallen into Papistry and other futility, who, till his death some twenty years after, had to reside abroad and be nominal merely), 1711; Moritz's attempt with Adrienne Lecouvreur's cash was, 1726; Anne became Sovereign of all the Russias (on her poor Cousin Peter II.'s death), 1730; Bieren (*Biron* as he tried to write himself, being of poor birth) did not get installed till 1737; and had, he and Courland both, several tumbles after that before getting to stable equilibrium.

[3] Wilhelmina, i. 381; Nicolai, ii. 881.

furnishing and Correggio-painting of these sublime rooms: but this of the masses of wrought silver, this was done by Friedrich Wilhelm,—incited thereto by what he saw at Dresden in August the Strong's Establishment; and reflecting too, that silver is silver, whether you keep it in barrels in a coined form, or work it into chandeliers, mirror-frames and music-balconies.—These things we should not have mentioned, except to say that the massive silver did prove a hoard available, in after times, against a rainy day. Massive silver (well mixed with copper first) was all melted down, stamped into current coins, native and foreign, and sent wandering over the world, before a certain Prince got through his Seven-Years Wars and other pinches that are ahead !—

In fine, Wilhelmina's Wedding was magnificent; though one had rubs too; and Mamma was rather severe. 'Hair went all 'wrong, by dint of over-dressing; and hung on one's face like a 'boy's. Crown-royal they had put (as indeed was proper) on one's 'head: hair was in twenty-four locks the size of your arm: such 'was the Queen's order. Gown was of cloth-of-silver, trimmed 'with Spanish gold-lace (*avec un point d'Espagne d'or*); train twelve 'yards long;—one was like to sink to the earth in such equipment.' Courage, my Princess !—In fact, the Wedding went beautifully off; with dances and sublimities, slow solemn Torch-dance to conclude with, in those unparalleled upper rooms; Grand-Aunt Meiningen and many other stars and rainbows witnessing; even the Margravine of Schwedt, in her high colours, was compelled to be there. Such variegated splendour, such a dancing of the Constellations; sublunary Berlin, and all the world, on tiptoe round it! Slow Torch-dance, winding it up, melted into the shades of midnight, for this time; and there was silence in Berlin.

But, on the following nights, there were Balls of a less solemn character; far pleasanter for dancing purposes. It is to these, to one of these, that we direct the attention of all readers. Friday 23d, there was again Ball and Royal Evening Party—'Grand Apartment' so-called. Immense Ball, 'seven hundred couples, all people of condition:' there were 'Four Quadrilles,' or dancing places in the big sea of quality-figures; each at its due distance in the grand suite of rooms: Wilhelmina presides in Quadrille *Number One;* place assigned her was in the room called Picture-Gallery; Queen and all the Principalities were with Wilhelmina, she is to lead-off their quadrille, and take charge of it. Which

she did, with her accustomed fire and elasticity;—and was circling there, on the light fantastic toe, time six in the evening, when Grumkow, whom she had been dunning for his bargain about Friedrich the day before, came up:

'I liked dancing,' says she, 'and was taking advantage of my chances. 'Grumkow came up, and interrupted me in the middle of a minuet: '"*Eh, mon Dieu, Madame!*" said Grumkow, "you seem to have got 'bit by the tarantula! Don't you see those strangers who have just 'come in?" I stopt short; and looking all round, I noticed at last a 'young man dressed in gray, whom I did not know. "Go, then, embrace 'the Prince-Royal; there he is before you!" said Grumkow. All 'the blood in my body went topsy-turvy for joy. "O Heaven, my 'Brother?" cried I: "But I don't see him; where is he? In God's 'name, let me see him!" Grumkow led me to the young man in gray. 'Coming near, I recognised him, though with difficulty: he had grown 'amazingly stouter (*prodigieusement engraissé*), shortened about the neck; 'his face too had much changed, and was no longer so beautiful as it 'had been. I sprang upon him with open arms (*sautai au cou*); I was 'in such a state, I could speak nothing but broken exclamations: I 'wept, I laughed, like one gone delirious. In my life I have never felt 'so lively a joy.

'The first sane step was to throw myself at the feet of the King: 'King said, "Are you content with me? You see I have kept my 'word!" I took my Brother by the hand; and entreated, the King to 'restore him his friendship. This scene was so touching, it drew tears 'from the eyes of everybody. I then approached the Queen. She was 'obliged to embrace me, the King being close opposite; but I remarked 'that her joy was only affected.'—Why then, O Princess? Guess, if you can, the female humours of her Majesty!—

'I turned to my Brother again; I gave him a thousand caresses, and 'said the tenderest things to him: to all which he remained cold as 'ice, and answered only in monosyllables. I presented the Prince (my 'Husband); to whom he did not say one word. I was astonished at 'this fashion of procedure! But I laid the blame of it on the King, 'who was observing us, and who I judged might be intimidating my 'Brother. But even his countenance surprised me: he wore a proud 'air, and seemed to look down on everybody.'

A much-changed Crown-Prince. What can be the meaning of it? Neither King nor he appeared at supper: they were supping elsewhere, with a select circle; and the whisper ran among us, His Majesty was treating him with great friendliness. At which the Queen, contrary to hope, could not conceal her secret pique. 'In fact,' says Wilhelmina,

again too hard on Mamma, 'she did not love her children except as 'they served her ambitious views.' The fact that it was I, and not she, who had achieved the Prince's deliverance, was painful to her Majesty: alas, yes, in some degree!

'Ball having recommenced, Grumkow whispered to me, "That the 'King was pleased with my frank kind ways to my Brother; and not 'pleased with my Brother's cold way of returning it: Does he simulate, 'and mean still to deceive me? Or *is* that all the thanks he has for 'Wilhelmina? thinks his Majesty. Go on with your sincerity, Madam; 'and for God's sake admonish the Crown-Prince to avoid finessing!" 'Crown-Prince, when I did, in some interval of the dance, report this 'of Grumkow, and say, Why so changed and cold, then, Brother of my 'heart? answered, That he was still the same; and that he had his 'reasons for what he did.' Wilhelmina continues; and cannot understand her Crown-Prince at all:

'Next morning, by the King's order, he paid me a visit. The Prince,' my Husband, 'was polite enough to withdraw, and left me and Sonsfeld 'alone with him. He gave me a recital of his misfortunes; I com-'municated mine to him,'—and how I had at last bargained to get him free again by my compliance. 'He appeared much discountenanced 'at this last part of my narrative. He returned thanks for the obli-'gations I had laid on him,—with some caressings, which evidently did 'not proceed from the heart. To break this conversation, he started 'some indifferent topic; and, under pretence of seeing my Apartment, 'moved into the next room, where the Prince my Husband was. Him 'he ran over with his eyes from head to foot, for some time; then, after 'some constrained civilities to him, went his way.' What to make of all this? 'Madam Sonsfeld shrugged her shoulders;' no end of Madam Sonsfeld's astonishment at such a Crown-Prince.

Alas, yes, poor Wilhelmina; a Crown-Prince got into terrible cognisance of facts since we last met him! Perhaps already sees, not only what a Height of place is cut-out for him in this world, but also in a dim way what a solitude of soul, if he will maintain his height? Top of the frozen Schreckhorn;—have you well considered such a position! And even the way thither is dangerous, is terrible in this case. Be not too hard upon your Crown-Prince. For it is certain he loves you to the last!

Captain Dickens, who alone of all the Excellencies was not at the Wedding,—and never had believed it would be a wedding, but only a rumour to bring England round,—duly chronicles this happy reappearance of the Prince-Royal: 'about six, yesterday 'evening, as the company was dancing,—to the great joy and

'surprise of the whole Court;'—and adds: 'This morning the 'Prince came to the public Parade; where crowds of people of 'all ranks flocked to see his Royal Highness, and gave the most 'open demonstrations of pleasure.'[4]

Wilhelmina, these noisy tumults, not all of them delightful, once done, gets out of the perplexed hurlyburly, home towards still Baireuth, shortly after Newyear.[5] 'Berlin was become as 'odious to me as it had once been dear. I flattered myself that, 'renouncing grandeurs, I might lead a soft and tranquil life in 'my new Home, and begin a happier year than the one that had 'just ended.' Mamma was still perverse; but on the edge of departure Wilhelmina contrived to get a word of her Father, and privately open her heart to him. Poor Father, after all that has come and gone:

'My discourse produced its effect; he melted into tears, could not 'answer me for sobs; he explained his thoughts by his embracings of 'me. Making an effort, at length, he said: "I am in despair that I 'did not know thee. They had told me such horrible tales, I hated 'thee as much as I now love thee. If I had addressed myself direct to 'thee, I should have escaped much trouble, and thou too. But they 'hindered me from speaking; said thou wert ill-natured as the Devil, 'and wouldst drive me to extremities I wanted to avoid. Thy Mother, 'by her intriguings, is in part the cause of the misfortunes of the family; 'I have been deceived and duped on every side. But my hands are 'tied; and though my heart is torn in pieces, I must leave these iniquities 'unpunished!"'—The Queen's intentions were always good, urged Wilhelmina. "Let us not enter into that detail," answered he: "what is "past is past; I will try to forget it;" and assured Wilhelmina that she was the dearest to him of the family, and that he would do great things for her still,—only part of which came to effect in the sequel. "I am too sad of heart to take leave of you," concluded he: "embrace "your Husband on my part; I am so overcome that I must not see "him."[6] And so they rolled away.

Crown-Prince was back to Cüstrin again, many weeks before. Back to Cüstrin; but under totally changed omens: his history, after that first emergence in Wilhelmina's dance, '23d November about six P.M.,' and appearance at Parade on the morrow (Saturday morning), had been as follows. Monday November 26th, there was again grand Ball, and the Prince there, *not* in gray this time.

[4] Despatch, 24th Nov. 1731. [5] 11th Jan. 1732 (Wilhelmina, ii. 2).

[6] Wilhelmina, ii. 4; who dates 11th January 1732.

Next day, the Old Dessauer and all the higher Officers in Berlin petitioned, "Let us have him in the Army again, your Majesty!" Majesty consented: and so, Friday 30th, there was grand dinner at Seckendorf's, Crown-Prince there, in soldier's uniform again; a completely pardoned youth. His uniform is of the Goltz Regiment, Infantry: Goltz Regiment, which lies at Ruppin,—at and about, in that moory Country to the Northeast, some thirty or forty miles from Berlin;—whither his destination now is.

Crown-Prince had to resume his Kammer work at Cüstrin, and see the Buildings at Carzig, for a three months longer, till some arrangements in the Regiment Goltz were perfected, and finishing improvements given to it. But 'on the last day of February' (29th, 1732 being leap-year), his Royal Highness's Commission to be Colonel Commandant of said Regiment is made out; and he proceeds, in discharge of the same, to Ruppin, where his men lie. And so puts-off the pike-gray coat, and puts-on the military blue one,[7]—never to quit it again, as turned out.

Ruppin is a little Town, in that northwest Fehrbellin region: Regiment Goltz had lain in detached quarters hitherto; but is now to lie at Ruppin, the first Battalion of it there, and the rest within reach. Here, in Ruppin itself, or ultimately at Reinsberg in the neighbourhood, was Friedrich's abode, for the next eight years. Habitual residence: with transient excursions, chiefly to Berlin in Carnival time, or on other great occasions, and always strictly on leave; his employment being that of Colonel of Foot, a thing requiring continual vigilance and industry in that Country. Least of all to be neglected, in any point, by one in his circumstances. He did his military duties to a perfection satisfactory even to Papa; and achieved on his own score many other duties and improvements, for which Papa had less value. These eight years, it is always understood, were among the most important of his life to him.

[7] Preuss, i. 69.

BOOK IX.

LAST STAGE OF FRIEDRICH'S APPRENTICESHIP: LIFE IN RUPPIN.

1732—1736.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH CHRISTINA OF BRUNSWICK-BEVERN.

We described the Crown-Prince as intent to comply, especially in all visible external particulars, with Papa's will and pleasure;—to distinguish himself by real excellence in Commandantship of the Regiment Goltz, first of all. But before ever getting into that, there has another point risen, on which obedience, equally essential, may be still more difficult.

Ever since the grand Catastrophe went off *without* taking Friedrich's head along with it, and there began to be hopes of a pacific settlement, question has been, Whom shall the Crown-Prince marry? And the debates about it in the Royal breast and in Tobacco-Parliament, and rumours about it in the world at large, have been manifold and continual. In the Schulenburg Letters we saw the Crown-Prince himself much interested, and eagerly inquisitive on that head. As was natural: but it is not in the Crown-Prince's mind, it is in the Tobacco-Parliament, and the Royal breast as influenced there, that the thing must be decided. Who in the world will it be, then?

Crown-Prince himself hears now of this party, now of that. England is quite over, and the Princess Amelia sunk below the horizon. Friedrich himself appears a little piqued that Hotham carried his nose so high; that the English would not, in those life-and-death circumstances, abate the least from their 'Both marriages or none,'—thinks they should have saved Wilhelmina, and taken his word of honour for the rest. England is now out of his head;—all romance is too sorrowfully swept out: and instead of the 'sacred air-cities of hope' in this high section of his history, the young man is looking into the 'mean clay hamlets of reality,' with an eye well recognising them for real. With an eye and heart already tempered to the due hardness for them. Not a fortunate result, though it was an inevitable one. We saw him flirting with the beautiful wedded Wreech; talking to Lieutenant-General Schulenburg about marriage, in a way which shook the pipeclay of

that virtuous man. He knows he would not get his choice, if he had one; strives not to care. Nor does he, in fact, much care; the romance being all out of it. He looks mainly to outward advantages; to personal appearance, temper, good manners; to 'religious principle,' sometimes rather in the reverse way (fearing an *overplus* rather);—but always to likelihood of moneys by the match, as a very direct item. Ready command of money, he feels, will be extremely desirable in a Wife; desirable and almost indispensable, in present straitened circumstances. These are the notions of this ill-situated Cœlebs.

The parties proposed first and last, and rumoured of in Newspapers and the idle brains of men, have been very many,—no limit to their numbers; it *may* be anybody: an intending purchaser, though but possessed of sixpence, is in a sense proprietor of the whole Fair! Through Schulenburg we heard his own account of them, last Autumn;—but the far noblest of the lot was hardly glanced at, or not at all, on that occasion. The Kaiser's eldest Daughter, sole heiress of Austria and these vast Pragmatic-Sanction operations; Archduchess Maria Theresa herself,—it is affirmed to have been Prince Eugene's often-expressed wish, That the Crown-Prince of Prussia should wed the future Empress.[1] Which would indeed have saved immense confusions to mankind! Nay she alone of Princesses, beautiful, magnanimous, brave, was the mate for such a Prince,—had the Good Fairies been consulted, which seldom happens:—and Romance itself might have become Reality in that case: with high results to the very soul of this young Prince! Wishes are free: and wise Eugene will have been heard, perhaps often, to express this wish; but that must have been all. Alas, the preliminaries, political, especially religious, are at once indispensable and impossible: we have to dismiss that day-dream. A Papal-Protestant Controversy still exists among mankind; and this is one penalty they pay for not having settled it sooner. The Imperial Court cannot afford its Archduchess on the terms possible in that quarter.

What the Imperial Court can do is, to recommend a Niece of theirs, insignificant young Princess, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, who is Niece to the Empress; and may be made useful in this way, to herself and us, think the Imperial Majesties;—will be a new tie upon the Prussians and the Pragmatic Sanction, and keep the Alliance still surer for our Archduchess in

[1] Hormayr, *Allgemeine Geschichte der neuesten Zeit* (Wien, 1817), i. 13; cited in Preuss, i. 71.

times coming, think their Majesties. She, it is insinuated by Seckendorf in Tobacco-Parliament; ought not she, Daughter of your Majesty's esteemed friend,—modest-minded, innocent young Princess, with a Brother already betrothed in your Majesty's House, —to be the Lady? It is probable she will.

Did we inform the reader once about Kaiser Karl's young marriage-adventures; and may we, to remind him, mention them a second time? How Imperial Majesty, some five-and-twenty years ago, then only King of Spain, asked Princess Caroline of Anspach, who was very poor, and an orphan in the world. Who at once refused, declining to think of changing her religion on such a score;—and now governs England, telegraphing with Walpole, as Queen there instead. How Karl, now Imperial Majesty, then King of Spain, next applied to Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel; and met with a much better reception there. Applied to old Anton Ulrich, reigning Duke, who writes big Novels, and does other foolish good-natured things;—who persuaded his Granddaughter that a change to Catholicism was nothing in such a case, that he himself should not care in the least to change. How the Granddaughter changed accordingly, went to Barcelona, and was wedded;—and had to dun old Grandpapa, "Why don't you change, then?" Who did change thereupon; thinking to himself, "Plague on it, I must, then!" the foolish old Herr. He is dead; and his Novels, in six volumes quarto, are all dead: and the Granddaughter is Kaiserinn, on those terms, a serene monotonous well-favoured Lady, diligent in her Catholic exercises; of whom I never heard any evil, good rather, in her eminent serene position. Pity perhaps that she had recommended her Niece for this young Prussian gentleman; whom it by no means did 'attach to the Family' so very careful about him at Vienna! But if there lay a sin, and a punishment following on it, here or elsewhere, in her Imperial position, surely it is to be charged on foolish old Anton Ulrich; not on her, poor Lady, who had never coveted such height, nor durst for her soul take the leap thitherward, till the serene old literary gentleman showed her how easy it was.

Well, old Anton Ulrich is long since dead,[2] and his religious accounts are all settled beyond cavil; and only the sad duty devolves on me of explaining a little what and who his rather insipid offspring are, so far as related to readers of this History. Anton Ulrich left two sons; the elder of whom was Duke, and the younger had an Apanage, Blankenburg by name. Only this

[2] 1714, age 70. Hübner, t. 190.

younger had children,—serene Kaiserinn that now is, one of them. The elder died childless,[3] precisely a few months before the times we are now got to; reigning Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel,[4] all but certain Apanages, and does not concern us farther. To that supreme dignity the younger has now come, and his Apanage of Blankenburg and children with him;—so that there is now only one outstanding Apanage (Bevern, not known to us yet); which also will perhaps get reunited, if we cared for it. Ludwig Rudolf is the name of this new sovereign Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, or Duke in chief; age now sixty; has a shining, bustling, somewhat irregular Duchess, says Wilhelmina; and a nose—or rather almost no nose, for sad reasons![5] Other qualities or accidents I know not of him,—except that he is Father of the Vienna Kaiserinn; Grandfather of the Princess whom Seckendorf suggests for our Friedrich of Prussia.

In Ludwig Rudolf's insipid offspring our readers are unexpectedly somewhat interested; let readers patiently attend, therefore. He had three Daughters, never any son. Two of his Daughters, eldest and youngest, are alive still; the middle one had a sad fate long ago. She married, in 1711, Alexius the Czarowitz of Peter the Great: foolish Czarowitz, miserable and making others miserable, broke her heart by ill conduct, ill usage, in four years; so that she died; leaving him only a poor small Peter II., who is now dead too, and that matter ended all but the memory of it. Some accounts bear, that *she* did not die; that she only pretended it, and ran and left her intolerable Czarowitz. That she wedded, at Paris, in deep obscurity, an Officer just setting-out for Louisiana; lived many years there as a thrifty soldier's wife; returned to Paris with her Officer reduced to half-pay; and told him,—or told some select Official person after him, under sevenfold oath, being then a widow and necessitous,—her sublime secret. Sublime secret, which came thus to be known to a supremely select circle at Paris; and was published in Books, where one still reads it. No vestige of truth in it,—except that perhaps a necessitous soldier's widow at Paris, considering of ways and means, found that she had some trace of likeness to the Pictures of this Princess, and had heard her tragic story.

[3] 1731, Michaelis, i. 132.

[4] 'Welf-*booths*' (Hutted Camp of the Welfs), according to Etymology. 'Brunswick,' again, is *Braun's*-Wick; 'Braun' (Brown) being an old militant Welf in those parts, who built some lodge for himself, as a convenience there,—Year 880, say the uncertain old Books. Hübner, t. 149; Michaelis, &c.

[5] Wilhelmina ii. 121.

Ludwig Rudolf's second Daughter is dead long years ago; nor has this fable as yet risen from her dust. Of Ludwig Rudolf's other two Daughters, we have said that one, the eldest, was the Kaiserinn; Empress Elizabeth Christina, age now precisely forty; with two beautiful Daughters, sublime Maria Theresa the elder of them, and no son that would live. Which last little circumstance has caused the Pragmatic Sanction, and tormented universal Nature for so many years back! Ludwig Rudolf has a youngest Daughter, also married, and a Mother in Germany,—to this day conspicuously so;—of whom next, or rather of her Husband and Family-circle, we must say a word.

Her Husband is no other than the esteemed Friend of Friedrich Wilhelm; Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, by title; who, as a junior branch, lives in the Apanage of Bevern, as his Father did; but is sure now to inherit the sovereignty and be Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel at large, he or his Sons, were the present incumbent, Ludwig Rudolf, once out. Present incumbent, we have just intimated, is his Father-in-law; but it is not on that ground that he looks to inherit. He is Nephew of old Anton Ulrich, Son of a younger Brother (who was also 'Bevern' in Anton's time); and is the evident Heir-male; old Anton being already fallen into the distaff, with nothing but three Granddaughters. Anton's heir will now be this Nephew: Nephew has wedded one of the Granddaughters, youngest of the Three, youngest Daughter of Ludwig Rudolf, Sovereign Duke that now is; which Lady, by the family she brought him, if no otherwise, is memorable or mentionable here, and may be called a Mother in Germany.[6]

[6] Anton Ulrich (1633-1714), Duke in Chief; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Wolfenbüttel*.

August Wilhelm, elder Son and Heir (1662, 1714, 1731); had no Children.	Ludwig Rudolf, the younger Son (1671, 1731, 1735), apanaged in Blankenburg; Duke of Brunswick-*Blankenburg*; became *Wolfenbüttel*, 1731; died, 1st March 1735. No Son: so that now the Bevern succeeded. Three Daughters:	Ferdinand Albert (1636-1687), his younger Brother apanaged in Bevern; that is, Duke of Brunswick-*Bevern*.

Elizabeth Christina, the Kaiserinn (1691, 1708, 1750).	Charlotte Christina (1694, 1711, 1715), Alexius of Russia's; had a *fabulous* end.	Antoinette Amelia (1695, 1712, 1762); Bevern's Wife, —a "Mother in Germany."	Ferdinand Albert, eldest Son (an elder had perished, 1704, on the Schellenberg under Marlborough), followed in Bevern (1680, 1687-1704, 1735); Kaiser's Soldier, Friedrich Wilhelm's friend; married his Cousin, Antoinette Amelia ("Mother in Germany," as we call her). Duke in Chief, 1st March 1735, on Ludwig Rudolf's decease; died himself, 3d September same year.

Born 1713, Karl the Heir (to marry our Friedrich's Sister).	1714, Anton Ulrich (Russia; tragedy of Czar Iwan).	1715, 8th November, Elizabeth Christina (Crown-Prince's).	1718, Ludwig Ernst (Holland, 1787).	1721, Ferdinand (Chatham's and England's) of the Seven-Years War.	1722, 1724, 1725, 1732, Four others; Boys the youngest Two, who were both killed in Friedrich's Wars.

Father Bevern her Husband, Ferdinand Albert the name of him, is now just fifty, only ten years younger than his serene Father-in-law Ludwig Rudolf:—whom, I may as well say here, he does at last succeed, three years hence (1735), and becomes Duke of Brunswick in General, according to hope; but only for a few months, having himself died that same year. Poor Duke; rather a good man, by all the accounts I could hear; though not of qualities that shone. He is at present 'Duke of Brunswick-Bevern,'—such his actual nomenclature in those ever-fluctuating Sibyl's-leaves of German History-Books, Wilhelmina's and the others;—expectant Duke of Brunswick in General; much a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm. A kind of Austrian soldier he was formerly, and will again be for brief times; General-Feldmarschall so-styled; but is not notable in War, nor otherwise at all, except for the offspring he had by this serene Spouse of his. Insipid offspring, the impatient reader says; but permits me to enumerate one or two of them:

1°. Karl, eldest Son; who is sure to be Brunswick in General; who is betrothed to Princess Charlotte of Prussia,—'a satirical creature, she, fonder of my Prince than of him,' Wilhelmina thinks. The wedding nevertheless took effect. Brunswick in General duly fell in, first to the Father; then, in a few months more, to Karl with his Charlotte: and from them proceeded, in due time, another Karl, of whom we shall hear in this History;—and of whom all the world heard much in the French Revolution Wars; in 1792, and still more tragically afterwards. Shot, to death or worse, at the Battle of Jena, October 1806; 'battle lost before it was begun,'—such the strategic history they give of it. He peremptorily ordered the French Revolution to suppress itself; and that was the answer the French Revolution made him. From this Karl, what *new* Queens Caroline of England and portentous Dukes of Brunswick, sent upon their travels through the anarchic world, profitable only to Newspapers, we need not say!—

2°. Anton Ulrich; named after his august Great-Grandfather; does not write novels like him. At present a young gentleman of eighteen; goes into Russia before long, hoping to beget Czars; which issues dreadfully for himself and the potential Czars he begot. The reader has heard of a potential "Czar Iwan," violently done to death in his room, one dim moonlight night of 1764, in the Fortress of Schlüsselburg, middle of Lake Ladoga; misty moon looking down on the stone battlements, on the melancholy waters, and saying nothing.—But let us not anticipate.

3°. Elizabeth Christina; to us more important than any of them. Namesake of the Kaiserinn, her august Aunt; age now seventeen;

insipid fine-complexioned young lady, who is talked of for the Bride of our Crown-Prince. Of whom the reader will hear more. Crown-Prince fears she is 'too religious,'—and will have '*cagots*' about her (solemn persons in black, highly unconscious how little wisdom they have), who may be troublesome.

4°. A merry young Boy, now ten, called Ferdinand; with whom England within the next thirty years will ring, for some time, loud enough: the great "Prince Ferdinand" himself,—under whom the Marquis of Granby and others became great; Chatham superintending it. This really was a respectable gentleman, and did considerable things,—a Trismegistus in comparison with the Duke of Cumberland whom he succeeded. A cheerful, singularly-polite, modest, well-conditioned man withal. To be slightly better known to us, if we live. He at present is a Boy of ten, chasing the thistle's beard.

5°. Three other sons, all soldiers, two of them younger than Ferdinand; whose names were in the gazettes down to a late period;—whom we shall ignore in this place. The last of them was marched out of Holland, where he had long been Commander-in-chief on rather Tory principles, in the troubles of 1787. Others of them we shall see storming forward on occasion, valiantly meeting death in the field of fight, all conspicuously brave of character; but this shall be enough of them at present.

It is of these that Ludwig Rudolf's youngest daughter, the serene Ferdinand Albert's wife, is Mother in Germany; highly conspicuous in their day. If the question is put, it must be owned they are all rather of the insipid type. Nothing but a kind of albuminous simplicity noticeable in them; no wit, originality, brightness in the way of uttered intellect. If it is asked, How came they to the least distinction in this world?—the answer is not immediately apparent. But indeed they are Welf of the Welfs, in this respect as in others. One asks, with increased wonder, noticing in the Welfs generally nothing but the same albuminous simplicity, and poverty rather than opulence of uttered intellect, or of qualities that shine, How the Welfs came to play such a part, for the last thousand years, and still to be at it, in conspicuous places?

Reader, I have observed that uttered intellect is not what permanently makes way, but *un*uttered. Wit, logical brilliancy, spiritual effulgency, true or *false*,—how precious to idle mankind, and to the Newspapers and History-Books, even when it is false: while, again, Nature and Practical Fact care next to nothing for it in comparison, even when it is true! Two silent qualities you

will notice in these Welfs, modern and ancient; which Nature much values: *First*, consummate human Courage; a noble, perfect, and as it were unconscious superiority to fear. And then *secondly*, much weight of mind, a noble not too conscious Sense of what is Right and Not Right, I have found in some of them;—which means mostly *weight*, or good gravitation, good observance of the perpendicular; and is called justice, veracity, high-honour, and other such names. These are fine qualities indeed, especially with an 'albuminous simplicity' as vehicle to them. If the Welfs had not much articulate intellect, let us guess they made a good use, not a bad or indifferent, as is commoner, of what they had.

Who his Majesty's Choice is; and what the Crown-Prince thinks of it.

Princess Elizabeth Christina, the insipid Brunswick specimen, backed by Seckendorf and Vienna, proves on consideration the desirable to Friedrich Wilhelm in this matter. But his Son's notions, who as yet knows her only by rumour, do not go that way. Insipidity, triviality; the fear of '*cagotage*' and frightful fellows in black supremely unconscious what blockheads they are, haunts him a good deal. And as for any money coming,—her sublime Aunt the Kaiserinn never had much ready-money; one's resources on that side are likely to be exiguous. He would prefer the Princess of Mecklenburg, Semi-Russian Catharine or Anna, of whom we have heard; would prefer the Princess of Eisenach (whose name he does not know rightly); thinks there are many Princesses preferable. Most of all he would prefer, what is well known of him in Tobacco-Parliament, but known to be impossible, this long while back, to go upon a round of travel,—as for instance the Prince of Lorraine is now doing,—and look about him a little.

These candid considerations the Crown-Prince earnestly suggests to Grumkow, and the secret committee of Tobacco-Parliament; earnestly again and again, in his Correspondence with that gentleman, which goes on very brisk at present. 'Much of it lost,' we hear;—but enough, and to spare, is saved! Not a beautiful correspondence: the tone of it shallow, hard of heart; tragically flippant, especially on the Crown-Prince's part; now and then even a touch of the hypocritical from him, slight touch and not with will: alas, what can the poor young man do? Grumkow,—whose ground, I think, is never quite so secure since that Nosti

business,—professes ardent attachment to the real interests of the Prince; and does solidly advise him of what is feasible, what not, in headquarters: very exemplary 'attachment;' credible to what length, the Prince well enough knows. And so the Correspondence is unbeautiful; not very descriptive even,—for poor Friedrich is considerably under mask, while he writes to that address; and of Grumkow himself we want no more 'description;' and is, in fact, on its own score, an avoidable article rather than otherwise; though perhaps the reader, for a poor involved Crown-Prince's sake, will wish an exact Excerpt or two before we quite dismiss it.

Towards turning-off the Brunswick speculation, or turning-on the Mecklenburg or Eisenach or any other in its stead, the Correspondence naturally avails nothing. Seckendorf has his orders from Vienna: Grumkow has his pension,—his creambowl duly set,—for helping Seckendorf. Though angels pleaded, not in a tone of tragic flippancy, but with the voice of breaking hearts, it would be to no purpose. The Imperial Majesties have ordered, Marry him to Brunswick, 'bind him the better to our House in time coming;' nay the Royal mind at Potsdam gravitates, of itself, that way, after the first hint is given. The Imperial will has become the Paternal one; no answer but obedience. What Grumkow can do will be, if possible, to lead or drive the Crown-Prince into obeying smoothly, or without breaking of harness again. Which, accordingly, is pretty much the sum of his part in this unlovely Correspondence: the geeho-ing of an expert wagoner, who has got a fiery young Arab thoroughly tied into his dastard sandcart, and has to drive him by voice, or at most by slight *crack* of whip; and does it. Can we hope, a select specimen or two of these Documents, not on Grumkow's part, or for Grumkow's unlovely sake, may now be acceptable to the reader? A Letter or two picked from that large stock, in a legible state, will show us Father and Son, and how that tragic matter went on, better than description could.

Papa's Letters to the Crown-Prince during that final Cüstrin period, when Carzig and Himmelstädt were going on, and there was such progress in Economics, are all of hopeful ruggedly affectionate tenor; and there are a good few of them: style curiously rugged, intricate, headlong; and a strong substance of sense and worth tortuously visible everywhere. Letters so delightful to the poor retrieved Crown-Prince then and there; and which are still almost pleasant reading to third-parties, once you introduce

grammar and spelling. This is one exact specimen; most important to the Prince and us. Suddenly, one night, by estafette, his Majesty, meaning nothing but kindness, and grateful to Seckendorf and Tobacco-Parliament for such an idea, proposes,—in these terms (merely reduced to English and the common spelling):

'*To the Crown-Prince at Cüstrin* (from Papa).

'Potsdam, 4th February 1732.

'My dear Son Fritz,—I am very glad you need no more physic. But 'you must have a care of yourself, some days yet, for the severe weather; 'which gives me and everybody colds; so pray be on your guard (*nehmet* '*Euch hübsch in Acht*).

'You know, my dear Son, that when my children are obedient, I love 'them much: so, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you 'everything; and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought 'of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you,—not in the 'Army only, but also with a right Stepdaughter, and so see you married 'in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses 'of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty 'people, what their conduct is, their education and so on: and so a 'Princess has been found, the Eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought-'up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be.

'You will without delay (*citò*) write me your mind on this. I have 'purchased the Von Katsch House; the Feldmarschall,' old Wartensleben, poor Katte's grandfather, 'as Governor' of Berlin, 'will get that to live 'in: and his Government House[7] I will have made-new for you, and 'furnish it all; and give you enough to keep house yourself there; and 'will command you into the Army, April coming' (which is quite a subordinate story, your Majesty!).

'The Princess is not ugly, nor beautiful. You must mention it to 'no mortal;—write indeed to Mamma (*der Mama*) that I have written 'to you. And when you shall have a Son, I will let you go on your 'Travels,—wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. Meanwhile 'I will try and contrive opportunity that you see one another, a few 'times, in all honour, yet so that you get acquainted with her. She 'is a god-fearing creature (*gottesfürchtiges Mensch*), which is all in all; 'will suit herself to you' (be *comportable* to you) 'as she does to the 'Parents-in-law.

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[7] Fine enough old House, or Palace, built by the Great Elector; given by him to Graf Feldmarschall von Schomberg, the 'Duke Schomberg' who was killed in the Battle of the Boyne: 'same House, opposite the Arsenal, which 'belongs now (1855) to his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia.' (Preuss, i. 73; and *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvi. 12 n.)

'God give his blessing to it; and bless You and your Posterity, and 'keep Thee as a good Christian. And have God always before your 'eyes;—and don't believe that damnable *Particular* tenet' (Predestination); 'and be obedient and faithful: so shall it, here in Time and there 'in Eternity, go well with thee;—and whoever wishes that from the 'heart, let him say Amen.

'Your true Father to the death,

'Friedrich Wilhelm.

'When the Duke of Lorraine comes, I will have thee come. I think 'thy Bride will be here then. Adieu; God be with you.'[8]

This important Missive reached Cüstrin, by estafette, that same midnight, 4th-5th February; when Wolden, 'Hofmarschall of the Prince's Court' (titular Goldstick there, but with abundance of real functions laid on him), had the honour to awaken the Crown-Prince into the joy of reading. Crown-Prince instantly dispatched, by another estafette, the requisite responses to Papa and Mamma, —of which Wolden does not know the contents at all, not he, the obsequious Goldstick;—but doubtless they mean "Yes," Crown-Prince appearing so overjoyed at this splendid evidence of Papa's love, as the Goldstick could perceive.[9]

What the Prince's actual amount of joy was, we shall learn better from the following three successive utterances of his, confidentially dispatched to Grumkow in the intermediate days, before Berlin or this 'Duke of Lorraine' (whom our readers and the Crown-Prince are to wait upon), with actual sight of Papa and the Intended, came in course. Grumkow's Letters to the Crown-Prince in this important interval are not extant, nor if they were could we stand them; from the Prince's Answers it will be sufficiently apparent what the tenor of them was. Utterance *first* is about a week after that of the estafette at midnight:

To General Feldmarschall von Grumkow, at Potsdam (from the Crown-Prince).

'Cüstrin, 11th February 1732.

'My dear General and Friend,—I was charmed to learn by your 'Letter that my affairs are on so good a footing' (Papa so well satisfied

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 55.

[9] Wolden's *Letter* to Friedrich Wilhelm, '5th February 1732:' in Preuss, ii. part 2d (or *Urkundenbuch*), p. 206. Mamma's answer to the message brought her by this return estafette, a mere formal *Very-well*, written from the fingers outward, exists (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 65); the rest have happily vanished.

with my professions of obedience); 'and you may depend on it I am 'docile to follow your advice. I will lend myself to whatever is possible 'for me; and provided I can secure the King's favour by my obedience, 'I will do all that is within my power.

'Nevertheless, in making my bargain with the Duke of Bevern, 'manage that the *Corpus delicti'* (my Intended) 'be brought up under 'her Grandmother' (Duchess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Ludwig Rudolf's Spouse, an airy coquettish Lady,—let her be the tutoress and model of my Intended, O General). 'For I should prefer being made a'—what shall we say? by a light wife,—'or to serve under the haughty *fontange*[10] 'of my Spouse' (as Ludwig Rudolf does, by all accounts), 'than to have 'a blockhead who would drive me mad by her ineptitudes, and whom I 'should be ashamed to produce.

'I beg you labour at this affair. When one hates romance heroines 'as heartily as I do, one dreads those "virtues" of the ferocious type' (*les vertus farouches*, so terribly aware that they are virtuous); 'and I 'had rather marry the greatest'—(unnameable)—'in Berlin, than a 'devotee with half-a-dozen ghastly hypocrites (*cagots*) at her beck. If 'it were still *möglich'* (possible, in German) 'to make her Calvinist' (*Réformée;* our Court-Creed, which might have an allaying tendency, and at least would make her go with the stream)? 'But I doubt that:—I will 'insist, however, that her Grandmother have the training of her. What 'you can do to help in this, my dear Friend, I am persuaded you will do.

'It afflicted me a little that the King still has doubts of me, while I 'am obeying in such a matter, diametrically opposite to my own ideas. 'In what way shall I offer stronger proofs? I may give myself to the 'Devil, it will be to no purpose; nothing but the old song over again, 'doubt on doubt.—Don't imagine I am going to disoblige the Duke, the 'Duchess or the Daughter, I beseech you! I know too well what is due 'to them, and too much respect their merits, not to observe the strictest 'rules of what is proper,—even if I hated their progeny and them like 'the pestilence.

'I hope to speak to you with open heart at Berlin.'— —'You may 'think, too, how I shall be embarrassed, having to do the *Amoroso* 'perhaps without being it, and to take an appetite for mute ugliness, '—for I don't much trust Count Seckendorf's taste in this article,'—in spite of his testimonies in Tobacco-Parliament and elsewhere. 'Monsieur! 'Once more, get this Princess to learn by heart the *Ecole des Maris* and 'the *Ecole des Femmes;* that will do her much more good than *True 'Christianity* by the late Mr. Arndt![11] If, besides, she would learn

[10] Species of top-knot; so named from Fontange, an unfortunate-female of Louis Fourteenth's, who invented the ornament.

[11] Johann Arndt ('late' this long while back), *Vom wahren Christenthum*, Magdeburg, 1610.

'steadiness of humour (*toujours danser sur un pied*), learn music; and, '*nota bene*, become rather too free than too virtuous,—ah then, my dear 'General, then I should feel some liking for her, and a Colin marrying a 'Phyllis, the couple would be in accordance: but if she is stupid, naturally 'I renounce the Devil and her.'— —'It is said she has a Sister, who at 'least has common sense. Why take the eldest, if so? To the King it 'must be all one. There is also a Princess Christina Marie of Eisenach' (real name being Christina *Wilhelmina*, but no matter), 'who would be 'quite my fit, and whom I should like to try for. In fine, I mean to 'come soon into your Countries;[12] and perhaps will say like Cæsar, *Veni*, '*vidi, vici.*' * *

Paragraph of tragic compliments to Grumkow we omit. Letter ends in this way:

'Your Baireuth News is very interesting; I hope, in September next' (time of a grand problem coming there for Wilhelmina), 'my Sister will 'recover her first health. If I go travelling, I hope to have the conso-'lation of seeing her for a fortnight or three weeks; I love her more than 'my life; and for all my obediences to the King, surely I shall deserve 'that recompense. The diversions for the Duke of Lorraine are very 'well schemed; but'—but what mortal can now care about them? Close, and seal.[13]

As to this Duke of Lorraine just coming, he is Franz Stephan, a pleasant young man of twenty-five, son of that excellent Duke Leopold Joseph, whom young Lyttelton of Hagley was so taken with, while touring in those parts in the Congress-of-Soissons time. Excellent Duke Leopold Joseph is since dead; and this Franz has succeeded to him,—what succession there was; for Lorraine as a Dukedom has its neck under the foot of France this great while, and is evidently not long for this world. Old Fleury, men say, has his eye upon it. And in fact it was, as we shall see, eaten-up by Fleury within four-years time; and this Franz proved the last of all the Dukes there. Let readers notice him: a man of high destiny otherwise, of whom we are to hear much. For ten years past he has lived about Vienna, being a born Cousin of that House (Grandmother was Kaiser Leopold's own Sister); and it is understood, nay it is privately settled he is to marry the transcendent Archduchess, peerless Maria Theresa herself; and is to reap, he, the whole harvest of that Pragmatic Sanction sown with such travail of the Universe at large. May be King of the Romans

[12] Did come, 26th February, as we shall see.

[13] Förster, iii. 160-162; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 37-39.

(which means successor to the Kaisership) any day; and actual Kaiser one day.

We may as well say here, he did at length achieve these dignities, though not quite in the time or on the terms proposed. King of the Romans old Kaiser Karl never could quite resolve to make him,—having always hopes of male progeny yet; which never came. For his peerless Bride he waited six years still (owing to accidents), 'attachment mutual all the while;' did then wed, 1738, and was the happiest of men and expectant Kaisers:—but found, at length, the Pragmatic Sanction to have been a strange sowing of dragon's-teeth, and the first harvest reapable from it a world of armed men!—For the present he is on a grand Tour, for instruction and other objects; has been in England last; and is now getting homewards again, to Vienna, across Germany; conciliating the Courts as he goes. A pacific friendly eupeptic young man; Crown-Prince Friedrich, they say, took much to him in Berlin; did not quite swear eternal friendship; but kept-up some correspondence for a while, and 'once sends him a present of salmon.'—But to proceed with the utterances to Grumkow.

Utterance *second* is probably of prior date; but introducible here, being an accidental Fragment, with the date lost:

To the Feldmarschall von Grumkow (from the Crown-Prince; exact date lost).

'* * As to what you tell me of the Princess of Mecklenburg,' for whom they want a Brandenburg Prince,—'could not *I* marry her? Let 'her come into this Country, and think no more of Russia: she would 'have a dowry of two or three millions of roubles,—only fancy how I 'could live with that! I think that project might succeed. The Princess 'is Lutheran; perhaps she objects to go into the Greek Church?——I 'find none of these advantages in this Princess of Bevern; who, as many 'people, even of the Duke's Court, say, is not at all beautiful, speaks 'almost nothing, and is given to pouting (*faisant la fâchée*). The good 'Kaiserinn has so little herself, that the sums she could afford her Niece 'would be very moderate.' [14]

'Given to pouting,' too! No, certainly; your Insipidity of Brunswick, without prospects of ready-money; dangerous for *cagotage;* 'not a word to say for herself in company, and given to pouting:' I do not reckon her the eligible article!—

[14] Fragment given in *Seckendorfs Leben*, iii. 249 n.

Seckendorf, Schulenburg, Grumkow and all hands are busy in this matter: geeho-ing the Crown-Prince towards the mark set before him. With or without explosion, arrive there he must; other goal for him is none!—In the mean while, it appears, illustrious Franz of Lorraine, coming on, amid the proper demonstrations, through Magdeburg and the Prussian Towns, has caught some slight illness and been obliged to pause; so that Berlin cannot have the happiness of seeing him quite so soon as it expected. The high guests invited to meet Duke Franz, especially the high Brunswicks, are already there. High Brunswicks, Bevern with Duchess, and still more important, with Son and with Daughter: —insipid *Corpus delicti* herself has appeared on the scene; and Grumkow, we find, has been writing some description of her to the Crown-Prince. Description of an unfavourable nature; below the truth, not above it, to avert disappointment, nay to create some gleam of inverse joy, when the actual meeting occurs. That is his art in driving the fiery little Arab ignominiously yoked to him; and it is clear he has overdone it, for once. This is Friedrich's *third* utterance to him; much the most emphatic there is:

To the General Feldmarschall von Grumkow.

'Cüstrin, 19th Feb. 1732.

'Judge, my dear General, if I can have been much charmed with the 'description you give of the abominable object of my desires! For the 'love of God, disabuse the King in regard to her' (show him that she is a fool, then); 'and let him remember well that fools commonly are 'the most obstinate of creatures.

'Some months ago he wrote a Letter to Wolden,' the obsequious Goldstick, 'of his giving me the choice of several Princesses: I hope he 'will not give himself the lie in that. I refer you entirely to the Letter, 'which Schulenburg will have delivered,'—little Schulenburg called here, in passing your way; all hands busy. 'For there is no hope of wealth, 'no reasoning, nor chance of fortune that could change my sentiment as 'expressed there' (namely, that I will not have her, whatever become of me); 'and miserable for miserable, it is all one! Let the King but 'think that it is not for himself that he is marrying me, but for *my*self; 'nay he too will have a thousand chagrins, to see two persons hating one 'another, and the miserablest marriage in the world;—to hear their 'mutual complaints, which will be to him so many reproaches for 'having fashioned the instrument of our yoke. As a good Christian, 'let him consider, If it is well done to wish to force people; to cause 'divorces, and to be the occasion of all the sins that an ill-assorted

'marriage leads us to commit! I am determined to front everything in 'the world sooner: and since things are so, you may in some good way 'apprise the Duke' of Bevern 'that, happen what may, I never will 'have her.

'I have been unfortunate (*malheureux*) all my life; and I think it is 'my destiny to continue so. One must be patient, and take the time as 'it comes. Perhaps a sudden tract of good fortune, on the back of all 'the chagrins I have made profession of ever since I entered this world, 'would have made me too proud. In a word, happen what will, I have 'nothing to reproach myself with. I have suffered sufficiently for an 'exaggerated crime' (that of "attempting to desert;"—Heavens!)—'and 'I will not engage myself to extend my miseries (*chagrins*) into future 'times. I have still resources:—a pistol-shot can deliver me from my 'sorrows and my life: and I think a merciful God would not damn me 'for that; but, taking pity on me, would, in exchange for a life of 'wretchedness, grant me salvation. This is whitherward despair can 'lead a young person, whose blood is not so quiescent as if he were seventy. 'I have a feeling of myself, Monsieur; and perceive that, when one hates 'the methods of force as much as I, our boiling blood will carry us 'always towards extremities.

* * 'If there are honest people in the world, they must think how 'to save me from one of the most perilous passages I have ever been in. 'I waste myself in gloomy ideas; I fear I shall not be able to hide my 'grief, on coming to Berlin. This is the sad state I am in;—but it will 'never make me change from being,'—surely to an excessive degree, the illustrious Grumkow's most &c. &c.

'FRIDERIC.'

'I have received a Letter from the King; all agog (*bien coiffé*) about 'the Princess. I think I may still finish the week here.[15] When his 'first fire of approbation is spent, you might, praising her all the while, 'lead him to notice her faults. *Mon Dieu*, has he not already seen what 'an ill-assorted marriage comes to,—my Sister of Anspach and her Hus- 'band, who hate one another like the fire! He has a thousand vexations 'from it every day. * * And what aim has the King? If it is to 'assure himself of me, that is not the way. Madam of Eisenach might 'do it; but a fool not (*point une bête*);—on the contrary, it is morally 'impossible to love the cause of our misery. The King is reasonable; 'and I am persuaded he will understand this himself.'[16]

Very passionate pleading; but it might as well address itself to the east-winds. Have east-winds a heart, that they should feel

[15] 26th, did arrive in Berlin: Preuss (in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 58 n.).

[16] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 41, 42.

pity? *Jarni-bleu,* Herr Feldzeugmeister,—only take care he don't overset things again!

Grumkow, in these same hours, is writing a Letter to the Prince, which we still have,[17] How charmed his Majesty is at such obedience; 'shed tears of joy,' writes Grumkow, 'and said it was the happiest day of his life.' Judge Grumkow's feelings soon after, on this furious recalcitration breaking out! Grumkow's Answer, which also we still have,[18] is truculence itself in a polite form:—horrorstruck as a Christian at the suicide notion, at the—in fact at the whole matter; and begs, as a humble individual, not wishful of violent death and destruction upon self and family, to wash his poor hands of it altogether. Dangerous for the like of him; 'interfering between Royal Father and Royal Son of such opposite humours, would break the neck of any man,' thinks Grumkow; and sums-up with this pithy reminiscence: 'I remember always what 'the King said to me at Wusterhausen, when your Royal Highness 'lay prisoner in the Castle of Cüstrin, and I wished to take your 'part: "*Nein, Grumkow, denket an diese Stelle, Gott gebe dass ich nicht 'wahr rede, aber mein Sohn stirbt nicht eines natürlichen Todes; 'und Gott gebe dass er nicht unter Henkers Hände komme.* No, 'Grumkow, think of what I now tell you: God grant it do not come 'true,—but my Son won't die a natural death; God grant he do not 'come into the Hangman's hands yet!" I shuddered at these 'words, and the King repeated them twice to me: that is true, or 'may I never see God's face, or have part in the merits of our Lord.' —The Crown-Prince's 'pleadings' may fitly terminate here.

Duke of Lorraine arrives in Potsdam and in Berlin.

Saturday 23d February 1732, his Serene Highness of Lorraine did at length come to hand. Arrived in Potsdam that day; where the two Majesties, with the Serene Beverns, with the Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, and the other high guests, had been some time in expectation. Suitable persons invited for the occasion: Bevern, a titular Austrian Feldmarschall; Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, an actual one (poor old Eberhard Ludwig's Cousin, and likely to be Heir there soon); high quasi-Austrian Serenities;—not to mention Schulenburg and others officially related to Austria, or acquainted with it. Nothing could be more distinguished than the welcome of Duke Franz; and the

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric,* xvi. 43. [18] Ib. pp. 44-46.

things he saw and did, during his three-weeks visit, are wonderful to Fassmann and the extinct Gazetteers. Saw the Potsdam Giants do their '*exercitia*,' transcendent in perfection; had a boar-hunt; 'did divine-service in the Potsdam Catholic Church;'—went by himself to Spandau, on the Tuesday (26th), where all the guns broke forth, and dinner was ready: King, Queen and Party having made-off for Berlin, in the interim, to be ready for his advent there 'in the evening about five.' Majesties wait at Berlin, with their Party,—among whom, say the old Newspapers, 'is his Royal Highness the Crown-Prince:' Crown-Prince just come in from Cüstrin; just blessed with the first sight of his Charmer, whom he finds perceptibly less detestable than he expected.

Serene Highness of Lorraine arrived punctually at five, with outburst of all the artilleries and hospitalities; balls, soirees, *exercitia* of the Kleist Regiment, of the Gens-d'Armes; dinners with Grumkow, dinners with Seckendorf, evening party with the Margravine Philip (Margravine in high colours);—one scenic miracle succeeding another, for above a fortnight to come.

The very first spectacle his Highness saw, a private one, and of no intense interest to him, we shall mention here for our own behoof. 'An hour after his arrival the Duke was carried away 'to his Excellency Herr Creutz the Finance-Minister's; to attend 'a wedding there, along with his Majesty. Wedding of Excellency 'Creutz's only daughter to the Herr *Hofjägermeister* von Hacke.' —*Hofjägermeister* (Master of the Hunt), and more specifically Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard or Giant regiment, much and deservedly a favourite with his Majesty. Majesty has known, a long while, the merits military and other of this Hacke; a valiant expert exact man, of good stature, good service among the Giants and otherwise, though not himself gigantic; age now turned of thirty;—and unluckily little but his pay to depend on. Majesty, by way of increment to Hacke, small increment on the pecuniary side, has lately made him 'Master of the Hunt;' will, before long, make him Adjutant-General, and his right-hand man in Army matters, were he only rich;—has, in the mean while, made this excellent match for him; which supplies that defect. Majesty was the making of Creutz himself; who is grown very rich, and has but one Daughter: "Let Hacke have her!" his Majesty advised;—and snatches-off the Duke of Lorraine to see it done.[19]

[19] Fassmann, p. 430.

Did the reader ever hear of Finance-Minister Creutz, once a poor Regiment's Auditor, when his Majesty, as yet Crown-Prince, found talent in him? Can readers fish-up from their memory, twenty years back, anything of a terrific Spectre walking in the Berlin Palace, for certain nights, during that 'Stralsund Expedition' or famed Swedish-War time, to the terror of mankind? Terrific Spectre, thought to be in Swedish pay,—properly a spy Scullion, in a small concern of Grumkow *versus* Creutz?[20] This is the same Creutz; of whom we have never spoken more, nor shall again, now that his rich Daughter is well married to Hacke, a favourite of his Majesty's and ours. It was the Duke's first sight in Berlin; February 26th; prologue to the flood of scenic wonders there.

But perhaps the wonderfulest thing, had he quite understood it, was that of the 10th March, which he was invited to. Last obligation laid upon the Crown-Prince, 'to bind him to the House of Austria,' that evening. Of which take this account, external and internal, from authentic Documents in our hand.

Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to the Brunswick Charmer, Niece of Imperial Majesty, Monday Evening, 10th March 1732.

Document *first* is of an internal nature, from the Prince's own hand, written to his Sister four days before:

'*To the Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

'Berlin, 6th March 1732.

'My dearest Sister,—Next Monday comes my Betrothal, which will 'be done just as yours was. The Person in question is neither beautiful 'nor ugly, not wanting for sense, but very ill brought-up, timid, and 'totally behind in manners and social behaviour (*manières du savoir-vivre*): 'that is the candid portrait of this Princess. You may judge by that, 'dearest Sister, if I find her to my taste or not. The greatest merit she 'has is that she has procured me the liberty of writing to you; which is 'the one solacement I have in your absence.

'You never can believe, my adorable Sister, how concerned I am about 'your happiness; all my wishes centre there, and every moment of my 'life I form such wishes. You may see by this that I preserve still that 'sincere friendship which has united our hearts from our tenderest years: '—recognise at least, my dear Sister, that you did me a sensible wrong

[20] Antea, vol. i. pp. 320-322; Wilhelmina.

'when you suspected me of fickleness towards you, and believed false 'reports of my listening to talebearers; me, who love only you, and 'whom neither absence nor lying rumours could change in respect of 'you. At least don't again believe such things on my score, and never 'mistrust me till you have had clear proof,—or till God has forsaken me, 'and I have lost my wits. And being persuaded that such miseries are 'not in store to overwhelm me, I here repeat how much I love you, and 'with what respect and sincere veneration,—I am and shall be till death, 'my dearest Sister, — Your most humble and faithful Brother and 'Valet, FRIDERICH.'[21]

That was on the Thursday; Betrothal is on the Monday following. Document *second* is from poor old Fassmann, and quite of external nature; which we much abridge:

'Monday evening, all creatures are in gala, and the Royal Apartments 'upstairs are brilliantly alight; Duke of Lorraine with the other high 'strangers are requested to take their place up there, and wait for a short 'while. Prussian Majesty, Queen and Crown-Prince with him, proceeds 'then, in a solemn official manner, to the Durchlaucht of Bevern's 'Apartment, in a lower floor of the Palace; where the Bevern Party, 'Duke, Duchess, Son and intended Charmer are. Prussian Majesty 'asks the Durchlaucht and Spouse, "Whether the Marriage, some time 'treated of, between that their Princess here present, and this his Crown-'Prince likewise here, is really a thing to their mind?" Serene Spouses 'answer, to the effect, "Yea, surely, very much!" Upon which they 'all solemnly ascend to the Royal Apartments upstairs' (where we have seen Wilhelmina dancing before now), 'where Lorraine, Würtemberg 'and the other sublimities are in waiting. Lorraine and the sublimities 'form a semicircle; with the two Majesties, and pair of young creatures, 'in the centre. You young creatures, you are of one intention with your 'parents in this matter? Alas, there is no doubt of it. Pledge your-'selves, then, by exchange of rings! said his Majesty with due business 'brevity. The rings are exchanged: Majesty embraces the two young 'creatures with great tenderness;' as do Queen and Serenities; and then all the world takes to embracing and congratulating; and so the Betrothal is a finished thing. Bassoons and violins, striking up, whirl it off in universal dancing,—in 'supper of above Two hundred and sixty persons,' princely or otherwise sublime in rank, 'with spouses and noble ladies there' in the due proportion.[22]

Here is fraction of another Note from the Crown-Prince to his Sister at Baireuth, a fortnight after that event:

[21] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5. [22] Fassmann, pp. 432, 433.

Berlin, 24th March 1732 (To Princess Wilhelmina).—* * 'God be 'praised that you are better, dearest Sister! For nobody can love you 'more tenderly than I do.—As to the Princess of Bevern' (my Betrothed), 'the Queen' (Mamma, whom you have been consulting on these etiquettes) 'bids me answer, That you need not style her "Highness," and that 'you may write to her quite as to an indifferent Princess. As to '"kissing of the hands," I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will 'kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way. God 'long preserve you in perfect health! And you, preserve for me always 'the honour of your good graces; and believe, my charming Sister, that 'never brother in the world loved with such tenderness a sister so 'charming as mine; in short, believe, dear Sister, that without compli-'ments, and in literal truth, I am yours wholly (*tout à vous*): FRIDERICH.'[23]

This is the Betrothal of the Crown-Prince to an Insipidity of Brunswick. Insipidity's private feelings, perhaps of a languidly glad sort, are not known to us; Crown-Prince's we have in part seen. He has decided to accept his fate without a murmur farther. Against his poor Bride or her qualities not a word more. In the Schloss of Berlin, amid such tempests of female gossip (Mamma still secretly corresponding with England), he has to be very reserved, on this head especially. It is understood he did not, in his heart, nearly so much dislike the insipid Princess as he wished Papa to think he did.

Duke Franz of Lorraine went off above a week ago, on the Saturday following the Betrothal; an amiable serene young gentleman, well liked by the Crown-Prince and everybody. 'He avoided the Saxon Court, though passing near it,' on his way to old Kur-Mainz; 'which is a sign,' thinks Fassmann, 'that mutual matters are on a weak footing in that quarter;'—Pragmatic Sanction never accepted there, and plenty of intricacies existing. Crown-Prince Friedrich may now go to Ruppin and the Regiment Goltz; his business and destinies being now all reduced to a steady condition;—steady sky, rather leaden, instead of the tempestuous thunder-and-lightning weather which there heretofore was. Leaden sky, he, if left well to himself, will perhaps brighten a little. Study will be possible to him; improvement of his own faculties, at any rate. It is much his determination. Outwardly, besides drilling the Regiment Goltz, he will have a steady correspondence to keep up with his Brunswick Charmer;—let him see that he be not slack in that.

[23] Fassmann, xxvii. part 1st, p. 5.

CHAPTER II.

SMALL INCIDENTS AT RUPPIN.

FRIEDRICH, after some farther pause in Berlin, till things were got ready for him, went to Ruppin. This is in the Spring of 1732;[1] and he continued to have his residence there till August 1736. Four important years of young life; of which we must endeavour to give, in some intelligible condition, what traces go hovering about in such records as there are.

Ruppin, where lies the main part of the Regiment Goltz, and where the Crown-Prince Colonel of it dwells, is a quiet dull little Town, in that northwestern region; inhabitants, grown at this day to be 10,000, are perhaps guessable then at 2,000. Regiment Goltz daily rolls its drums in Ruppin: Town otherwise lifeless enough, except on market-days: and the grandest event ever known in it, this removal of the Crown-Prince thither,—which is doubtless much a theme, and proud temporary miracle, to Ruppin at present. Of society there or in the neighbourhood, for such a resident, we hear nothing.

Quiet Ruppin stands in grassy flat country, much of which is natural moor, and less of it reclaimed at that time than now. The environs, except that they are a bit of the Earth, and have a bit of the sky over them, do not set up for loveliness. Natural woods abound in that region, also peatbogs not yet drained; and fishy lakes and meres, of a dark complexion: plenteous cattle there are, pigs among them;—thick-soled husbandmen inarticulately toiling and moiling. Some glass-furnaces, a royal establishment, are the only manufactures we hear of. Not a picturesque country; but a quiet and innocent, where work is cut out, and one hopes to be well left alone after doing it. This Crown-Prince has been in far less desirable localities.

[1] Still in Berlin, 6th March; dates from *Nauen* (in the Ruppin neighbourhood) for the first time, 25th April 1732, among his *Letters* yet extant: Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 4; xvi. 49.

He had a reasonable house, two houses made into one for him, in the place. He laid-out for himself a garden in the outskirts, with what they call a "temple" in it,—some more or less ornamental garden-house,—from which I have read of his 'letting-off rockets' in a summer twilight. Rockets to amuse a small dinner-party, I should guess,—dinner of Officers, such as he had weekly or twice a week. On stiller evenings we can fancy him there in solitude; reading meditative, or musically fluting;—looking out upon the silent death of Day: how the summer gloaming steals over the moorlands, and over all lands; shutting-up the toil of mortals; their very flocks and herds collapsing into silence, and the big Skies and endless Times overarching him and them. With thoughts perhaps sombre enough now and then, but profitable if he face them piously.

His Father's affection is returning; would so fain return if it durst. But the heart of Papa has been sadly torn-up: it is too good news to be quite believed, that he has a son grown wise, and doing son-like! Rumour also is very busy, rumour and the Tobacco-Parliament for or against; a little rumour is capable of stirring-up great storms in the suspicious paternal mind. All along during Friedrich's abode at Ruppin, this is a constantly recurring weather-symptom; very grievous now and then; not to be guarded against by any precaution;—though steady persistence in the proper precaution will abate it, and as good as remove it, in course of time. Already Friedrich Wilhelm begins to understand that "there is much in this Fritz,"—who knows how much, though of a different type from Papa's?—and that it will be better if he and Papa, so discrepant in type, and ticklishly related otherwise, live not too constantly together as heretofore. Which is emphatically the Crown-Prince's notion too.

I perceive he read a great deal at Ruppin: what Books I know not specially: but judge them to be of more serious solid quality than formerly; and that his reading is now generally a kind of studying as well. Not the express Sciences or Technologies; not these, in any sort,—except the military, and that an express exception. These he never cared for, or regarded as the noble knowledges for a king or man. History and Moral Speculation; what mankind have done and been in this world (so far as "History" will give one any glimpse of that), and what the wisest men, poetical or other, have thought about mankind and their world: this is what he evidently had the appetite for; appetite insatiable, which lasted

with him to the very end of his days. Fontenelle, Rollin, Voltaire, all the then French lights, and gradually others that lay deeper in the firmament:—what suppers of the gods one may privately have at Ruppin, without expense of wine! Such an opportunity for reading he had never had before.

In his soldier business he is punctual, assiduous; having an interest to shine that way. And is, in fact, approvable as a practical officer and soldier, by the strictest judge then living. Reads on soldiering withal; studious to know the rationale of it, the ancient and modern methods of it, the essential from the unessential in it; to understand it thoroughly,—which he got to do. One already hears of conferences, correspondences, with the Old Dessauer on this head: 'Account of the Siege of Stralsund,' with plans, with didactic commentaries, drawn-up by that gunpowder Sage for behoof of the Crown-Prince, did actually exist, though I know not what has become of it. Now and afterwards this Crown-Prince must have been a great military reader. From Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and earlier, to the Chevalier Folard, and the Marquis Feuquière;[2] from Epaminondas at Leuctra to Charles XII. at Pultawa, all manner of Military Histories, we perceive, are at his finger-ends; and he has penetrated into the essential heart of each, and learnt what it had to teach him. Something of this, how much we know not, began at Ruppin; and it did not end again.

On the whole, Friedrich is prepared to distinguish himself henceforth by strictly conforming, in all outward particulars possible, to the paternal will, and becoming the most obedient of sons. Partly from policy and necessity, partly also from loyalty; for he loves his rugged Father, and begins to perceive that there is more sense in his peremptory notions than at first appeared. The young man is himself rather wild, as we have seen, with plenty of youthful petulance and longings after forbidden fruit. And then he lives in an element of gossip; his whole life enveloped in a vast Dionysius'-Ear, every word and action liable to be debated in Tobacco-Parliament. He is very scarce of money, too, Papa's allowance being extremely moderate, 'not above 6,000 thalers (900*l.*),' says Seckendorf once.[3] There will be contradictions enough to settle: caution, silence, every kind of prudence will be much recommendable.

[2] *Mémoires sur la Guerre* (specially on the Wars of Louis XIV., in which Feuquière had himself shone): a new Book at this time (Amsterdam, 1731; first *complete* edition is, Paris, 1770, 4 vols. 4to); at Ruppin, and afterwards, a chief favourite with Friedrich.

[3] Förster, iii. 114 (Seckendorf to Prince Eugene).

In all outward particulars the Crown-Prince will conform; in the inward, he will exercise a judgment, and if he cannot conform, will at least be careful to hide. To do his Commandant duties at Ruppin, and avoid offences, is much his determination. We observe he takes great charge of his men's health; has the Regiment Goltz in a shiningly exact condition at the grand reviews;—is very industrious now and afterwards to get tall recruits, as a dainty to Papa. Knows that nothing in Nature is so sure of conciliating that strange old gentleman; corresponds, accordingly, in distant quarters; lays out, now and afterwards, sums far too heavy for his means upon tall recruits for Papa. But it is good to conciliate in that quarter, by every method, and at every expense;—Argus of Tobacco-Parliament still watching one there; and Rumour needing to be industriously dealt with, difficult to keep down.

Such, so far as we can gather, is the general figure of Friedrich's life at Ruppin. Specific facts of it, anecdotes about it, are few in those dim Books; are uncertain as to truth, and without importance whether true or not. For all his gravity and Colonelship, it would appear the old spirit of frolic has not quitted him. Here are two small incidents, pointing that way; which stand on record; credible enough, though vague and without importance otherwise. Incident *first* is to the following feeble effect; indisputable though extremely unmomentous: Regiment Goltz, it appears, used to have gold trimmings; the Colonel Crown-Prince petitioned that they might be of silver, which he liked better. Papa answers, Yes. Regiment Goltz gets its new regimentals done in silver; the Colonel proposes they shall solemnly *burn* their old regimentals. And they do it, the Officers of them, *sub dio*, perhaps in the Prince's garden, stripping successively in the 'Temple' there, with such degree of genial humour, loud laughter, or at least boisterous mock-solemnity, as may be in them. This is a true incident of the Prince's history, though a small one.

Incident *second* is of slightly more significance; and intimates, not being quite alone in its kind, a questionable habit or method the Crown-Prince must have had of dealing with Clerical Persons hereabouts when they proved troublesome. Here are no fewer than three such Persons, or Parsons, of the Ruppin Country, who got mischief by him. How the first gave offence shall be seen, and how he was punished: offences of the second and the third we can only guess to have been perhaps pulpit-rebukes of said punishments: perhaps general preaching against military levities, want of

piety, nay open sinfulness, in thoughtless young men with cockades. Whereby the thoughtless young men were again driven to think of nocturnal charivari? We will give the story in Dr. Büsching's own words, who looks before and after to great distances, in a way worth attending to. The Herr Doctor, an endless Collector and Compiler on all manner of subjects, is very authentic always, and does not want for natural sense: but he is also very crude,—and here and there not far from stupid, such his continual haste, and slobbery manner of working-up those Hundred and odd Volumes of his:[4]

'The sanguine-choleric temperament of Friedrich,' says this Doctor, 'drove him, in his youth, to sensual enjoyments and wild amusements of 'different kinds; in his middle age, to fiery enterprises; and in his old 'years to decisions and actions of a rigorous and vehement nature; yet so 'that the primary form of utterance, as seen in his youth, never altogether 'ceased with him. There are people still among us (1788) who have 'had, in their own experience, knowledge of his youthful pranks; and yet 'more are living, who know that he himself, at table, would gaily recount 'what merry strokes were done by him, or by his order, in those young 'years. To give an instance or two.

'While he was at Neu-Ruppin as Colonel of the Infantry Regiment 'there, the Chaplain of it sometimes waited upon him about the time of 'dinner,—having been used to dine occasionally with the former Colonel. 'The Crown-Prince, however, put him always off, did not ask him to 'dinner; spoke contemptuously of him in presence of the Officers. The 'Chaplain was so inconsiderate, he took to girding at the Crown-Prince 'in his Sermons. "Once on a time," preached he, one day, "there was 'Herod who had Herodias to dance before him; and he,—he gave her 'John the Baptist's head for her pains!"' This *Herod*, Büsching says, was understood to mean, and meant, the Crown-Prince; *Herodias*, the merry corps of Officers who made sport for him; *John the Baptist's head* was no other than the Chaplain not invited to dinner! 'To punish him 'for such a sally, the Crown-Prince with the young Officers of his Regi- 'ment went, one night, to the Chaplain's house,' somewhere hard by, with cow's-grass adjoining to it, as we see: and 'first, they knocked-in the 'windows of his sleeping-room upon him' (*hinge*-windows, glass not entirely broken, we may hope); 'next there were crackers' (*Schwärmer*, 'enthusiasts,' so to speak!) 'thrown-in upon him; and thereby the 'Chaplain, and his poor Wife,' more or less in an interesting condition, poor woman, 'were driven out into the court-yard, and at last into the

[4] See his Autobiography, which forms *Beyträge*, B. vi. (the biggest and last Volume).

'dung-heap there;'—and so left, with their Head on a Charger to that terrible extent!

That is Büsching's version of the story; no doubt substantially correct; of which there are traces in other quarters,—for it went further than Ruppin; and the Crown-Prince had like to have got into trouble from it. "Here is piety!" said Rumour, carrying it to Tobacco-Parliament. The Crown-Prince plaintively assures Grumkow that it was the Officers, and that they got punished for it. A likely story, the Prince's!

'When King Friedrich, in his old days, recounted this after dinner, 'in his merry tone, he was well pleased that the guests, and even the 'pages and valets behind his back, laughed aloud at it.' Not a pious old King, Doctor, still less an orthodox one! The Doctor continues: 'In a like style, at Nauen, where part of his regiment lay, he had,—'by means of Herr von der Gröben, his First-Lieutenant,' much a comrade of his, as we otherwise perceive,—'the Diaconus of Nauen and his 'Wife hunted out of bed, and thrown into terror of their lives, one 'night:'—offence of the Diaconus not specified. 'Nay he himself once 'pitched his goldheaded stick through Salpius the Church Inspector's 'window,'—offence again not specified, or perhaps merely for a little artillery practice?—'and the throw was so dextrous that it merely made 'a round hole in the glass: stick was lying on the floor; and the 'Prince,' on some excuse or other, 'sent for it next morning.' 'Mar-'graf Heinrich of Schwedt,' continues the Doctor, very trustworthy on points of fact, 'was a diligent helper in such operations. Kaiserling,' whom we shall hear of, 'First-Lieutenant von der Gröben,' these were prime hands; 'Lieutenant Bruddenbrock' (old Feldmarschall's son) 'used, in his old days, when himself grown high in rank and dining 'with the King, to be appealed to as witness for the truth of these 'stories.'[5]

These are the two Incidents at Ruppin, in such light as they have. And these are all. Opulent History yields from a ton of

[5] Büsching, *Beyträge zu der Lebensgeschichte denkwürdiger Personen*, v. 19-21. Vol. v.,—wholly occupied with *Friedrich II. King of Prussia* (Halle, 1788),—is accessible in French and other languages; many details, and (as Büsching's wont is) few or none not authentic, are to be found in it; a very great secret spleen against Friedrich is also traceable,—for which the Doctor may have had his reasons, not obligatory upon readers of the Doctor. The truth is, Friedrich never took the least special notice of him: merely employed and promoted him, when expedient for both parties; and he really was a man of considerable worth, in an extremely crude form.

broken nails these two brass farthings, and shuts her pocket on us again. A Crown-Prince given to frolic, among other things; though aware that gravity would beseem him better. Much gay bantering humour in him, cracklings, radiations,—which he is bound to keep well under cover, in present circumstances.

CHAPTER III.

THE SALZBURGERS.

For three years past there has been much rumour over Germany, of a strange affair going on in the remote Austrian quarter, down in Salzburg and its fabulous Tyrolese valleys. Salzburg, city and territory, has an Archbishop, not theoretically Austrian, but sovereign Prince so-styled; it is from him and his orthodoxies, and pranks with his sovereign crosier, that the noise originates. Strange rumour of a body of the population discovered to be Protestant among the remote Mountains, and getting miserably ill-used, by the Right Reverend Father in those parts. Which rumour, of a singular, romantic, religious interest for the general Protestant world, proves to be but too well founded. It has come forth in the form of practical complaint to the *Corpus Evangelicorum* at the Diet, without result from the Corpus; complaint to various persons;—in fine, to his Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, *with* result.

With result at last; actual 'Emigration of the Salzburgers:' and Germany,—in these very days while the Crown-Prince is at Berlin betrothing himself, and Franz of Lorraine witnessing the *exercitia* and wonders there,—sees a singular phenomenon of a touching idyllic nature going on; and has not yet quite forgotten it in our days. Salzburg Emigration was all in motion, flowing steadily onwards, by various routes, towards Berlin, at the time the Betrothal took place; and seven weeks after that event, when the Crown-Prince had gone to Ruppin, and again could only hear of it, the first Instalment of Emigrants arrived bodily at the Gates of Berlin, '30th April, at four in the afternoon;'

Majesty himself and all the world going out to witness it, with something of a poetic, almost of a psalmist feeling, as well as with a practical on the part of his Majesty. First Instalment this; copiously followed by others, all that year; and flowing on, in smaller rills and drippings, for several years more, till it got completed. A notable phenomenon, full of lively picturesque and other interest to Brandenburg and Germany;—which was not forgotten by the Crown-Prince in coming years, as we shall transiently find; nay which all Germany still remembers, and even occasionally sings. Of which this is in brief the history.

The Salzburg Country, northeastern slope of the Tyrol (Donau draining that side of it, Etsch or Adige the Italian side), is celebrated by the Tourist for its airy beauty, rocky mountains, smooth green valleys, and swift-rushing streams; perhaps some readers have wandered to Bad-Gastein, or Ischl, in these nomadic summers; have looked into Salzburg, Berchtesgaden, and the Bavarian-Austrian boundary-lands; seen the wooden-clock makings, salt-works, toy-manufactures, of those simple people in their slouch-hats; and can bear some testimony to the phenomena of Nature there. Salzburg is the Archbishop's City, metropolis of his bit of sovereignty that then was.[1] A romantic City, far off among its beautiful Mountains, shadowing itself in the Salza River, which rushes down into the Inn, into the Donau, now becoming great with the tribute of so many valleys. Salzburg we have not known hitherto except as the fabulous resting-place of Kaiser Barbarossa: but we are now slightly to see it in a practical light; and mark how the memory of Friedrich Wilhelm makes an incidental lodgment for itself there.

It is well known there was extensive Protestantism once in those countries. Prior to the Thirty-Years War, the fair chance was, Austria too would all become Protestant; an extensive minority among all ranks of men in Austria too, definable as the serious intelligence of mankind in those countries, having clearly adopted it, whom the others were sure to follow. In all

[1] Tolerable description of it in the Baron Riesbeck's *Travels through Germany* (London, 1787, Translation by Maty, 3 vols. 8vo), i. 124-222;—whose details otherwise, on this Emigration business, are of no authenticity or value. A kind of Play-actor and miscellaneous Newspaper-man in that time (not so opulent to his class as ours is); who takes the title of 'Baron' on this occasion of coming-out with a Book of Imaginary '*Travels*.' Had personally lived, practising the miscellaneous arts, about Lintz and Salzburg,—and may be heard on the look of the Country, if on little else.

ranks of men; only not in the highest rank, which was pleased rather to continue Official and Papal. Highest rank had its Thirty-Years War, 'its sleek Fathers Lämmerlein and Hyacinth 'in Jesuit serge, its terrible Fathers Wallenstein in chain-armour;' and, by working late and early then and afterwards, did manage at length to trample-out Protestantism,—they know with what advantage by this time. Trample-out Protestantism; or drive it into remote nooks, where under sad conditions it might protract an unnoticed existence. In the Imperial Free-Towns, Ulm, Augsburg, and the like, Protestantism continued, and under hard conditions contrives to continue: but in the country parts, except in unnoticed nooks, it is extinct. Salzburg Country is one of those nooks; an extensive Crypto-Protestantism lodging, under the simple slouch-hats, in the remote valleys there. Protestantism peaceably kept concealed, hurting nobody; wholesomely forwarding the wooden-clock manufacture, and arable or grazier husbandries, of those poor people. More harmless sons of Adam, probably, did not breathe the vital air, than those dissentient Salzburgers; generation after generation of them giving offence to no creature.

Successive Archbishops had known of this Crypto-Protestantism, and in remote periods had made occasional slight attempts upon it; but none at all for a long time past. All attempts that way, as ineffectual for any purpose but stirring-up strife, had been discontinued for many generations;[2] and the Crypto-Protestantism was again become a mythical romantic object, ignored by Official persons. However, in 1727, there came a new Archbishop, one "Firmian," Count Firmian by secular quality, of a strict lean character, zealous rather than wise; who had brought his orthodoxies with him in a rigid and very lean form.

Right Reverend Firmian had not been long in Salzburg till he smelt-out the Crypto-Protestantism, and determined to haul it forth from the mythical condition into the practical; and in fact, to see his law-beagles there worry it to death as they ought. Hence the rumours that had risen over Germany, in 1729: Law-terriers penetrating into human cottages in those remote Salzburg valleys, smelling-out some German Bible or devout Book, making lists of Bible-reading cottagers; haling them to the Right Reverend Father-in-God; thence to prison, since they would not undertake to cease reading. With fine, with confiscation, tribulation: for the peaceable Salzburgers, respectful creatures, doffing their slouch-

[2] Buchholz, i. 148-151.

hats almost to mankind in general, were entirely obstinate in that matter of the Bible. "Cannot, your Reverence; must not, dare not!" and went to prison or whithersoever rather; a wide cry rising, Let us sell our possessions and leave Salzburg then, according to Treaty of Westphalia, Article so-and-so. "Treaty of Westphalia? Leave Salzburg?" shrieked the Right Reverend Father: "Are we getting into open mutiny, then? Open extensive mutiny!" shrieked he. Borrowed a couple of Austrian regiments,—Kaiser and we always on the pleasantest terms;—and marched the most refractory of his Salzburgers over the frontiers (retaining their properties and families); whereupon noise rose louder and louder.

Refractory Salzburgers sent Deputies to the Diet; appealed, complained to the *Corpus Evangelicorum*, Treaty of Westphalia in hand,—without result. *Corpus*, having verified matters, complained to the Kaiser, to the Right Reverend Father. The Kaiser, intent on getting his Pragmatic Sanction through the Diet, and anxious to offend nobody at present, gave good words; but did nothing: the Right Reverend Father answered a Letter or two from the *Corpus;* then said at last, He wished to close the Correspondence, had the honour to be,—and answered no farther, when written to. *Corpus* was without result. So it lasted through 1730; rumour, which rose in 1729, waxing ever louder into practicable or impracticable shape, through that next year; tribulation increasing in Salzburg; and noise among mankind. In the end of 1730, the Salzburgers sent Two Deputies to Friedrich Wilhelm at Berlin; solid-hearted, thick-soled men, able to answer for themselves, and give real account of Salzburg and the phenomena: this brought matters into a practicable state.

"Are you actual Protestants, the Treaty of Westphalia applicable to you? Not mere fanatic mystics, as Right Reverend Firmian asserts; protectible by no Treaty?" That was Friedrich Wilhelm's first question; and he set his two chief Berlin Clergymen, learned Roloff one of them, a divine of much fame, to catechise the two Salzburg Deputies, and report upon the point. Their Report, dated Berlin, 30th November 1730, with specimens of the main questions, I have read;[3] and can fully certify, along with Roloff and friend, That here are orthodox Protestants, apparently of very pious peaceable nature, suffering hard wrong;—orthodox beyond doubt, and covered by the Treaty of Westphalia. Whereupon his

[3] Fassmann, pp. 446-448.

Majesty dismisses them with assurance, "Return, and say there shall be help!"—and straightway lays hand on the business, strong swift steady hand as usual, with a view that way.

Salzburg being now a clear case, Friedrich Wilhelm writes to the Kaiser; to the King of England, King of Denmark;—orders preparations to be made in Preussen, vacant messuages to be surveyed, moneys to be laid up;—bids his man at the Regensburg Diet signify, That unless this thing is rectified, his Prussian Majesty will see himself necessitated to take effectual steps: 'reprisals' the first step, according to the old method of his Prussian Majesty. Rumour of the Salzburg Protestants rises higher and higher. Kaiser intent on conciliating every *Corpus*, Evangelical and other, for his Pragmatic Sanction's sake, admonishes Right Reverend Firmian; intimates at last to him, That he will actually have to let those poor people emigrate if they demand it; Treaty of Westphalia being express. In the end of 1731 it has come thus far.

"Emigrate, says your Imperial Majesty? Well, they shall emigrate," answers Firmian; "the sooner the better!" And straightway, in the dead of winter, marches, in convenient divisions, some Nine hundred of them over the frontiers: "Go about your business, then; emigrate—to the Old One, if you like!"—"And our properties, our goods and chattels?" ask they.—"Be thankful you have kept your skins. Emigrate, I say!" And the poor Nine hundred had to go out, in the rigour of winter, 'hoary old men among them, and women coming near their time;' and seek quarters in the wide world mostly unknown to them. Truly Firmian is an orthodox Herr; acquainted with the laws of fair usage and the time of day. The sleeping Barbarossa does not awaken upon him within the Hill here:—but in the Roncalic Fields, long ago, I should not have liked to stand in his shoes!

Friedrich Wilhelm, on this procedure at Salzburg, intimates to his Halberstadt and Minden Catholic gentlemen, That their Establishments must be locked up, and incomings suspended; that they can apply to the Right Reverend Firmian upon it;—and bids his man at Regensburg signify to the Diet that such is the course adopted here. Right Reverend Firmian has to hold his hand; finds both that there shall be Emigration, and that it must go forward on human terms, not inhuman; and that in fact the Treaty of Westphalia will have to guide it, not he henceforth. Those poor ousted Salzburgers cower into the Bavarian cities, till

the weather mend, and his Prussian Majesty's arrangements be complete for their brethren and them.

His Prussian Majesty has been maturing his plans, all this while;—gathering moneys, getting lands ready. We saw him hanging Schlubhut in the autumn of 1731, who had peculated from said moneys; and surveying Preussen, under storms of thunder and rain on one occasion. Preussen is to be the place for these people; Tilsit and Memel region, same where the big Fight of Tannenberg and ruin of the Teutsch Ritters took place: in that fine fertile Country there are homes got ready for this Emigration out of Salzburg.

Long ago, at the beginning of this History, did not the reader hear of a pestilence in Prussian Lithuania? Pestilence in old King Friedrich's time; for which the then Crown-Prince, now Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm, vainly solicited help from the Treasury, and only brought about partial change of Ministry and no help. 'Fifty-two Towns' were more or less entirely depopulated; hundreds of thousands of fertile acres fell to waste again, the hands that had ploughed them being swept away. The new Majesty, so soon as ever the Swedish War was got rid of, took this matter diligently in hand; built-up the fifty-two ruined Towns; issued Proclamations once and again (Years 1719, 1721), to the Wetterau, to Switzerland, Saxony, Schwaben;[4] inviting Colonists to come, and, on favourable terms, till and reap there. His terms are favourable, well-considered; and are honestly kept. He has a fixed set of terms for Colonists: their road-expenses thither, so much a day allowed each travelling soul; homesteads, ploughing implements, cattle, land, await them at their journey's end; their rent and services, accurately specified, are light not heavy; and 'immunities' from this and that are granted them, for certain years, till they get well nestled. Excellent arrangements: and his Majesty has, in fact, got about 20,000 families in that way. And still there is room for thousands more. So that if the tyrannous Firmian took to tribulating Salzburg in that manner, Heaven had provided remedies and a Prussian Majesty. Heaven is very opulent; has alchemy to change the ugliest substances into beautifulest. Privately to his Majesty, for months back, this Salzburg Emigration is a most manageable matter. Manage well, it will be a godsend to his Majesty, and fit, as by preëstablished harmony, into the ancient Prussian sorrow; and 'two afflictions well put together shall

[4] Buchholz, i. 148.

become a consolation,' as the proverb promises! Go along then, Right Reverend Firmian, with your Emigration there: only no foul-play in it,—or Halberstadt and Minden get locked:—for the rest of the matter we will undertake.

And so, February 2d, 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm's Proclamation[5] flew abroad over the world; brief and business-like, cheering to all but Firmian;—to this purport: 'Come, ye poor Salzburgers, 'there are homes provided for you. Apply at Regensburg, at 'Halle: Commissaries are appointed; will take charge of your long 'march and you. Be kind, all Christian German Princes: do not 'hinder them and me.' And in a few days farther, still early in February (for the matter is all ready for proclaiming), an actual Prussian Commissary hangs out his announcements and officialities at Donauwörth, old City known to us, within reach of the Salzburg Boundaries; collects, in a week or two, his first lot of Emigrants, near a thousand strong; and fairly takes the road with them.

A long road and a strange: I think, above five hundred miles before we get to Halle, within Prussian land; and then seven hundred more to our place there, in the utmost East. Men, women, infants and hoary grandfathers are here;—most of their property sold,—still on ruinous conditions, think of it, your Majesty. Their poor bits of preciosities and heirlooms they have with them; made up in succinct bundles, stowed on ticketed baggage-wains; 'some have their own poor cart and horse, to 'carry the too old and the too young, those that cannot walk.' A pilgrimage like that of the Children of Israel: such a pilgrim caravan as was seldom heard of in our Western Countries. Those poor succinct bundles, the making of them up and stowing of them; the pangs of simple hearts, in those remote native valleys; the tears that were not seen, the cries that were addressed to God only: and then at last the actual turning-out of the poor caravan, in silently practical condition, staff in hand, no audible complaint heard from it; ready to march; practically marching here:—which of us can think of it without emotion, sad, and yet in a sort blessed!

Every Emigrant man has four *groschen* a day (fourpence odd) allowed him for road expenses, every woman three groschen, every child two: and regularity itself, in the shape of Prussian Commissaries, presides over it. Such marching of the Salzburgers;

[5] Copy of it in Mauvillon, February 1732, ii. 311.

host after host of them, by various routes, from February onwards; above Seven thousand of them this year, and Ten thousand more that gradually followed,—was heard of at all German firesides, and in all European lands. A phenomenon much filling the general ear and imagination; especially at the first emergence of it. We will give from poor old authentic Fassmann, as if caught-up by some sudden photograph apparatus, a rude but undeniable glimpse or two into the actuality of this business: the reader will in that way sufficiently conceive it for himself.

Glimpse *first* is of an Emigrant Party arriving, in the cold February days of 1732, at Nördlingen, Protestant Free-Town in Bavaria: Three hundred of them; first section, I think, of those Nine hundred who were packed away unceremoniously by Firmian last winter, and have been wandering about Bavaria, lodging 'in Kaufbeuern' and various preliminary Towns, till the Prussian arrangements became definite. Prussian Commissaries are, by this time, got to Donauwörth; but these poor Salzburgers are ahead of them, wandering under the voluntary-principle as yet. Nördlingen, in Bavaria, is an old Imperial Free-Town; Protestantism not suppressed there as it has been all round; scene of some memorable fighting in the Thirty-Years War, especially of a bad defeat to the Swedes and Bernhard of Weimar, the worst they had in the course of that bad business. The Salzburgers are in number Three hundred and thirty-one; time, 'first days of February 1732, weather very cold and raw.' The charitable Protestant Town has been expecting such an advent:

'Two chief Clergymen, and the Schoolmaster and Scholars, with some 'hundreds of citizens and many young people, went out to meet them; 'there, in the open field, stood the Salzburgers, with their wives and 'their little ones, with their bullock-carts and baggage-wains,' pilgriming towards unknown parts of the Earth. '"Come in, ye blessed of the 'Lord! Why stand ye without?" said the Parson solemnly, by way of 'welcome; and addressed a Discourse to them,' devout and yet human, true every word of it, enough to draw tears from any Fassmann that were there;—Fassmann and we not far from weeping without words. 'Thereupon they ranked themselves two and two, and marched into the Town,' straight to the Church, I conjecture, Town all out to participate; 'and 'there the two reverend gentlemen successively addressed them again, 'from appropriate texts: Text of the first reverend gentleman was, *And* '*every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or* '*mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive*

'*an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.*'[6] Text of the second 'was, *Now the Lord had said unto Abraham, Get thee out of thy country,* '*and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I* '*will show thee.*'[7] Excellent texts; well handled, let us hope,—especially with brevity. 'After which the strangers were distributed, some into 'public-houses, others taken home by the citizens to lodge.

'Out of the Spital there was distributed to each person, for the first 'three days, a half-pound of flesh-meat, bread, and a measure of beer. 'The remaining days they got in money six *creutzers* (two pence) each, 'and bread. On Sunday, at the Church-doors there was a collection: 'no less than eight hundred *gulden*' (80*l.*; population, say, three thousand) 'for this object. At Sermon they were put into the central part 'of the Church,' all Nördlingen lovingly encompassing them; 'and 'were taught in two sermons,' texts not given, '*What the true Church* '*is built of,* and then *Of true Faith, and what love a Christian ought to* '*have;* 'Nördlingen copiously shedding tears the while (*viele Thränen vergossen*), as it well might. 'Going to Church, and coming from it, 'each Landlord walked ahead of his party; party followed two and two. 'On other days, there was much catechising of them at different parts 'of the Town;'—orthodox enough, you see, nothing of superstition or fanaticism in the poor people;—'they made a good testimony of their 'Evangelical truth.

'The Baggage-wagons which they had with them, ten in number, upon 'which some of their old people sat, were brought into the Town. The 'Baggage was unloaded, and the packages, Two hundred and eighty-one 'of them in all' (for Fassmann is Photography itself), 'were locked in 'the Zoll-Haus. Over and above what they got from the Spital, the 'Church-collection and the Town-chest, Citizens were liberal; daily sent 'them food, or daily had them by fours and fives to their own houses 'to meat.' And so let them wait for the Prussian Commissary, who is just at hand: 'they would not part from one another, these Three hun-'dred and thirty-one,' says Fassmann, 'though their reunion was but of 'that accidental nature.'[8]

Glimpse *second:* not dated; perhaps some ten days later; and a Prussian Commissary with this party:

'On their getting to the Anspach Territory, there was so incredible 'a joy at the arrival of these exiled Brothers in the Faith (*Glaubens-*'*Brüder*) that in all places, almost in the smallest hamlets, the bells 'were set a-tolling; and nothing was heard but a peal of welcome from 'far and near.' Prussian Commissary, when about quitting Anspach,

[6] Matthew xix. 29. [7] Gen. xii. 1. [8] Fassmann, pp. 439, 440.

asked leave to pass through Bamberg; Bishop of Bamberg, too orthodox a gentleman, declined; so the Commissary had to go by Nürnberg and Baireuth. Ask not if his welcome was good in those Protestant places. 'At Erlangen, fifteen miles from Nürnberg, where are French Protestants 'and a Dowager Margravine of Baireuth,'—Widow of Wilhelmina's Father-in-law's predecessor (if the reader can count that); *daughter* of Weissenfels who was for marrying Wilhelmina not long since!—'at 'Erlangen, the Serene Dowager snatched-up fifty of them into her own 'House for Christian refection; and Burghers of means had twelve, 'fifteen and even eighteen of them, following such example set. Nay 'certain French Citizens, prosperous and childless, besieged the Prussian 'Commissary to allow them a few Salzburg children for adoption; 'especially one Frenchman was extremely urgent and specific: but the 'Commissary, not having any order, was obliged to refuse.'[9] These must have been interesting days for the two young Margravines; forwarding Papa's poor pilgrims in that manner.

'At Baireuth,' other side of Nürnberg, 'it was towards Good Friday 'when the Pilgrims under their Commissarius arrived. They were lodged 'in the villages about, but came copiously into the Town; came all in 'a body to Church on Good Friday; and at coming out, were one and 'all carried off to dinner, a very scramble arising among the Townsfolk 'to get hold of Pilgrims and dine them. Vast numbers were carried to 'the Schloss;' one figures Wilhelmina among them, figures the Hereditary Prince and old Margraf: their treatment there was 'beyond belief,' says Fassmann; 'not only dinner of the amplest quality and quantity, but 'much money added and other gifts.' From Baireuth the route is towards Gera and Thüringen, circling the Bamberg Territory: readers remember Gera, where the Gera Bond was made?—'At Gera, a com- 'mercial gentleman dined the whole party in his own premises, and his 'wife gave four groschen to each individual of them; other two persons, 'brothers in the place, doing the like. One of the poor pilgrim women 'had been brought to bed on the journey, a day or two before: the 'Commissarius lodged her in his own inn, for greater safety; Commis- 'sarius returning to his inn, finds she is off, nobody at first can tell him 'whither: a lady of quality (*vornehme Dame*) has quietly sent her car- 'riage for the poor pilgrim sister, and has her in the right softest keeping. 'No end to people's kindness: many wept aloud, sobbing out, "Is this 'all the help we can give?" Commissarius said, "There will others 'come shortly; them also you can help."'

In this manner march these Pilgrims. 'From Donauwörth, 'by Anspach, Nürnberg, Baireuth, through Gera, Zeitz, Weissenfels,

[9] Fassmann, p. 441.

'to Halle,' where they are on Prussian ground, and within few days of Berlin. Other Towns, not upon the first straight route to Berlin, demand to have a share in these grand things; share is willingly conceded: thus the Pilgrims, what has its obvious advantages, march by a good variety of routes. Through Augsburg, Ulm (instead of Donauwörth), thence to Frankfurt; from Frankfurt some direct to Leipzig: some through Cassel, Hanover, Brunswick, by Halberstadt and Magdeburg instead of Halle. Starting all at Salzburg, landing all at Berlin; their routes spread over the Map of Germany in the intermediate space.

'Weissenfels Town and Duke distinguished themselves by liberality: 'especially the Duke did;'—poor old drinking Duke; very Protestant all these Saxon Princes, except the Apostate or Pseudo-Apostate the Physically Strong, for sad political reasons. 'In Weissenfels Town, 'while the Pilgrim procession walked, a certain rude foreign fellow, flax-'pedlar by trade,[10] by creed Papist or worse, said floutingly, "The Arch-'bishop ought to have flung you all into the river, you —!" Upon which 'a menial servant of the Duke's suddenly broke in upon him in the way 'of actuality, the whole crowd blazing into flame; and the pedlar would 'certainly have got irreparable damage, had not the Townguard instantly 'hooked him away.'

April 21st, 1732, the first actual body, a good nine hundred strong,[11] got to Halle; where they were received with devout jubilee, psalm-singing, spiritual and corporeal refection, as at Nördlingen and the other stages; 'Archidiaconus Franke' being prominent in it,—I have no doubt, a connexion of that "*chien de Franke*," whom Wilhelmina used to know. They were lodged in the Waisenhaus (old Franke's *Orphan-house*); Official List of them was drawn-up here, with the fit specificality; and, after three days, they took the road again for Berlin. Useful Buchholz, then a very little boy, remembers the arrival of a Body of these Salzburgers, not this but a later one in August, which passed through his native Village, Pritzwalk in the Priegnitz: How village and village authorities were all awake, with opened stores and hearts; how his Father, the Village Parson, preached at five in the afternoon. The same Buchholz, coming afterwards to College at Halle, had the pleasure of discovering two of the Commissaries, two of the three, who had mainly superintended in this Salzburg Pilgrimage.

[10] '*Hechelträger*, Hawker of flax-combs or *heckles*;—is oftenest a Slavonic Austrian (I am told).

[11] Buchholz, i. 156.

Let the reader also take a glance at them, as specimens worth notice:

Commissarius First: 'Herr von Reck was a nobleman from the Hanover 'Country; of very great piety; who, after his Commission was done, 'settled at Halle; and lived there, without servant, in privacy, from the 'small means he had;—seeking his sole satisfaction in attendance on 'the Theological and Ascetic College-Lectures, where I used to see him 'constantly in my student time.'

Commissarius Second: 'Herr Göbel was a medical man by profession; 'and had the regular degree of Doctor; but was in no necessity to apply 'his talents to the gaining of bread. His zeal for religion had moved 'him to undertake this Commission. Both these gentlemen I have often 'seen in my youth,' but do not tell you what they were like farther; 'and both their Christian-names have escaped me.'

A third Commissarius was of Preussen, and had religious-literary tendencies. I suppose these Three served gratis;—volunteers; but no doubt under oath, and tied by strict enough Prussian law. Physician, Chaplain, Road-guide, here they are, probably of supreme quality, ready to our hand.[12]

Buchholz, after 'his student time,' became a poor Country-Schoolmaster, and then a poor Country-Parson, in his native Altmark. His poor Book is of innocent, clear, faithful nature, with some vein of 'unconscious geniality' in it here and there;—a Book by no means so destitute of human worth as some that have superseded it. This was posthumous, this '*Newest History*,' and has a *Life* of the Author prefixed. He has four previous Volumes on the '*Ancient History of Brandenburg*,' which are not known to me.—About the Year 1745, there were Four poor Schoolmasters in that region (two at Havelberg, one at Seehausen, one at Werben), of extremely studious turn; who, in spite of the Elbe which ran between, used to meet on stated nights, for colloquy, for interchange of Books and the like. One of them, the Werben one, was this Buchholz; another, Seehausen, was the Winckelmann so celebrated in after years. A third, one of the Havelberg pair, 'went into Mecklenburg in a year or two, as Tutor 'to Karl Ludwig the Prince of Strelitz's children,'—whom also mark. For the youngest of these Strelitz children was no other than the actual "Old Queen Charlotte" (ours and George III.'s), just ready for him with her Hornbooks about that time: Let the

[12] Buchholz, *Neueste Preussisch-Brandenburgische Geschichte* (Berlin, 1775, 2 vols. 4to), i. 155 n.

poor man have what honour he can from that circumstance! 'Prince Karl Ludwig,' rather a foolish-looking creature, we may fall in with personally by and by.

It was the 30th April 1732, seven weeks and a day since Crown-Prince Friedrich's Betrothal, that this first body of Salzburg Emigrants, nine hundred strong, arrived at Berlin; 'four in the afternoon, at the Brandenburg Gate;' Official persons, nay Majesty himself, or perhaps both Majesties, waiting there to receive them. Yes, ye poor footsore mortals, there is the dread King himself; stoutish short figure in blue uniform and white wig, straw-coloured waistcoat, and white gaiters; stands uncommonly firm on his feet; reddish, blue-reddish face, with eyes that pierce through a man: look upon him, and yet live if you are true men. His Majesty's reception of these poor people could not but be good; nothing now wanting in the formal kind. But better far, in all the essentialities of it, there had not been hitherto, nor was henceforth, the least flaw. This Salzburg Pilgrimage has found for itself, and will find, regulation, guidance, ever a stepping-stone at the needful place; a paved road, so far as human regularity and punctuality could pave one. That is his Majesty's shining merit. 'Next Sunday, 'after sermon, they' (this first lot of Salzburgers) 'were publicly 'catechised in church; and all the world could hear their pertinent 'answers, given often in the very Scripture texts, or express words 'of Luther.'

His Majesty more than once took survey of these Pilgrimage Divisions, when they got to Berlin. A pleasant sight, if there were leisure otherwise. On various occasions, too, her Majesty had large parties of them over to Monbijou, to supper there in the fine gardens; and 'gave them Bibles,' among other gifts, if in want of Bibles through Firmian's industry. Her Majesty was Charity itself, Charity and Grace combined, among these Pilgrims. On one occasion she picked-out a handsome young lass among them, and had Painter Pesne over to take her portrait. Handsome lass, by Pesne, in her Tyrolese Hat, shone thenceforth on the walls of Monbijou; and fashion thereupon took-up the Tyrolese Hat, 'which has been much worn since by the beautiful part of the 'Creation,' says Buchholz; 'but how many changes they have 'introduced in it no pen can trace.'

At Berlin the Commissarius ceased; and there was usually given the Pilgrims a Candidatus Theologiæ, who was to conduct them the rest of the way, and be their Clergyman when once

settled. Five hundred long miles still. Some were shipped at Stettin; mostly they marched, stage after stage,—four groschen a day. At the farther end they found all ready; tight cottages, tillable fields, all implements furnished, and stock,—even to '*Federvieh*,' or Chanticleer with a modicum of Hens. Old neighbours, and such as liked each other, were put together: fields grew green again, desolate scrubs and scrags yielding to grass and corn. Wooden clocks even came to view,—for Berchtesgaden neighbours also emigrated; and Swiss came, and Bavarians and French:—and old trades were revived in those new localities.

Something beautifully real-idyllic in all this, surely:—Yet do not fancy that it all went on like clockwork; that there were not jarrings at every step, as is the way in things real. Of the Prussian Minister chiefly concerned in settling this new Colony I have heard one saying, forced out of him in some pressure: "There must be somebody for a scolding-stock and scape-goat; I will be it, then!" And then the Salzburg Officials, what a humour they were in! No Letters allowed from those poor Emigrants; the wickedest rumours circulated about them: "All cut to pieces by inroad of the Poles;" "Pressed for soldiers by the Prussian drill-sergeant;" "All flung into the Lakes and stagnant waters there; drowned to the last individual;" and so on. Truth nevertheless did slowly pierce through. And the "*Grosse Wirth*," our idyllic-real Friedrich Wilhelm, was wanting in nothing. Lists of their unjust losses in Salzburg were, on his Majesty's order, made out and authenticated, by the many who had suffered in that way there,—forced to sell at a day's notice, and the like:—with these his Majesty was diligent in the Imperial Court; and did get what human industry could of compensation, a part but not the whole. Contradictory noises had to abate. In the end, sound purpose, built on fact and the Laws of Nature, carried it; lies, vituperations, rumours and delusion sank to zero; and the true result remained. In 1738, the Salzburg Emigrant Community in Preussen held, in all their Churches, a Day of Thanksgiving; and admitted piously that Heaven's blessing, of a truth, had been upon this King and them. There we leave them, a useful solid population ever since in those parts; increased by this time we know not how many fold.

It cost Friedrich Wilhelm enormous sums, say the Old Histories; probably 'ten *tons of gold*,'—that is to say, ten Hundred-thousand Thalers; almost 150,000*l*., no less! But he lived to see it amply repaid, even in his own time; how much more amply since;—

being a man skilful in investments to a high degree indeed. Fancy 150,000*l.* invested there, in the Bank of Nature herself; and a Hundred-millions invested, say at Balaclava, in the Bank of Newspaper rumour: and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence! This was the most idyllic of Friedrich Wilhelm's feats, and a very real one the while.

We have only to add or repeat, that Salzburgers to the number of about 7,000 souls arrived at their place this first year; and in the year or two following, less noted by the public, but faring steadily forward upon their four groschen a day, 10,000 more. Friedrich Wilhelm would have gladly taken the whole; 'but George II. took a certain number,' say the Prussian Books (George II., or pious Trustees instead of him), 'and settled them at Ebenezer in Virginia,'—read, Ebenezer *in Georgia*, where General Oglethorpe was busy founding a Colony.[13] There at Ebenezer I calculate they might go ahead, too, after the questionable fashion of that country, and increase and swell;—but have never heard of them since.

Salzburg Emigration was a very real transaction on Friedrich Wilhelm's part; but it proved idyllic too, and made a great impression on the German mind. Readers know of a Book called *Hermann and Dorothea?* It is written by the great Goethe, and still worth reading. The great Goethe had heard, when still very little, much talk among the elders about this Salzburg Pilgrimage; and how strange a thing it was, twenty years ago and more.[14] In middle life he threw it into Hexameters, into the region of the air; and did that unreal Shadow of it; a pleasant work in its way, since he was not inclined for more.

[13] Petition to Parliament, 10th (21st) May 1733, by Oglethorpe and his Trustees, for 10,000*l.* to carry over these Salzburgers; which was granted: Tindal's *Rapin* (London, 1769), xx. 184.

[14] 1749 was Goethe's birth-year.

CHAPTER IV.

PRUSSIAN MAJESTY VISITS THE KAISER.

MAJESTY seeing all these matters well in train,—Salzburgers under way, Crown-Prince betrothed according to his Majesty's and the Kaiser's (not to *her* Majesty's, and high-flying little George of England my Brother the Comedian's) mind and will,—begins to think seriously of another enterprise, half business half pleasure, which has been hovering in his mind for some time. "Visit to my Daughter at Baireuth," he calls it publicly; but it means intrinsically Excursion into Böhmen, to have a word with the Kaiser, and see his Imperial Majesty in the body for once. Too remarkable a thing to be omitted by us here.

Crown-Prince does not accompany on this occasion; Crown-Prince is with his Regiment all this while; busy minding his own affairs in the Ruppin quarter;—only hears, with more or less interest, of these Salzburg-Pilgrim movements, of this Excursion into Böhmen. Here are certain scraps of Letters; which, if once made legible, will assist readers to conceive his situation and employments there. Letters otherwise of no importance; but worth reading on that score. The *first* (or rather first three, which we huddle into one) is from 'Nauen,' few miles off Ruppin; where one of our Battalions lies; requiring frequent visits there:

1. *To Grumkow, at Berlin* (from the Crown-Prince).

'Nauen, 25th April 1732.

'Monsieur my dearest Friend,—I send you a big mass of papers, which 'a certain gentleman named Plötz has transmitted me. In faith, I know 'not in the least what it is: I pray you present it' (to his Majesty, or in the proper quarter), 'and make me rid of it.

'Tomorrow I go to Potsdam' (a drive of forty miles southward), 'to see 'the exercise, and if we do it here according to pattern. *Neue Besen 'kehren gut'* (New brooms sweep clean, *in German*); 'I shall have to 'illustrate my new character' of Colonel; 'and show that I am *ein*

'*tüchtiger Officier* (a right Officer). Be what I may, I shall to you always 'be,' &c. &c.

Nauen, 7*th May* 1732. '* * Thousand thanks for informing me how 'everything goes-on in the world. Things far from agreeable, those 'leagues' (imaginary, in Tobacco-Parliament) 'suspected to be forming 'against our House! But if the Kaiser don't abandon us;' 'if God second 'the valour of 80,000 men resolved to spend their life,'—'let us hope 'there will nothing bad happen.

'Meanwhile, till events arrive, I make a pretty stir here (*me trémousse 'ici d'importance*), to bring my Regiment to its requisite perfection, and 'I hope I shall succeed. The other day I drank your dear health, Mon-'sieur; and I wait only the news from my Cattle-stall that the Calf I am 'fattening there is ready for sending to you. I unite Mars and House-'keeping, you see. Send me your Secretary's name, that I may address 'your Letters that way,'—our Correspondence needing to be secret in certain quarters. * * 'With a' truly infinite esteem:—'FRÉDÉRIC.'

Nauen, 10*th May* 1732. 'You will see by this that I am exact to 'follow your instruction; and that the *Schulz* of Tremmen' (Village in the Brandenburg quarter, with a *Schulz* or Mayor to be depended on), 'becomes for the present the mainspring of our correspondence. I return 'you all the things (*pièces*) you had the goodness to communicate to me, '—except *Charles Douze*,[1] which attaches me infinitely. The particulars 'hitherto unknown which he reports; the greatness of that Prince's 'actions, and the perverse singularity (*bizarrerie*) of his fortune: all this, 'joined to the lively, brilliant and charming way the Author has of telling 'it, renders this Book interesting to the supreme degree. * * * I send 'you a fragment of my correspondence with the most illustrious Sieur 'Crochet,' some French Envoy or Emissary, I conclude: 'you perceive 'we go on very sweetly together, and are in a high strain. I am sorry 'I burnt one of his Letters, wherein he assured me he would in the 'Versailles Antechamber itself speak of me to the King, and that my 'name had actually been mentioned at the King's Levee. It certainly is 'not my ambition to choose this illustrious mortal to publish my renown; 'on the contrary, I should think it soiled by such a mouth, and prostituted 'if he were the publisher. But enough of the Crochet: the kindest 'thing we can do for so contemptible an object is to say nothing of him at 'all.'[2]—* *

Letter *second* is to Jägermeister Hacke, Captain of the Potsdam Guard; who stands in great nearness to the King's Majesty; and,

[1] Voltaire's new Book; lately come out, 'Bâle, 1731.'

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 49, 51.

in fact, is fast becoming his factotum in Army-details. We, with the Duke of Lorraine and Majesty in person, saw his marriage to the Excellency Creutz's Fräulein Daughter not long since; who we trust has made him happy;—rich he is at any rate, and will be Adjutant-General before long; powerful in such intricacies as this that the Prince has fallen into.

The Letter has its obscurities; turns earnestly on Recruits tall and short; nor have idle Editors helped us, by the least hint towards 'reading' it with more than the *eyes*. Old Dessauer at this time is Commandant at Magdeburg; Buddenbrock, perhaps now passing by Ruppin, we know for a high old General, fit to carry messages from Majesty,—or, likelier, it may be Lieutenant Buddenbrock, his Son, merely *returning* to Ruppin? We can guess, that the flattering Dessauer has sent his Majesty Five gigantic men from the Magdeburg regiments, and that Friedrich is ordered to hustle out Thirty of insignificant stature from his own, by way of counter-gift to the Dessauer;—which Friedrich does instantly, but cannot, for his life, see how (being totally cashless) he is to replace them with better, or replace them at all!

2. *To Captain Hacke, of the Potsdam Guard.*

'Ruppin, 15th July 1732.

'*Mein Gott*, what a piece of news Buddenbrock has brought me! I 'am to get nothing out of Brandenburg, my dear Hacke? Thirty men 'I had to shift out of my company in consequence' (of Buddenbrock's order); 'and where am I now to get other thirty? I would gladly give 'the King tall men, as the Dessauer at Magdeburg does; but I have no 'money; and I don't get, or set up for getting, six men for one' (thirty short for five tall), 'as he does. So true is that Scripture: To him that 'hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away 'even that he hath.

'Small art, that the Prince of Dessau's and the Magdeburg Regiments 'are fine, when they have money at command, and thirty men *gratis* 'over and above! I, poor devil, have nothing; nor shall have, all my 'days. Prithee, dear Hacke (*bitte Ihn, lieber Hacke*), think of all that: 'and if I have no money allowed, I must bring Asmus[3] alone as Recruit 'next year; and my Regiment will to a certainty be rubbish (*Kroop*). 'Once I had learned a German Proverb—

"*Versprechen und halten* (To promise and to keep)
Ziemt wohl Jungen und Alten (Is pretty for young and for old)!"

[3] Recruit unknown to me.

'I depend alone on you (*Ihn*), dear Hacke; unless you help, there is 'a bad outlook. Today I have knocked again' (written to Papa for money); 'and if that does not help, it is over. If I could get any 'money to borrow, it would do; but I need not think of that. Help 'me, then, dear Hacke! I assure you I will ever remember it; who, 'at all times, am my dear Herr Captain's devoted (*ganz ergebener*) servant 'and friend, FRIDERICH.'[4]

To which add only this Note, two days later, to Seckendorf; indicating that the process of 'borrowing' has already, in some form, begun,—process which will have to continue, and to develop itself;—and that his Majesty, as Seckendorf well knows, is resolved upon his Bohemian journey:

3. *To the General Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf.*

'Ruppin, 17th July 1732.

'My very dear General,—I have written to the King, that I owed you '2,125 *thalers* for the Recruits; of which he says there are 600 paid: 'there remain, therefore, 1,525, which he will pay you directly.

'The King is going to Prague: I shall not be of the party' (as you will). 'To say truth, I am not very sorry; for it would infallibly give 'rise to foolish rumours in the world. At the same time, I should have 'much wished to see the Emperor, Empress, and Prince of Lorraine, for 'whom I have a quite particular esteem. I beg you, Monsieur, to assure 'him of it;—and to assure yourself that I shall always be,—with a great 'deal of consideration, *Monsieur, mon très-cher Général*,' &c.

'FRÉDÉRIC.'

And now for the Bohemian Journey, "Visit at Kladrup" as they call it;—Ruppin being left in this assiduous and wholesome, if rather hampered condition.

Kaiser Karl and his Empress, in this summer of 1732, were at Karlsbad, taking the waters for a few weeks. Friedrich Wilhelm, who had long, for various reasons, wished to see his Kaiser face to face, thought this would be a good opportunity. The Kaiser himself, knowing how it stood with the Jülich-and-Berg and other questions, was not anxious for such an interview: still less were his official people; among whom the very ceremonial for such a thing was matter of abstruse difficulty. Seckendorf accordingly had been instructed to hunt wide, and throw-in discouragements,

[4] In German: *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 177.

so far as possible;—which he did, but without effect. Friedrich Wilhelm had set his heart upon the thing; wished to behold for once a Head of the Holy Roman Empire, and Supreme of Christendom;—also to see a little, with his own eyes, into certain matters Imperial.

And so, since an express visit to Karlsbad might give rise to newspaper rumours, and will not suit, it is settled, there shall be an accidental intersection of routes, as the Kaiser travels homeward,—say in some quiet Bohemian Schloss or Hunting-seat of the Kaiser's own, whither the King may come incognito; and thus, with a minimum of noise, may the needful passage of hospitality be done. Easy all of this: only the Vienna Ministers are dreadfully in doubt about the ceremonial, Whether the Imperial hand can be given (I forget if for kissing or for shaking)?—nay at last they manfully declare that it cannot be given; and wish his Prussian Majesty to understand that it must be refused.[5] "*Res summæ consequentiæ*," say they; and shake solemnly their big wigs.—Nonsense (*Narrenpossen*)! answers the Prussian Majesty: You, Seckendorf, settle about quarters, reasonable food, reasonable lodging; and I will do the ceremonial.

Seckendorf,—worth glancing into, for biographical purposes, in this place,—has written to his Court: That as to the victual department, his Majesty goes upon good common meat; flesh, to which may be added all manner of river-fish and crabs: sound old Rhenish is his drink, with supplements of brown and of white beer. Dinner-table to be spread always in some airy place, garden-house, tent, big clean barn,—Majesty likes air, of all things;—will sleep, too, in a clean barn or garden-house: better anything than being stifled, thinks his Majesty. Who, for the rest, does not like mounting stairs.[6] These are the regulations; and we need not doubt they were complied with.

Sunday 27th July 1732, accordingly, his Majesty, with five or six carriages, quits Berlin, before the sun is up, as is his wont: eastward, by the road for Frankfurt-on-Oder; "intends to look at Schulenburg's regiment," which lies in those parts,—Schulenburg's regiment for one thing: the rest is secret from the profane vulgar. Schulenburg's regiment (drawn-up for Church, I should suppose) is soon looked at; Schulenburg himself, by preappointment, joins the travelling party, which now consists of the King and Eight:—

[5] Förster, i. 328.

[6] Seckendorf's Report (in Förster, i. 330).

known figures, seven, Buddenbrock, Schulenburg, Waldau, Derschau, Seckendorf, Grumkow, Captain Hacke of the Potsdam Guard; and for eighth the Dutch Ambassador, Ginkel, an accomplished knowing kind of man, whom also my readers have occasionally seen. Their conversation, road-colloquy, could it interest any modern reader? It has gone all to dusk; we can know only that it was human, solid, for most part, and had much tobacco intermingled. They were all of the Calvinistic persuasion, of the military profession; knew that life is very serious, that speech without cause is much to be avoided. They travelled swiftly, dined in airy places: they are a *fact*, they and their summer dust-cloud there, whirling through the vacancy of that dim Time; and have an interest for us, though an unimportant one.

The first night they got to Grünberg; a pleasant Town, of vineyards and of looms, across the Silesian frontier. They are now turning more southeastward; they sleep here, in the Kaiser's territory, welcomed by some Official persons; who signify that the overjoyed Imperial Majesty has, as was extremely natural, paid the bill everywhere. On the morrow, before the shuttles awaken, Friedrich Wilhelm is gone again; towards the Glogau region, intending for Liegnitz that night. Coursing rapidly through the green Silesian Lowlands, blue Giant Mountains (*Riesengebirge*) beginning to rise on the southwestward far away. Dines, at noon, under a splendid tent, in a country place called Polkwitz,[7] with country Nobility (sorrow on them, and yet thanks to them) come to do reverence. At night he gets to Liegnitz.

Here is Liegnitz, then. Here are the Katzbach and the Blackwater (*Schwarzwasser*), famed in war, your Majesty; here they coalesce; gray ashlar houses (not without inhabitants unknown to us) looking on. Here are the venerable walls and streets of Liegnitz; and the Castle which defied Baty Khan and his Tartars, five hundred years ago.[8]—Oh, your Majesty, this Liegnitz, with its princely Castle, and wide rich Territory, the bulk of the Silesian Lowland, whose is it if right were done? Hm, his Majesty knows full well; in Seckendorf's presence, and going on such an errand, we must not speak of certain things. But the undisputed truth is, Duke Friedrich II., come of the Sovereign Piasts, made that

[7] 'Balkowitz,' say Pöllnitz (ii. 407) and Förster; which is not the correct name.

[8] 1241, the Invasion, and Battle here, of this unexpected Barbarian.

Erbverbrüderung, and his Grandson's Grandson died childless: so the heirship fell to *us*, as the biggest wig in the most benighted Chancery would have to grant;—only the Kaiser will not, never would; the Kaiser plants his armed self on Schlesien, and will hear no pleading. Jägerndorf too, which we purchased with our own money—No more of that; it is too miserable! Very impossible too, while we have Berg and Jülich in the wind!—

At Liegnitz, Friedrich Wilhelm 'reviews the garrison, cavalry and infantry,' before starting; then off for Glatz, some sixty miles before we can dine. The goal is towards Bohemia, all this while; and his Majesty, had he liked the mountain-passes, and unlevel ways of the Giant Mountains, might have found a shorter road and a much more picturesque one. Road abounding in gloomy valleys, intricate rock-labyrinths, haunts of Sprite *Rübezahl*, sources of the Elbe and I know not what. Majesty likes level roads, and interesting rock-labyrinths built by man rather than by Nature. Majesty makes a wide sweep round to the east of all that; leaves the Giant Mountains, and their intricacies, as a blue Sierra far on his right,—had rather see Glatz Fortress than the caverns of the Elbe; and will cross into Bohemia, where the Hills are fallen lowest. At Glatz during dinner, numerous Nobilities are again in waiting. Glatz is in Jägerndorf region: Jägerndorf, which we purchased with our own money, is and remains ours, in spite of the mishaps of the Thirty-Years War;—*ours*, the darkest Chancery would be obliged to say, from under the immensest wig! Patience, your Majesty; Time brings roses!—

From Glatz, after viewing the works, drilling the guard a little, not to speak of dining, and dispatching the Nobilities, his Majesty takes the road again; turns now abruptly westward, across the Hills at their lowest point; into Bohemia, which is close at hand. Lewin, Nachod, these are the Bohemian villages, with their remnant of Czechs; not a prosperous population to look upon: but it is the Kaiser's own Kingdom: "King of Bohemia" one of his Titles ever since Sigismund *Super-Grammaticam's* time. And here now, at the meeting of the waters (*Elbe* one of them, a brawling mountain-stream) is Jaromierz, respectable little Town, with an Imperial Officiality in it,—where the Official Gentlemen meet us all in gala, "Thrice welcome to this Kingdom, your Majesty!"—and signify that they are to wait upon us henceforth, while we do the Kaiser's Kingdom of Bohemia that honour.

It is Tuesday night 29th July, this first night in Bohemia. The

Official Gentlemen lead his Majesty to superb rooms, new-hung with crimson velvet, and the due gold fringes and tresses,—very grand indeed; but probably not so airy as we wish. "This is the way the Kaiser lodges in his journeys; and your Majesty is to be served like him." The goal of our journey is now within few miles. Wednesday 30th July 1732, his Majesty awakens again, within these crimson-velvet hangings with the gold tresses and fringes, not so airy as he could wish; dispatches Grumkow to the Kaiser, who is not many miles off, to signify what honour we would do ourselves.

It was on Saturday last that the Kaiser and Kaiserinn, returning from Karlsbad, illuminated Prag with their serene presence; 'attended high-mass, vespers,' and a good deal of other worship, as the meagre old Newspapers report for us, on that and the Sunday following. And then, 'on Monday, at six in the morning,' both the Majesties left Prag, for a place called Chlumetz, southwestward thirty miles off, in the Elbe region, where they have a pretty Hunting Castle; Kaiser intending 'sylvan sport for a few days, says the old rag of a Newspaper, 'and then to return to Prag.' It is here that Grumkow, after a pleasant morning's drive of thirty miles with the sun on his back, finds Kaiser Karl VI.; and makes his announcements, and diplomatic inquiries what next.

Had Friedrich Wilhelm been in Potsdam or Wusterhausen, and heard that Kaiser Karl was within thirty miles of him, Friedrich Wilhelm would have cried, with open arms, Come, come! But the Imperial Majesty is otherwise hampered; has his rhadamanthine Aulic Councillors, in vast amplitude of wig, sternly engaged in study of the etiquettes: they have settled that the meeting cannot be in Chlumetz; lest it might lead to night's lodgings, and to intricacies. "Let it be at Kladrup," say the Ample-wigged; Kaldrup, an Imperial Stud, or Horse-Farm, half-a-dozen miles from this; where there is room for nothing more than dinner. There let the meeting be, tomorrow at a set hour; and, in the mean time, we will take precautions for the etiquettes. So it is settled, and Grumkow returns with the decision in a complimentary form.

Through Königsgrätz, down the right bank of the Upper Elbe, on the morrow morning, Thursday 31st July 1732, Friedrich Wilhelm rushes on towards Kladrup; finds that little village, with the Horse-edifices, looking snug enough in the valley of Elbe;—alights, welcomed by Prince Eugenio von Savoye, with word that the Kaiser is not come, but steadily expected soon. Prince Eugenio

von Savoye: *Ach Gott*, it is another thing, your Highness, than when we met in the Flanders Wars, long since;—at Malplaquet that morning, when your Highness had been to Brussels, visiting your Lady Mother in case of the worst! Slightly grayer your Highness is grown; I too am nothing like so nimble; the great Duke, poor man, is dead!—Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we need not doubt, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner.

Kladrup is a Country House as well as a Horse-Farm: a square court is the interior, as I gather; the Horse-buildings at a reverent distance forming the fourth side. In the centre of this court,—see what a contrivance the Aulic Councillors have hit upon,—there is a wooden stand built, with three staircases leading up to it, one for each person, and three galleries leading off from it into suites of rooms: no question of precedence here, where each of you has his own staircase and own gallery to his apartment! Friedrich Wilhelm looks down like a rhinoceros on all those cobwebberies. No sooner are the Kaiser's carriage-wheels heard within the court, than Friedrich Wilhelm rushes down, by what staircase is readiest; forward to the very carriage-door; and flings his arms about the Kaiser, embracing and embraced, like mere human friends glad to see one another. On these terms, they mount the wooden stand, Majesty of Prussia, Kaiser, Kaiserinn, each by his own staircase; see, for a space of two hours, the Kaiser's foals and horses led about, —which at least fills-up any gap in conversation that may threaten to occur. The Kaiser, a little man of high and humane air, is not bright in talk; the Empress, a Brunswick Princess of fine carriage, Granddaughter of old Anton Ulrich who wrote the Novels, is likewise of mute humour in public life: but old Nord-Teutschland, cradle of one's existence; Brunswick reminiscences; news of your Imperial Majesty's serene Father, serene Sister, Brother-in-law the Feldmarschall, and Insipid Niece whom we have had the satisfaction to betroth lately,—furnish small-talk where needful.

Dinner being near, you go by your own gallery to dress. From the drawing-room, Friedrich Wilhelm leads out the Kaiserinn; the Kaiser, as Head of the world, walks first, though without any lady. How they drank the healths, gave and received the ewers and towels, is written duly in the old Books, but was as indifferent to Friedrich Wilhelm as it is to us; what their conversation was, let no man presume to ask. Dullish, we should apprehend,—and perhaps *better* lost to us? But where there are tongues, there are topics: the Loom of Time wags always, and with it the tongues

of men. Kaiser and Kaiserinn have both been in Karlsbad lately; Kaiser and Kaiserinn both have sailed to Spain, in old days, and been in sieges and things memorable: Friedrich Wilhelm, solid Squire Western of the North, does not want for topics, and talks as a solid rustic gentleman will. Native politeness he knows on occasion; to etiquette, so far as concerns his own pretensions, he feels callous altogether,—dimly sensible that the Eighteenth Century is setting in, and that solid musketeers and not goldsticks are now the important thing. "I felt mad to see him so humiliate himself," said Grumkow afterwards to Wilhelmina, "*j'enrageais dans ma peau:*" why not?

Dinner lasted two hours; the Empress rising, Friedrich Wilhelm leads her to her room; then retires to his own, and 'in a quarter of an hour' is visited there by the Kaiser; 'who conducts him,' in so many minutes exact by the watch, 'back to the Empress,'—for a sip of coffee, as one hopes; which may wind-up the Interview well. The sun is still a good space from setting, when Friedrich Wilhelm, after cordial adieus, neglectful of etiquette, is rolling rapidly towards Nimburg, thirty miles off on the Prag Highway; and Kaiser Karl with his Spouse move deliberately towards Chlumetz to hunt again. In Nimburg Friedrich Wilhelm sleeps, that night;—Imperial Majesties, in a much-tumbled world, of wild horses, ceremonial ewers, and Eugenios of Savoy and Malplaquet, probably peopling his dreams. If it please Heaven, there may be another private meeting, a day or two hence.

Nimburg, ah your Majesty, Son Fritz will have a night in Nimburg too;—riding slowly thither amid the wrecks of Kolin Battle, not to sleep well;—but that happily is hidden from your Majesty. Kolin, Czaslau (Chotusitz), Elbe Teinitz,—here in this Kladrup region, your Majesty is driving amid poor Villages which will be very famous by and by. And Prag itself will be doubly famed in war, if your Majesty knew it, and the Ziscaberg be of bloodier memory than the Weissenberg itself!—His Majesty, the morrow's sun having risen upon Nimburg, rolls into Prag successfully about eleven A.M., Hill of Zisca not disturbing him; goes to the Klein-Seite Quarter, where an Aulic Councillor with fine Palace is ready; all the cannon thundering from the walls at his Majesty's advent; and Prince Eugenio, the ever-present, being there to receive his Majesty,—and in fact to invite him to dinner this day at half-past twelve. It is Friday 1st of August 1732.

By a singular chance, there is preserved for us in Fassmann's

Book, what we may call an Excerpt from the old *Morning Post* of Prag, bringing that extinct Day into clear light again; recalling the vanished Dinner-Party from the realms of Hades, as a thing that once actually *was*. The List of the Dinner-guests is given complete; vanished ghosts, whom, in studying the old History-Books, you can, with a kind of interest, fish-up into visibility at will. There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table, in the Count-Thun Palace where he lodges; there bodily, the little man, in gold-laced coat of unknown cut; the eyes and the temper bright and rapid, as usual, or more; nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open. Be seated, your Majesty, high gentlemen all.

A big chair-of-state stands for his Majesty at the upper end of the table: his Majesty will none of it; sits down close by Prince Eugene at the very bottom, and opposite Prince Alexander of Würtemberg, whom we had at Berlin lately, a General of note in the Turkish and other wars: here probably there will be better talk; and the big chair may preside over us in vacancy. Which it does. Prince Alexander, Imperial General against the Turks, and Heir-Apparent of Würtemberg withal, can speak of many things,—hardly much of his serene Cousin the reigning Duke; whose health is in a too interesting state, the good though unlucky man. Of the Grävenitz sitting now in limbo, or travelling about disowned, *toujours un lavement à ses trousses*, let there be deep silence. But the Prince Alexander can answer abundantly on other heads. He comes to his inheritance a few months hence; actual reigning Duke, the poor serene Cousin having died: and perhaps we shall meet him transiently again.

He is Ancestor of the Czars of Russia, this Prince Alexander, who is now dining here in the body, along with Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Eugene: Paul of Russia, unbeautiful Paul, married the second time, from Mümpelgard (what the French call Montbeillard, in Alsace), a serene Granddaughter of his, from whom come the Czars,—thanks to her or not. Prince Alexander is Ancestor withal of our present "Kings of Würtemberg," if that mean anything: Father (what will mean something) to the serene Duke, still in swaddling-clothes,[9] who will be son-in-law to Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth (could your Majesty foresee it); and will do strange pranks in the world, upon poet Schiller and others. Him too, and Brothers of his, were they born and become of size, we shall

[9] Born 21st January 1732; Karl Eugen the name of him (Michaelis, iii. 450).

meet. A noticeable man, and not without sense, this Prince Alexander; who is now of a surety eating with us,—as we find by the extinct *Morning Post* in Fassmann's old Book.

Of the other eating figures, Stahrembergs, Sternbergs, Kinsky Ambassador to England, Kinsky Ambassador to France, high Austrian dignitaries, we shall say nothing;—who would listen to us? Hardly can the Hof-Kanzler Count von Sinzendorf, supreme of Aulic men, who holds the rudder of Austrian State-Policy, and probably feels himself loaded with importance beyond most mortals now eating here or elsewhere,—gain the smallest recognition from oblivious English readers of our time. It is certain he eats here on this occasion; and to his Majesty he does not want for importance. His Majesty, intent on Jülich and Berg and other high matters, spends many hours next day, in earnest private dialogue with him. We mention farther, with satisfaction, that Grumkow and Ordnance-Master Seckendorf are both on the list, and all our Prussian party, down to Hacke of the Potsdam grenadiers, friend Schulenburg visibly eating among the others. Also that the dinner was glorious (*herrlich*), and ended about five.[10] After which his Majesty went to two evening parties, of a high order, in the Hradschin Quarter or elsewhere; cards in the one (unless you liked to dance, or grin idle talk from you), and supper in the other.

His Majesty amused himself for four other days in Prag, interspersing long earnest dialogues with Sinzendorf, with whom he spent the greater part of Saturday,[11]—results as to Jülich and Berg of a rather cloudy nature. On Saturday came the Kaiser, too, and Kaiserinn, to their high House, the Schloss in Prag; and there occurred, in the incognito form, 'as if by accident,' three visits or counter-visits, two of them of some length. The King went dashing about; saw, deliberately or in glimpses, all manner of things,—from 'the Military Hospital' to 'the Tongue of St. Nepomuk' again. Nepomuk, an imaginary Saint of those parts; pitched into the Moldau, as is fancied and fabled, by wicked King Wenzel (King and Deposed-Kaiser, whom we have heard of), for speaking and refusing to speak; Nepomuk is now become the Patron of Bridges, in consequence; stands there in bronze on the Bridge of Prag; and still shows a dried Tongue in the world:[12] this latter, we expressly find, his Majesty saw.

[10] Fassmann, p. 474.

[11] Pöllnitz, ii. 411.

[12] *Die Legende vom heiligen Johann von Nepomuk*, von D. Otto Abel (Berlin. 1855); an acute bit of Historical Criticism.

On Sunday, his Majesty, nothing of a straitlaced man, attended divine or quasi-divine worship in the Cathedral Church,—where high Prince Bishops delivered *palliums*, did histrionisms; 'manifested the *Absurdität* of Papistry' more or less. Coming out of the Church, he was induced to step in and see the rooms of the Schloss, or Imperial Palace. In one of the rooms, as if by accident, the Kaiser was found lounging:—"Extremely delighted to see your Majesty!"—and they had the first of their long or considerable dialogues together; purport has not transpired. The second considerable dialogue was on the morrow, when Impered Majesty, as if by accident, found himself in the Count-Nostitz Palace, where Friedrich Wilhelm lodges. Delighted to be so fortunate again! Hope your Majesty likes Prag? Eternal friendship, *Oh ja*:—and as to Jülich and Berg? Particulars have not transpired.

Prag is a place full of sights: his Majesty, dashing about in all quarters, has a busy time; affairs of state (Jülich and Berg principally) alternating with what we now call the *lions*. Zisca's drum, for instance, in the Arsenal here? Would your Majesty wish to see Zisca's own skin, which he bequeathed to be a drum when *he* had done with it? "*Narenpossen!*"—for indeed the thing is fabulous, though in character with Zisca. Or the Council-Chamber window, out of which 'the Three Prag Projectiles fell into the Night of things,' as a modern Historian expresses it? Three Official Gentlemen, flung out one morning,[13] 70 feet, but fell on "sewerage," and did not die, but set the whole world on fire? That is too certain, as his Majesty knows: that brought the crowning of the Winter King, Battle of the Weissenberg, Thirty-Years War; and lost us Jägerndorf and much else.

Or Wallenstein's Palace,—did your Majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at, on the score of History and even of Natural-History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting-room,—a difficulty in the soldiering way of life;—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much-meditating indignant soul. And yonder is the Weissenberg, conspicuous in the western suburban region: and here in the eastern, close by, is the Ziscaberg;—O Heaven, your Majesty,

[13] 13th (23d) May 1618 (Köhler, p. 507).

on this Zisca-Hill will be a new "Battle of Prag," which will throw the Weissenberg into eclipse; and there is awful fighting coming on in these parts again!—

The *third* of the considerable dialogues in Prag was on this same Monday night; when his Majesty went to wait upon the Kaiserinn, and the Kaiser soon accidentally joined them. Precious gracious words passed;—on Berg and Jülich nothing particular, that we hear;—and the High Personages, with assurances of everlasting friendship, said adieu; and met no more in this world. On his toilet-table Friedrich Wilhelm found a gold Tobacco-box, sent by the highest Lady extant; gold Tobacco-box, item gold Tobacco-stopper or Pipe-picker: such the parting gifts of her Imperial Majesty. Very precious indeed, and grateful to the honest heart;—yet testifying too (as was afterwards suggested to the royal mind) what these high people think of a rustic Orson King; and how they fling their nose into the air over his Tabagies and him.

On the morrow morning early, Friedrich Wilhelm rolls away again homewards, by Karlsbad, by Baireuth; all the cannon of Prag saying thrice, Good speed to him. "He has had a glorious "time," said the Berlin Court-lady to Queen Sophie one evening, "no end of kindness from the Imperial Majesties: but has he "brought Berg and Jülich in his pocket?"—Alas, not a fragment of them; nor of any solid thing whatever, except it be the gold Tobacco-box; and the confirmation of our claims on East-Friesland (cheap liberty to let us vindicate them if we can), if you reckon that a solid thing. These two Imperial gifts, such as they are, he has consciously brought back with him;—and perhaps, though as yet unconsciously, a third gift of much more value, once it is developed into clearness: some dim trace of insight into the no-meaning of these high people; and how they consider *us* as mere Orsons and wild Bisons, whom they will do the honour to consume as provision, if we behave well!

The great King Friedrich, now Crown-Prince at Ruppin, writing of this Journey long afterwards,—hastily, incorrectly, as his wont is, in regard to all manner of minute outward particulars; and somewhat maltreating, or at least misplacing even the inward meaning, which was well known to him *without* investigation, but which he is at no trouble to *date* for himself, and has dated at random,—says, in his thin rapid way, with much polished bitterness:

'His' (King Friedrich Wilhelm's) 'experience on this occasion served 'to prove that good-faith and the virtues, so contrary to the corruption of 'the age, do not succeed in it. Politicians have banished sincerity (*la 'candeur*) into private life: they look upon themselves as raised quite 'above the laws which they enjoin on other people; and give way without 'reserve to the dictates of their own depraved mind.

'The guaranty of Jülich and Berg, which Seckendorf had formally 'promised in the name of the Emperor, went-off in smoke; and the Im- 'perial Ministers were in a disposition so opposed to Prussia, the King 'saw clearly' (not for some years yet) 'that if there was a Court in Europe 'intending to cross his interests, it was certainly that of Vienna. This 'Visit of his to the Emperor was like that of Solon to Crœsus' (Solon not recognisable, in the grenadier costume, amid the tobacco-smoke, and dim accompaniments?)—'and he returned to Berlin, rich still in his own 'virtue. The most punctilious censors could find no fault in his conduct, 'except a probity carried to excess. The Interview ended as those of 'Kings often do: it cooled' (not for some time yet), 'or, to say better, it 'extinguished the friendship there had been between the two Courts. 'Friedrich Wilhelm left Prag full of contempt' (dimly, altogether unconsciously, *tending* to have some contempt, and in the end to be full of it) 'for the deceitfulness and pride of the Imperial Court: and the 'Emperor's Ministers disdained a Sovereign who looked without interest 'on frivolous ceremonials and precedences. Him they considered too 'ambitious in aiming at the Berg-and-Jülich succession: them he regarded' (came to regard) 'as a pack of knaves, who had broken their word, and 'were not punished for it.'

Very bitter, your Majesty; and, in all but the dates, true enough. But what a drop of concentrated absinth follows next, by way of finish,—which might itself have corrected the dating!

'In spite of so many subjects of discontent, the King wedded his Eldest 'Son' (my not too fortunate self), 'out of complaisance to the Vienna 'Court, with a Princess of Brunswick-Bevern, Niece to the Empress:'—bitter fact; necessitating change of date in the paragraphs just written.[14]

Friedrich Wilhelm, good soul, cherishes the Imperial gifts, Tobacco-box included;—claps the Arms of East-Friesland on his escutcheon; will take possession of Friesland, if the present Duke die heirless, let George of England say what he will. And so he rolls homeward, by way of Baireuth. He staid but a short while in Karlsbad; has warned his Wilhelmina that he will be at Baireuth on the 9th of the month.[15]

[14] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 162, 163.
[15] Wilhelmina, ii. 55.

Wilhelmina is very poorly; "near her time," as wives say; rusticating in 'the Hermitage,' a Country-House in the vicinity of Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law gone away, towards the Bohemian frontier, to hunt boars. O, the bustle and the bother that high Lady had; getting her little Country-House stretched out to the due pitch to accommodate everybody,—especially her foolish Sister of Anspach and foolish Brother-in-law and suite,—with whom, by negligence of servants and otherwise, there had like to have risen incurable quarrel on the matter. But the dextrous young Wife, gladdest, busiest and weakliest of hopeful creatures, contrived to manage everything, like a Female Fieldmarshal, as she was. Papa was delighted; bullied the foolish Anspach people,—or would have done so, had not I intervened, that the matter might die. Papa was gracious, happy; very anxious about me in my interesting state. "Thou hast lodged me to perfection, good "Wilhelmina. Here I find my wooden stools, tubs to wash in; all "things as if I were at Potsdam:—a good girl; and thou must take "care of thyself, my child (*mein Kind*)."

At dinner, his Majesty, dreading no ill, but intent only on the practical, got into a quiet, but to me most dreadful, lecture to the old Margraf (my Father-in-law) upon debt and money and arrears: How he, the Margraf, was cheated at every turn, and led-about by the nose, and kept weltering in debt: how he should let the young Margraf go into the Offices, to supervise, and withal to learn tax-matters and economics betimes. How he (Friedrich Wilhelm) would send him a fellow from Berlin who understood such things, and would drill his scoundrels for him! To which the old Margraf, somewhat flushed in the face, made some embarrassed assent, knowing it in fact to be true; and accepted the Berlin man:—but he made me (his poor Daughter-in-law) smart for it afterwards: "Not quite dead *yet*, Madam; you will have to wait a little!"—and other foolish speech; which required to be tempered-down again by a judicious female mind.

Grumkow himself was pleasant on this occasion; told us of Kladrup, the Prag etiquettes; and how he was like to go mad seeing his Majesty so humiliate himself. Fräulein Grumkow, a niece of his, belonging to the Austrian Court, who is over here with the rest, a satirical intriguing baggage, she, I privately perceive, has made a conquest of my foolish Brother-in-law, the Anspach Margraf here;—and there will be jealousies, and a cat-and-dog life over yonder, worse than ever! Tush, why should we talk?—These are

the phenomena at Baireuth; Husband and Father-in-law having quitted their boar-hunt and hurried home.

After three days, Friedrich Wilhelm rolled away again; lodged, once more, at Meuselwitz, with abstruse Seckendorf, and his good old Wife, who do the hospitalities well when they must, in spite of the single candle once visible. On the morrow after which, 14th August 1732, his Majesty is off again, 'at four in the morning,' towards Leipzig, intending to be home that night, though it is a long drive. At Leipzig, not to waste time, he declines entering the Town; positively will not, though the cannon-salvos are booming all round;—'breakfasts in the suburbs, with a certain Horse-dealer '(*Ross-Händler*) now deceased:' a respectable Centaur, capable, no doubt, of bargaining a little about cavalry mountings, while one eats, with appetite and at one's ease. Which done, Majesty darts-off again, the cannon-salvos booming out a second time;—and by assiduous driving gets home to Potsdam about eight at night. And so has happily *ended* this Journey to Kladrup.[16]

CHAPTER V.

GHOST OF THE DOUBLE-MARRIAGE RISES; TO NO PURPOSE.

WE little expected to see the "Double-Marriage" start-up into vitality again, at this advanced stage; or, of all men, Seckendorf, after riding 25,000 miles to kill the Double-Marriage, engaged in resuscitating it! But so it is: by endless intriguing, matchless in History or Romance, the Austrian Court had, at such expense to the parties and to itself, achieved the first problem of stifling the harmless Double-Marriage; and now, the wind having changed, it is actually trying its hand the opposite way.

Wind is changed: consummate Robinson has managed to do his thrice-salutary 'Treaty of Vienna;'[1] to clout-up all differences

[16] Fassmann, pp. 474-479; Wilhelmina, ii. 46-55; Pöllnitz, ii. 407-412; Förster, i. 328-334.

[1] 16th March 1731, the *tail* of it (accession of the Dutch, of Spain, &c.) not quite coiled-up till 20th February 1732: Schöll, i. 218-222.

between the Sea-Powers and the Kaiser, and restore the old Law of Nature,—Kaiser to fight the French, Sea-Powers to feed and pay him while engaged in that necessary job. And now it would be gratifying to the Kaiser, if there remained, on this side of the matter, no rent anywhere, if between his chief Sea ally and his chief Land one, the Britannic Majesty and the Prussian, there prevailed a complete understanding, with no grudge left.

The honour of this fine resuscitation project is ascribed to Robinson by the Vienna people: "Robinson's suggestion," they always say: how far it was, or whether at all it was or not, nobody at present knows. Guess rather, if necessary, it had been the Kaiser's own! Robinson, as the thing proceeds, is instructed from St. James's to 'look on and not interfere;'[2] Prince Eugene, too, we can observe, is privately against it, though officially urgent, and doing his best. Who knows,—or need know?

Enough that High Heads are set upon it; that the diplomatic wigs are all wagging with it, from about the beginning of October 1732; and rumours are rife and eager, occasionally spurting-out into the Newspapers: Double-Marriage after all, hint the old Rumours: Double-Marriage somehow or other; Crown-Prince to have his English Princess, Prince Fred of England to console the Brunswick one for loss of her Crown-Prince; or else Prince Karl of Brunswick to— And half-a-dozen other ways; which Rumour cannot settle to its satisfaction. The whispers upon it, from Hanover, from Vienna, at Berlin, and from the Diplomatic world in general, occasionally whistling through the Newspapers, are manifold and incessant,—not worthy of the least attention from us here.[3] What is certain is, Seckendorf, in the end of October, is corresponding on it with Prince Eugene; has got instructions to propose the matter in Tobacco-Parliament; and does not like it at all. Grumkow, who perhaps has seen dangerous clouds threatening to mount upon him, and never been quite himself again in the Royal Mind since that questionable *Nosti* business, dissuades earnestly, constantly. "Nothing but mischief will come of such a proposal," says Grumkow steadily; and for his own share absolutely declines concern in it.

But Prince Eugene's orders are express; remonstrances, cunctations only strengthen the determination of the High Heads or Head: Forward with this beautiful scheme! Seckendorf, puckered

[2] Despatches, in State-Paper Office.

[3] Förster, iii. 111, 120, 108, 113, 122.

into dangerous anxieties, but summoning all his cunning, has at length, after six-weeks hesitation, to open it, as if casually, in some favourable hour, to his Prussian Majesty. December 5th, 1732, as we compute;—a kind of epoch in his Majesty's life. Prussian Majesty stares wide-eyed; the breath as if struck-out of him; repeats, "Jülich and Berg absolutely secured, say you? But—hm, na!"—and has not yet taken-in the unspeakable dimensions of the occurrence. "What? Imperial Majesty will make me break my word before all the world? Imperial Majesty has been whirling me about, face now to the east, face straightway round to the west: Imperial Majesty does not feel that I am a man and king at all; takes me for a mere machine, to be seesawed and whirled hither and thither, like a rotatory Clothes-horse, to dry his Imperial Majesty's linen upon. *Tausend Himmel—!—*"

The full dimensions of all this did not rise clear upon the intellect of Prussian Majesty,—a slow intellect, but a true and deep, with terrible earthquakes and poetic fires lying under it, —not at once, or for months, perhaps years to come. But they had begun to dawn upon him painfully here; they rose gradually into perfect clearness: all things seen at last as what they were; —with huge submarine earthquake for consequence, and total change of mind towards Imperial Majesty and the drying of his Pragmatic linen, in Friedrich Wilhelm. Amiable Orson, true to the heart; amiable, though terrible when too much put-upon!

This dawning process went on for above two years to come, painfully, reluctantly, with explosions, even with tears. But here, directly on the back of Seckendorf's proposal, and recorded from a sure hand, is what we may call the peep-of-day in that matter: First Session of Tobacco-Parliament, close after that event. Event is on the 5th December 1732; Tobacco Session is of the 6th;—glimpse of it is given by Speaker Grumkow himself; authentic to the bone.

Session of Tobacco-Parliament, 6th December 1732.

Grumkow, shattered into 'headache' by this Session, writes Report of it to Seckendorf before going to bed. Look, reader, into one of the strangest Political Establishments; and how a strange Majesty comports himself there, directly after such proposal from Vienna to marry with England still!—'Schwerin' is incidentally in from Frankfurt-on-Oder, where his Regiment and business usually lie: the other Honourable Members we

sufficiently know. Majesty has been a little out of health lately; perceptibly worse the last two days. 'Syberg' is a Gold-cook (Alchemical gentleman, of very high professions), came to Berlin some time ago; whom his Majesty, after due investigation, took the liberty to hang.[4] Readers can now understand what Speaker Grumkow writes, and dispatches by his lackey, in such haste:

'I never saw such a scene as this evening. Derschau, Schwerin, 'Buddenbrock, Rochow, Flanz were present. We had been about an 'hour in the Red Room' (languidly doing our tobacco off and on), 'when 'he' (the King) 'had us shifted into the Little Room: drove-out the 'servants; and cried, looking fixedly at me: "No, I cannot endure 'it any longer! *Es stosset mir das Herz ab*," cried he, breaking into 'German: "It crushes the heart out of me; to make me do a bit of 'scoundrelism, me, me! No, I say; no, never! Those damned intrigues; 'may the Devil take them!"—

'*Ego* (Grumkow). "Of course, I know of nothing. But I do not 'comprehend your Majesty's inquietude, coming thus on the sudden, 'after our common indifferent mood."

'*King*. "What, make me a villain! I will tell it right out. Certain 'damned scoundrels have been about betraying me. People that should 'have known me better have been trying to lead me into a dishonour-'able scrape"—('Here I called-in the hounds, *Je rompis les chiens*,' reports Grumkow, 'for he was going to blab everything; I interrupted, 'saying):

'*Ego*. "But, your Majesty, what is it ruffles you so? I know not 'what you talk of. Your Majesty has honourable people about you; and 'the man who lets himself be employed in things against your Majesty 'must be a traitor."

'*King*. "Yes, *ja, ja*. I will do things that will surprise them. I"—

'And, in short, a torrent of exclamations: which I strove to soften 'by all manner of incidents and contrivances; succeeding at last,'—by dexterity and time (but, at this point, the light is now blown out, and we *see* no more):—'so that he grew quite calm again, and the rest of 'the evening passed gently enough.

'Well, you see what the effect of your fine Proposal is, which you 'said he would like! I can tell you, it is the most detestable incident 'that could have turned up. I know, you had your orders: but you may 'believe and depend on it, he has got his heart driven rabid by the 'business, and says, "Who knows now whether that villain Syberg" 'Gold-cook, that was hanged the other day, "was not set-on by some 'people to poison me?" In a word, he was like a madman

[4] Förster, iii. 126.

'What struck me most was when he repeated, "Only think! Think! 'Who would have expected it of people that should have known me; 'and whom I know, and have known, better than they fancy!"'— Pleasant passage for Seckendorf to chew the cud upon, through the night-watches!

'In fine, as I was somewhat confused; and anxious, above all, to 'keep him from exploding with the secret, I cannot remember every- 'thing. But Derschau, who was more at his ease, will be able to give 'you a full account. He' (the King) 'said more than once: "*This* 'was his sickness; the thing that ailed him, this: it gnawed his heart, 'and would be the death of him!" He certainly did not affect; he was 'in a very convulsive condition.'—(*Jarni-bleu*, here is a piece of work, Herr Seckendorf!)—'Adieu, I have a headache.' Whereupon to bed. —'GRUMKOW.'[5]

This Hansard Report went-off direct to Prince Eugene; and ought to have been a warning to the high Vienna heads and him. But they persisted not the less to please Robinson or themselves; considering his Prussian Majesty to be, in fact, a mere rotatory Clothes-horse for drying the Imperial linen on; and to have no intellect at all, because he was without guile, and had no vulpinism at all. In which they were very much mistaken indeed. History is proud to report that the guileless Prussian Majesty, steadily attending to his own affairs in a wise manner, though hoodwinked and led-about by Black-Artists as he had been, turned-out when Fact and Nature subsequently pronounced upon it, to have had more intellect than the whole of them together,—to have been, in a manner, the only one of them that had any real 'intellect,' or insight into Fact and Nature, at all. Consummate Black-art Diplomacies overnetting the Universe, went entirely to water, running down the gutters to the last drop; and a prosperous Drilled Prussia, compact, organic in every part, from diligent plough-sock to shining bayonet and iron ramrod, remained standing. "A full Treasury and 200,000 well-drilled men would be the one "guarantee to your Pragmatic Sanction," Prince Eugene had said. But that bit of insight was not accepted at Vienna; Black-art, and Diplomatic spider-webs from pole to pole, being thought the preferable method.

Enough, Seckendorf was ordered to manipulate and soothe-down the Prussian Majesty, as surely would be easy; to continue his galvanic operations on the Double-Match, or produce a rotation

[5] Förster, iii. 135, 136.

in the purposes of the royal breast. Which he diligently strove to do, when once admitted to speech again;—Grumkow steadily declining to meddle, and only Queen Sophie, as we can fancy, auguring joyfully of it. Seckendorf, admitted to speech the third day after that explosive Session, snuffles his softest, his cunningest; —continues to ride diligently, the concluding portion (such it proved) of his 25,000 miles with the Prussian Majesty up and down through winter and spring; but makes not the least progress, the reverse rather.

Their dialogues and arguings on the matter, here and elsewhere, are lost in air; or gone wholly to a single point unexpectedly preserved for us. One day, riding through some village, Priort some say his Majesty calls it, some give another name, — advocate Seckendorf, in the fervour of pleading and arguing, said some word, which went like a sudden flash of lightning through the dark places of his Majesty's mind, and never would go out of it again while he lived after. In passionate moments his Majesty spoke of it sometimes, a clangorous pathos in his tones, as of a thing hideous, horrible, never to be forgotten, which had killed him,—death from a friend's hand. "It was the 17th of "April 1733,[6] riding through Priort, a man said something to "me: it was as if you had turned a dagger about in my heart. "That man was he that killed me; there and then I got my "death!"

A strange passion in that utterance: the deep dumb soul of his Majesty, of dumb-poetic nature, suddenly brought to a fatal clearness about certain things. "Oh Kaiser, Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire; and this is your return for my loyal faith in you? I had nearly killed my Fritz, my Wilhelmina, broken my Feekin's heart and my own, and reduced the world to ruins for your sake. And because I was of faith more than human, you took me for a dog? Oh Kaiser, Kaiser!"—Poor Friedrich Wilhelm, he spoke of this often, in excited moments, in his later years; the tears running down his cheeks, and the whole man melted into tragic emotion: but if Fritz were there, the precious Fritz whom he had almost killed for their sake, he would say, flashing out into proud rage, "There is one that will avenge me, though; that one! *Da steht*

[6] All the Books (Förster, ii. 142, for one) mention this utterance of his Majesty, on what occasion we shall see farther on; and give the date '1732,' not 1733: but except as amended above, it refuses to have any sense visible at this distance. The Village of Priort is in the Potsdam region.

Einer, der mich rächen wird!"[7] Yes, your Majesty; perhaps that one. And it will be seen whether *you* were a rotatory Clothes-horse to dry their Pragmatic linen upon, or something different a good deal.

CHAPTER VI.

KING AUGUST MEDITATING GREAT THINGS FOR POLAND.

In the Newyear's days of 1733, the topic among diplomatic gentlemen, which set many big wigs wagging, and even tremulously came out in the gray leaves of gazetteers and garreteers of the period, was a royal drama, dimly supposed to be getting itself up in Poland at this time. Nothing known about it for certain; much guessed. "Something in the rumour!" nods this wig; "Nothing!" wags that, slightly oscillating; and gazetteers, who would earn their wages, and have a peck of coals apiece to glad them in the cold weather, had to watch with all eagerness the movements of King August, our poor old friend, the Dilapidated-Strong, who is in Saxony at present; but bound for Warsaw shortly,—just about lifting the curtain on important events, it is thought and not thought. Here are the certainties of it, now clear enough, so far as they deserve a glance from us.

January 10th, 1733, August the Dilapidated-Strong of Poland has been in Saxony, looking after his poor Electorate a little; and is on the road from Dresden homewards again;—will cross a corner of the Prussian Dominions, as his wont is on such occasions. Prussian Majesty, if not appearing in person, will as usual, by some Official of rank, send a polite Well-speed-you as the brother Majesty passes. This time, however, it was more than politeness; the Polish Majesty having, as was thought, such intricate affairs in the wind. Let Grumkow, the fittest man in all ways, go, and do the greeting to his old Patroon: greeting, or whatever else may be needed.

Patroon left Dresden,—'having just opened the Carnival' or

[7] Förster, ii. 153.

fashionable Season there, opened and nothing more,—January 10th, 1733;[1] being in haste home for a Polish Diet close at hand. On which same day Grumkow, we suppose, drives forth from Berlin, to intersect him, in the Neumark, about Crossen; and have a friendly word again, in those localities, over jolly wine. Intersection took place duly;—there was exuberant joy on the part of the Patroon; and such a dinner and night of drinking, as has seldom been. Abstruse things lie close ahead of August the Dilapidated-Strong, important to Prussia, and for which Prussia is important; let Grumkow try if he can fish the matter into clearness out of these wine-cups. And then August, on his side, wishes to know what the Kaiser said at Kladrup lately; there is much to be fished into clearness.

Many are the times August the Strong has made this journey; many are the carousals, on such and other occasions, Grumkow and he have had. But there comes an end to all things. This was their last meeting, over flowing liquor or otherwise, in the world. Satirical History says, they drank all night, endeavouring to pump one another, and with such enthusiasm that they never recovered it; drank themselves to death at Crossen on that occasion.[2] It is certain August died within three weeks; and people said of Grumkow, who lived six years longer, he was never well after this bout. Is it worth any human creature's while to look into the plans of this precious pair of individuals? Without the least expense of drinking, the secrets they were pumping out of each other are now accessible enough,—if it were of importance now. One glance I may perhaps commend to the reader, out of these multifarious Notebooks in my possession:

'August, by change of his religion, and other sad operations, got to 'be what they called the King of Poland, thirty-five years ago; but, 'though looking glorious to the idle public, it has been a crown of sting-'ing-nettles to the poor man,—a sedan-chair running on rapidly, with 'the bottom broken out! To say nothing of the scourgings he got, and 'poor Saxony along with him, from Charles XII., on account of this 'Sovereignty so-called, what has the thing itself been to him? In Poland, 'for these thirty-five years, the individual who had least of his real will 'done in public matters has been, with infinite management, and display 'of such goodhumour as at least deserves credit, the nominal Sovereign 'Majesty of Poland. Anarchic Grandees have been kings over him;

[1] Fassmann, *Leben Friedrich Augusti des Grossen*, p. 994.

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric* (*Mémoires de Brandebourg*), i. 163.

'ambitious, contentious, unmanageable;—very fanatical too, and never 'persuaded that August's Apostasy was more than a sham one, not even 'when he made his Prince apostatise too. Their Sovereignty has been 'a mere peck of troubles, disgraces and vexations: for those thirty-five 'years, an ever-boiling pot of mutiny, contradiction, insolence, hardly 'tolerable even to such nerves as August's.

'August, for a long time back, has been thinking of schemes to clap 'some lid upon all that. To make the Sovereignty hereditary in his 'House: that, with the good Saxon troops we have, would be a remedy; '—and in fact it is the only remedy. John Casimir (who abdicated 'long ago, in the Great Elector's time, and went to Paris,—much charmed 'with Ninon de l'Enclos there) told the Polish Diets, With their *liberum* '*veto*, and "right of confederation" and rebellion, they would bring the 'country down under the feet of mankind, and reduce their Republic to 'zero one day, if they persisted. They have not failed to persist. With 'some hereditary King over it, and a regulated Saxony to lean upon: 'truly might it not be a change to the better? To the worse, it could 'hardly be, thinks August the Strong; and goes intent upon that method, 'this long while back;—and at length hopes now, in few days longer, 'at the Diet just assembling, to see fruits appear, and the thing actually 'begin.

'The difficulties truly are many; internal and external:—but there 'are calculated methods, too. For the internal: Get-up, by bribery, 'persuasion, some visible minority to countenance you; with these 'manœuvre in the Diets; on the back of these, the 30,000 Saxon troops. 'But then what will the neighbouring Kings say? The neighbouring 'Kings, with their big-mouthed manifestos, pities for an oppressed 'Republic, overwhelming forces, and invitations to "confederate" and 'revolt: without their tolerance first had, nothing can be done. That 'is the external difficulty. For which too there is a remedy. Cut-off 'sufficient outlying slices of Poland; fling these to the neighbouring 'Kings to produce consent: Partition of Poland, in fact; large sections 'of its Territory sliced away: that will be the method, thinks King 'August.

'Neighbouring Kings, Kaiser, Prussia, Russia, to them it is not 'grievous that Poland should remain in perennial anarchy, in perennial 'impotence; the reverse rather: a dead horse, or a dying, in the next 'stall,—he at least will not kick upon us, think the neighbouring Kings. 'And yet,—under another similitude,—you do not like your next-door 'neighbour to be always on the point of catching fire; smoke issuing, 'thicker or thinner, through the slates of his roof, as a perennial 'phenomenon? August will conciliate the neighbouring Kings. Russia, 'big-cheeked Anne Czarina there, shall have not only Courland peace-'ably henceforth, but the Ukraine, Lithuania, and other large outlying

'slices; that surely will conciliate Russia. To Austria, on its Hungarian 'border, let us give the Country of Zips;—nay there are other sops we 'have for Austria. Pragmatic Sanction, hitherto refused as contrary to 'plain rights of ours,—that, if conceded to a spectre-hunting Kaiser? 'To Friedrich Wilhelm we could give West-Preussen; West-Preussen 'torn-away three hundred years ago, and leaving a hiatus in the very con- 'tinuity of Friedrich Wilhelm: would not that conciliate him? Of all 'enemies or friends, Friedrich Wilhelm, close at hand with 80,000 men 'capable of fighting at a week's notice, is by far the most important.

'These are August's plans: West-Preussen for the nearest Neighbour; 'Zips for Austria; Ukraine, Lithuania, and appendages for the Russian 'Czarina: handsome Sections to be sliced off, and flung to good neigh- 'bours; as it were, all the outlying limbs and wings of the Polish 'Territory sliced off; compact body to remain, and become, by means of 'August and Saxon troops, a Kingdom with government, not an imaginary 'Republic without government any longer. In fact, it was the "Partition 'of Poland," such as took effect forty years after, and has kept the 'Newspapers weeping ever since. Partition of Poland,—*minus* the 'compact interior held under government, by a King with Saxon troops 'or otherwise. Compact interior, in that effective partition, forty years 'after, was left as anarchic as ever; and had to be again partitioned, and 'cut-away altogether,—with new torrents of loud tears from the News- 'papers, refusing to be comforted to this day.

'It is not said that Friedrich Wilhelm had the least intention of coun- 'tenancing August in these dangerous operations, still less of going shares 'with August; but he wished much, through Grumkow, to have some 'glimpse into the dim program of them; and August wished much to 'know Friedrich Wilhelm's and Grumkow's humour towards them. 'Grumkow and August drank copiously, or copiously pressed drink on 'one another, all night (11th-12th January 1733, as I compute; some 'say at Crossen, some say at Frauendorf a royal domain near by), with 'the view of mutually fishing-out those secrets;—and killed one another 'in the business, as is rumoured.'

What were Grumkow's news at home-coming, I did not hear; but he continues very low and shaky;—refuses, almost with horror, to have the least hand in Seckendorf's mad project of resuscitating the English Double-Marriage, and breaking-off the Brunswick one, at the eleventh hour and after word pledged. Seckendorf himself continues to dislike and dissuade: but the High Heads at Vienna are bent on it; and command new strenuous attempts;—literally at the last moment; which is now come.

CHAPTER VII.

CROWN-PRINCE'S MARRIAGE.

SINCE November last, Wilhelmina is on visit at Berlin,—first visit since her marriage;—she stays there for almost ten months; not under the happiest auspices, poor child. Mamma's reception of her, just off the long winter journey, and extenuated with fatigues and sickly chagrins, was of the most cutting cruelty: "What do you want here? What is a mendicant like you come hither for?" And next night, when Papa himself came home, it was little better. "Ha, ha," said he, "here you are; I am glad to see you." Then holding-up a light, to take view of me: "How changed you are!" said he: "What is little Frederika" (my little Baby at Baireuth) "doing?" And on my answering, continued: "I am sorry for you, on my word. You have not bread to eat; "and but for me you might go begging. I am a poor man myself, "not able to give you much; but I will do what I can. I will "give you now and then a twenty or a thirty shillings (*par dix ou "douze florins*), as my affairs permit: it will always be something "to assuage your want. And you, Madam," said he, turning to the Queen, "You will sometimes give her an old dress; for the "poor child hasn't a shift to her back."[1] This rugged paternal banter was taken too literally by Wilhelmina, in her weak state; and she was like 'to burst in her skin,' poor Princess.

So that,—except her own good Hereditary Prince, who was here, 'over from Pasewalk' and his regimental duties, waiting to welcome her; in whose true heart, full of honest human sunshine towards her, she could always find shelter and defence,—native Country and Court offer little to the brave Wilhelmina. Chagrins enough are here: chagrins also were there. At Baireuth our old Father Margraf has his crotchets, his infirmities and outbreaks; takes more and more to liquor; and does always keep us frightfully bare in money. No help from Papa here, either, on the

[1] Wilhelmina, ii. 85.

finance side; no real hope anywhere (thinks Seckendorf, when we consult him), except only in the Margraf's death: "old Margraf will soon drink himself dead," thinks Seckendorf; "and in the mean while there is Vienna, and a noble Kaiserinn who knows *her* friends in case of extremity!" thinks he.[2] Poor Princess, in her weak shattered state, she has a heavy time of it; but there is a tough spirit in her; bright, sharp, like a swift sabre, not to be quenched in any coil; but always cutting its way, and emerging unsubdued.

One of the blessings reserved for her here, which most of all concerns us, was the occasional sight of her Brother. Brother in a day or two[3] ran over from Ruppin, on short leave, and had his first interview. Very kind and affectionate; quite the old Brother again; and 'blushed' when, at supper, Mamma and the Princesses, especially that wicked Charlotte (Papa not present), tore-up his poor Bride at such a rate. "Has not a word to answer you, but *Yes* or *No*," said they; "stupid as a block." "But were you ever at her toilette?" said the wicked Charlotte: "Out of shape, completely: considerable waddings, I promise you: and then"—still worse features, from that wicked Charlotte, in presence of the domestics here. Wicked Charlotte; who is to be her Sister-in-law soon;—and who is always flirting with my Husband, as if she liked that better!—Crown-Prince retired, directly after supper; as did I, to my apartment, where in a minute or two he joined me.

'To the question, How with the King and you? he answered, "That 'his situation was changing every moment; that sometimes he was in 'favour, sometimes in disgrace;—that his chief happiness consisted in 'absence. That he led a soft and tranquil life with his Regiment at 'Ruppin; study and music his principal occupations; he had built him-'self a House there, and laid-out a Garden, where he could read, and 'walk about." Then as to his Bride, I begged him to tell me candidly 'if the portrait the Queen and my Sister had been making of her was 'the true one. "We are alone," replied he, "and I will conceal nothing 'from you. The Queen, by her miserable intrigues, has been the source 'of our misfortunes. Scarcely were you gone when she began again with 'England; wished to substitute our Sister Charlotte for you; would 'have had me undertake to contradict the King's will again, and flatly

[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 81-111.

[3] '18th November,' she says; which date is wrong, if it were of moment (see *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, where their *Correspondence* is).

'refuse the Brunswick Match;—which I declined. That is the source 'of her venom against this poor Princess. As to the young Lady herself, 'I do not hate her so much as I pretend; I affect complete dislike, that 'the King may value my obedience more. She is pretty, a complexion 'lily-and-rose; her features delicate; face altogether of a beautiful person. 'True, she has no breeding, and dresses very ill: but I flatter myself, 'when she comes hither, you will have the goodness to take her in hand. 'I recommend her to you, my dear Sister; and beg your protection for 'her." It is easy to judge, my answer would be such as he desired.'[4]

For which small glimpse of the fact itself, at first-hand, across a whirlwind of distracted rumours new and old about the fact, let us be thankful to Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's hopeless attempts to resuscitate extinct English things, and make the Prussian Majesty break his word, continue to the very last; but are worth no notice from us. Grumkow's Drinking-bout with the Dilapidated-Strong at Crossen, which follows now in January, has been already noticed by us. And the Dilapidated-Strong's farewell next morning. "Adieu, dear Grumkow; I think I shall not see you again!" as he rolled-off towards Warsaw and the Diet,—will require farther notice; but must stand-over till this Marriage be got done. Of which latter Event,—Wilhelmina once more kindling the old dark Books into some light for us,—the essential particulars are briefly as follows.

Monday 8th June 1733, the Crown-Prince is again over from Ruppin: King, Queen and Crown-Prince are rendezvoused at Potsdam; and they set-off with due retinues towards Wolfenbüttel, towards Salzdahlum the Ducal Schloss there; Sister Wilhelmina sending blessings, if she had them, on a poor Brother in such interesting circumstances. Mamma was 'plunged in black melancholy;' King not the least; in the Crown-Prince nothing particular to be remarked. They reached Salzdahlum, Duke Ludwig Rudolf the Grandfather's Palace,—one of the finest Palaces, with Gardens, with Antiques, with Picture-Galleries no-end; a mile or two from Wolfenbüttel; built by old Anton Ulrich, and still the ornament of those parts:—reached Salzdahlum, Wednesday the 10th; where Bride, with Father, Mother, much more Grandfather, Grandmother, and all the sublimities interested, are waiting in the highest gala; Wedding to be on Friday next.

Friday morning, this incident fell out, notable and somewhat contemptible: Seckendorf, who is of the retinue, following his

[4] Wilhelmina, ii. 89.

bad trade, visits his Majesty who is still in bed :—"Pardon, your Majesty: what shall I say for excuse? Here is a Letter just come from Vienna; in Prince Eugene's hand;—Prince Eugene, or a Higher, will say something, while it is still time!" Majesty, not in impatience, reads the little Prince's and the Kaiser's Letter. "Give-up this, we entreat you for the last time; marry with England after all!" Majesty reads, quiet as a lamb; lays the Letter under his pillow; will himself answer it;—and does straightway, with much simple dignity, to the effect, "For certain, Never, my always respected Prince!"[5] Seckendorf, having thus shot his last bolt, does not stay many hours longer at Salzdahlum;—may as well quit Friedrich Wilhelm altogether, for any good he will henceforth do upon him. This is the one incident between the Arrival at Salzdahlum and the Wedding there.

Same Friday 12th June 1733, at a more advanced hour, the Wedding itself took effect; Wedding which, in spite of the mad rumours and whispers, in the Newspapers, Diplomatic Despatches and elsewhere, went off, in all respects, precisely as other weddings do; a quite human Wedding now and afterwards. Officiating Clergyman was the Reverend Herr Mosheim: readers know with approval the *Ecclesiastical History* of Mosheim: he, in the beautiful Chapel of the Schloss, with Majesties and Brunswick Sublimities looking on, performed the ceremony: and Crown-Prince Friedrich of Prussia has fairly wedded the Serene Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, age eighteen coming, manners rather awkward, complexion lily-and-rose;—and History is right glad to have done with the wearisome affair, and know it settled on any tolerable terms whatever. Here is a Note of Friedrich's to his dear Sister, which has been preserved:

To Princess Wilhelmina of Baireuth, at Berlin.

'Salzdahlum, Noon, 12th June 1733.

'My dear Sister,—A minute since, the whole Ceremony was got 'finished; and God be praised it is over! I hope you will take it as 'a mark of my friendship that I give you the first news of it.

'I hope I shall have the honour to see you again soon; and to assure 'you, my dear Sister, that I am wholly yours (*tout à vous*). I write in 'great haste; and add nothing that is merely formal. Adieu.[6]

'FRÉDÉRIC.'

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[5] Account of the Interview by Seckendorf, in Förster, iii. 143-155; Copy of the Answer itself is in the State-Paper Office here.

[6] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 9.

One Keyserling, the Prince's favourite gentleman, came over express, with this Letter and the more private news; Wilhelmina being full of anxieties. Keyserling said, The Prince was inwardly 'well content with his lot; though he had kept-up the old farce 'to the last; and pretended to be in frightful humour, on the very 'morning; bursting-out upon his valets in the King's presence, 'who reproved him, and looked rather pensive,'—recognising, one hopes, what a sacrifice it was. The Queen's Majesty, Keyserling reported, 'was charmed with the style and ways of the Brunswick 'Court; but could not endure the Princess-Royal' (new Wife), 'and treated the two Duchesses like dogs (*comme des chiens*).'[7] Reverend Abbot Mosheim (such his title; Head Churchman, theological chief of Helmstädt University in those parts, with a couple of extinct little *Abbacies* near by, to help his stipend) preached next Sunday, 'On the Marriage of the Righteous,'—felicitous appropriate Sermon, said a grateful public;[8]—and in short, at Salzdahlum all goes, if not as merry as some marriage-bells, yet without jarring to the ear.

On Tuesday, both the Majesties set-out towards Potsdam again; 'where his Majesty,' having business waiting, 'arrived some time before the Queen.' Thither also, before the week ends, Crown-Prince Friedrich with his Bride, and all the Serenities of Brunswick escorting, are upon the road,—duly detained by complimentary harangues, tedious scenic evolutions at Magdeburg and the intervening Towns;—grand entrance of the Princess-Royal into Berlin is not till the 27th, last day of the week following. That was such a day as Wilhelmina never saw; no sleep the night before; no breakfast can one taste: between Charlottenburg and Berlin, there is a review of unexampled splendour; 'above eighty carriages of us,' and only a tent or two against the flaming June sun: think of it! Review begins at four A.M.;—poor Wilhelmina thought she would verily have died, of heat and thirst and hunger, in the crowded tent, under the flaming June sun; before the Review could end itself, and march into Berlin, trumpeting and salvoing, with the Princess-Royal at the head of it.[9]

Of which grand flaming day, and of the unexampled balls and effulgent festivities that followed, 'all Berlin ruining itself in dresses and equipages,' we will say nothing farther; but give only,

[7] Wilhelmina, ii. 114.

[8] Text, Psalm xcii. 12; 'Sermon printed in Mosheim's *Works*.'

[9] Wilhelmina, ii. 127-129.

what may still have some significance for readers, Wilhelmina's Portrait of the Princess-Royal on their first meeting, which had taken place at Potsdam two days before. The Princess-Royal had arrived at Potsdam too, on that occasion, across a grand Review; Majesty himself riding out, Majesty and Crown-Prince, who had preceded her a little, to usher-in the poor young creature;—Thursday June 25th 1733:

'The King led her into the Queen's Apartment; then seeing, after 'she had saluted us all, that she was much heated and dispowdered '(*dépoudrée*), he bade my Brother take her to her own room. I followed 'them thither. My Brother said to her, introducing me: "This is a 'Sister I adore, and am obliged to beyond measure. She has had the 'goodness to promise me that she will take care of you, and help you 'with her good counsel; I wish you to respect her beyond even the King 'and Queen, and not to take the least step without her advice: do you 'understand?" I embraced the Princess-Royal, and gave her every 'assurance of my attachment; but she remained like a statue, not answer-'ing a word. Her people not being come, I repowdered her myself, 'and readjusted her dress a little, without the least sign of thanks from 'her, or any answer to all my caressings. My Brother got impatient at 'last; and said aloud: "Devil's in the blockhead (*Peste soit de la bête*): 'thank my Sister, then!" She made me a curtsy, on the model of that 'of Agnès in the *Ecole des Femmes*. I took her back to the Queen's 'Apartment; little edified by such a display of talent.

'The Princess-Royal is tall; her figure is not fine: stooping slightly, 'or hanging forward, as she walks or stands, which gives her an awk-'ward air. Her complexion is of dazzling whiteness, heightened by the 'liveliest colours: her eyes are pale blue, and not of much promise for 'spiritual gifts. Mouth small; features generally small,—dainty (*mig-'nons*) rather than beautiful:—and the countenance altogether is so 'innocent and infantine, you would think this head belonged to a child 'of twelve. Her hair is blond, plentiful, curling in natural locks. 'Teeth are unhappily very bad, black and ill-set; which are a disfigure-'ment in this fine face. She has no manners, nor the least vestige of 'tact; has much difficulty in speaking, and making herself understood: 'for most part you are obliged to guess what she means; which is very 'embarrassing.'[10]

The Berlin gaieties,—for Karl, Heir-Apparent of Brunswick, brother to this Princess-Royal, wedded his Charlotte, too, about a week hence,[11]—did not end, and the serene Guests disappear, till far on in July. After which an Inspection with Papa; and

[10] Wilhelmina, ii. 119-121.

[11] 2d July 1733.

then Friedrich got back to Ruppin and his old way of life there. Intrinsically the old studious, quietly diligent way of life; varied by more frequent excursions to Berlin;—where as yet the Princess-Royal usually resides, till some fit residence be got ready in the Ruppin Country for a wedded Crown-Prince and her.

The young Wife had an honest guileless heart; if little articulate intellect, considerable inarticulate sense; did not fail to learn tact, perpendicular attitude, speech enough;—and I hope kept well clear of pouting (*faire la fâchée*), a much more dangerous rock for her. With the gay temper of eighteen, and her native loyalty of mind, she seems to have shaped herself successfully to the Prince's taste; and growing yearly gracefuler and better-looking, was an ornament and pleasant addition to his Ruppin existence. These first seven years, spent at Berlin or in the Ruppin quarter, she always regarded as the flower of her life.[12]

Papa, according to promise, has faithfully provided a Crown-Prince Palace at Berlin; all trimmed and furnished, for occasional residences there; the late 'Government House' (originally *Schomberg* House), new-built,—which is, to this day, one of the distinguished Palaces of Berlin. Princess-Royal had Schönhausen given her; a pleasant Royal Mansion some miles out of Berlin, on the Ruppin side. Furthermore, the Prince-Royal, being now a wedded man, has, as is customary in such case, a special *Amt* (Government District) set apart for his support; the "Amt of Ruppin," where his business lies. What the exact revenues of Ruppin are, is not communicated; but we can justly fear they were far too frugal,—and excused the underhand borrowing, which is evident enough as a painful shadow in the Prince's life henceforth. He does not seem to have been wasteful; but he borrows all round, under sevenfold secrecy, from benevolent Courts, from Austria, Russia, England: and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that, on his Accession, he pays with exactitude,—sends his Uncle George of England, for example, the complete amount in rouleaus of new coin, by the first courier that goes.[13]

A thought too frugal, his Prussian Majesty: but he means to be kind, bountiful; and occasionally launches-out into handsome munificence. This very Autumn, hearing that the Crown-Prince

[12] Büsching (Autobiography, *Beyträge*, vi.) heard her say so, in advanced years.

[13] Despatch (of adjacent date) in the State-Paper Office here.

and his Princess fancied Reinsberg, an old Castle in their Amt Ruppin, some miles north of them,—his Majesty, without word spoken, straightway purchased Reinsberg, Schloss and Territory, from the owner; gave it to his Crown-Prince, and gave him money to new-build it according to his mind.[14] Which the Crown-Prince did with much interest, under very wise architectural advice, for the next three years; then went into it, to reside;—yet did not cease new-building, improving, artistically adorning, till it became in all points the image of his taste.

A really handsome princely kind of residence, that of Reinsberg: —got-up with a thrift that most of all astonishes us. In which improved locality we shall by and by look in upon him again. For the present we must to Warsaw, where tragedies and troubles are in the wind, which turn out to be not quite without importance to the Crown-Prince and us.

CHAPTER VIII.

KING AUGUST DIES; AND POLAND TAKES FIRE.

MEANWHILE, over at Warsaw, there has an Event fallen out. Friedrich, writing rapidly from vague reminiscence, as he often does, records it as 'during the marriage festivities;'[1] but it was four good months earlier. Event we must now look at for a moment.

In the end of January last, we left Grumkow in a low and hypochondriacal state, much shaken by that drinking-bout at Crossen, when the Polish Majesty and he were so anxious to pump one another, by copious priming with Hungary wine. About a fortnight after, in the first days of February following (day is not given), Grumkow reported something curious. 'In my presence,' says Wilhelmina, 'and that of forty persons,' for the thing was much talked about, 'Grumkow said to the King one morning: '"Ah Sire, I am in despair; the poor Patroon is dead! I was

[14] 23d Oct. 1733—16th March 1734 (Preuss, i. 75).

[1] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 163.

'lying broad awake, last night: all on a sudden, the curtains of 'my bed flew asunder: I saw him; he was in a shroud: he gazed 'fixedly at me: I tried to start up, being dreadfully taken; but 'the phantom disappeared."' Here was an illustrious ghost-story for Berlin, in a day or two when the Courier came. 'Died at the very time of the phantom; Death and phantom were the same night,' say Wilhelmina and the miraculous Berlin public,—but do not say *what* night for either of them it was.[2] By help of which latter circumstance the phantom becomes reasonably unmiraculous again, in a nervous system tremulous from drink. 'They had 'been sad at parting,' Wilhelmina says, 'having drunk immensities 'of Hungary wine; the Patroon almost weeping over his Grumkow: '"Adieu, my dear Grumkow," said he; "I shall never see you 'more!"'

Miraculous or not, the catastrophe is true: August, the once Physically Strong, lies dead;—and there will be no Partition of Poland for the present. He had the Diet ready to assemble; waiting for him, at Warsaw; and good trains laid in the Diet, capable of fortunate explosion under a good engineer. Engineer, alas! The Grumkow drinking-bout had awakened that old sore in his foot: he came to Warsaw, eager enough for business; but with his stock of strength all out, and Death now close upon him. The Diet met, 26th-27th January; engineer all alert about the good trains laid, and the fortunate exploding of them; when, almost on the morrow,—"Inflammation has come on!" said the Doctors, and were futile to help farther. The strong body, and its life, was done; and nothing remained but to call-in the Archbishop, with his extreme unctions and soul-apparatus.

August made no moaning or recalcitrating; took, on the prescribed terms, the inevitable that had come. Has been a very great sinner, he confesses to the Archbishop: "I have not at present strength to name my many and great sins to your Reverence," said he; "I hope for mercy on the"—on the usual rash terms. Terms perhaps known to August to be rash; to have been frightfully rash; but what can he now do? Archbishop thereupon gives absolution of his sins; Archbishop does,—a baddish, unlikely kind of man, as August well knows. August 'laid his hand on his eyes,' during such sad absolution-mummery; and in that posture

[2] Wilhelmina, ii. 98. Event happened, 1st February; news of it came to Berlin, 4th February: Fassmann (p. 485); Buchholz; &c.

had breathed his last, before it was well over.[3] Unhappy soul; who shall judge him?—transcendent King of edacious Flunkies; not without fine qualities, which he turned to such a use amid the temptations of this world!

Poland has to find a new King.

His death brought vast miseries on Poland; kindled foolish Europe generally into fighting, and gave our Crown-Prince his first actual sight and experience of the facts of War. For which reason, hardly for another, the thing having otherwise little memorability at present, let us give some brief synopsis of it, the briefer the better. Here, excerpted from multifarious old Notebooks, are some main heads of the affair:

'On the disappearance of August the Strong, his plans of Partitioning 'Poland disappeared too, and his fine trains in the Diet abolished them-'selves. The Diet had now nothing to do, but proclaim the coming 'Election, giving a date to it; and go home to consider a little whom 'they would elect.[4] A question weighty to Poland. And not likely to 'be settled by Poland alone or chiefly; the sublime Republic, with *liberum* '*veto*, and Diets capable only of anarchic noise, having now reached such 'a stage that its Neighbours everywhere stood upon its skirts; asking, '"Whitherward, then, with your anarchy? Not this way;—we say, that 'way!"—and were apt to get to battle about it, before such a thing could 'be settled. A house, in your street, with perpetual smoke coming 'through the slates of it, is not a pleasant house to be neighbour to! 'One honest interest the neighbours have, in an Election Crisis there, 'That the house do not get on fire, and kindle them. Dishonest interests, 'in the way of theft and otherwise, they may have without limit.

'The poor house, during last Election Crisis,—when August the Strong 'was flung out, and Stanislaus brought in; Crisis presided over by 'Charles XII., with Czar Peter and others hanging on the outskirts, as 'Opposition party,—fairly got into flame;[5] but was quenched down again 'by that stout Swede; and his Stanislaus, a native Pole, was left peace-'ably as King for the years then running. Years ran; and Stanislaus 'was thrown out, Charles himself being thrown out; and had to make

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[3] 'Sunday 1st February 1733, quarter past 4 A.M.' (Fassmann, *Leben Frederici Augusti Königs in Pohlen*, pp. 994-997).

[4] 'Interregnum proclaimed,' 11th February; Preliminary Diet to meet 21st April;—meets; settles, before May is done, that the Election shall *begin* 25th August: it must *end* in six weeks thereafter, by law of the land.

[5] Description of it in Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 228-230.

'way for August the Strong again:—an ejected Stanislaus: King only 'in title; known to most readers of this time.[6]

'Poor man, he has been living in Zweibrück, in Weissenburg and 'such places, in that Debateable French-German region,—which the 'French are more and more getting stolen to themselves, in late centuries: '—generally on the outskirts of France he lives; having now connexions 'of the highest quality with France. He has had fine Country-houses in 'that Zweibrück (*Two-Bridge*, Deux-Ponts) region; had always the 'ghost of a Court there; plenty of money,—a sinecure Country-gentleman 'life;—and no complaints have been heard from him. Charles XII., 'as proprietor of Deux-Ponts, had first of all sent him into those parts 'for refuge; and in general, easy days have been the lot of Stanislaus 'there.

'Nor has History spoken of him since, except on one small occasion: 'when the French Politician Gentlemen, at a certain crisis of their game, 'chose a Daughter of his to be Wife for young Louis XV., and bring 'royal progeny, of which they were scarce. This was in 1724-5; Duc 'de Bourbon, and other Politicians male and female, finding that the 'best move. A thing wonderful to the then Gazetteers, for nine days; 'but not now worth much talk. The good young Lady, it is well known, 'a very pious creature, and sore tried in her new station, did bring royal 'progeny enough,—and might as well have held her hand, had she fore-'seen what would become of them, poor souls! This was a great event 'for Stanislaus, the sinecure Country-gentleman, in his French-German 'rustication. One other thing I have read of him, infinitely smaller, out 'of those ten years: in Zweibrück Country, or somewhere in that French-'German region, he "built a pleasure-cottage," conceivable to the mind, '"and called it *Schuhflick* (Shoe-Patch),"[7]—a name that touches one's 'fancy on behalf of the innocent soul. Other fact I will not remember 'of him. He is now to quit Shoe-Patch and his pleasant Weissenburg 'Castle; to come on the public stage again, poor man; and suffer a 'second season of mischances and disgraces still worse than the first. 'As we shall see presently;—a new Polish Election Crisis having come!—

'What individual the Polish Grandees would have chosen for King if 'entirely left alone to do it? is a question not important; and indeed 'was never asked, in this or in late Elections. Not the individual who

[6] Stanislaus Lesczinsky, 'Woywode of Posen,' born 1677: King of Poland, Charles XII. superintending, 1704 (age then 27); driven out 1709, went to Charles XII. at Bender; to Zweibrück, 1714; thence, on Charles's death, to Weissenburg (Alsace, or Strasburg Country): Daughter married to Louis XV., 1725. Age now 56.—Hübner, t. 97; *Histoire de Stanislas I, Roi de Pologne* (English Translation, London, 1741), pp. 96-126; &c.

[7] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, v. 1194.

'could have *been* a King among them were they, for a long time back, in 'the habit of seeking after; not him, but another and indeed reverse 'kind of individual,—the one in whom there lay most *nourishment*, 'nourishment of any kind, even of the cash kind, for a practical Polish 'Grandee. So that the question was no longer of the least importance, 'to Poland or the Universe; and in point of fact, the frugal Destinies 'had ceased to have it put, in that quarter. Not Grandees of Poland; 'but Intrusive Neighbours, carrying Grandees of Poland "in their 'breeches-pocket" (as our phrase is), were the voting parties. To that 'pass it was come. Under such stern penalty had Poland and its 'Grandees fallen, by dint of false voting: the frugal Destinies had ceased 'to ask about their vote; and they were become machines for voting with, 'or pistols for fighting with, by bad Neighbours who cared to vote! Nor 'did the frugal Destinies consider that the proper method, either; but 'had, as we shall see, determined to abolish that too, in about forty years 'more.'

Of the Candidates; of the Conditions. How the Election went.

It was under such omens that the Polish Election of 1733 had to transact itself. Austria, Russia, Prussia, as next Neighbours, were the chief voting parties, if they cared to intrude;—which Austria and Russia were clear for doing; Prussia not clear, or not beyond the indispensable or evidently profitable. Seckendorf, and one Löwenwolde the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, had, some time ago, in foresight of this event, done their utmost to bring Friedrich Wilhelm into coöperation,—offering fine baits, 'Berg and Jülich' again, among others;—but nothing definite came of it: peaceable, reasonably safe Election in Poland, other interest Friedrich Wilhelm has not in the matter; and compliance, not coöperation, is what can be expected of him by the Kaiser and Czarina. Coöperating or even complying, these Three could have settled it; and would,—had no other Neighbour interfered. But other neighbours *can* interfere; any neighbour that has money to spend, or likes to bully in such a matter! And that proved to be the case, in this unlucky instance.

Austria and Russia, with Prussia complying, had,—a year ago, before the late August's decease, his life seeming then an extremely uncertain one, and foresight being always good,—privately come to an understanding,[8] in case of a Polish Election:

[8] 31st December 1731, 'Treaty of Löwenwolde' (which never got completed or became valid): Schöll, ii. 223.

'1°. That France was to have no hand in it whatever,—no tool 'of France to be King; or, as they more politely expressed it, 'having their eye upon Stanislaus, No Piast or native Pole could 'be eligible.

'2°. That neither could August's Son, the new August, who 'would then be Kurfürst of Saxony, be admitted King of Poland.— 'And, on the whole,

'3°. That an Emanuel Prince of Portugal would be the eligible 'man.' Emanuel of Portugal, King of Portugal's Brother; a gentleman without employment, as his very Title tells us: gentleman never heard of before or since, in those parts or elsewhere; but doubtless of the due harmless quality, as Portugal itself was: he is to be the Polish King,—vote these Intrusive Neighbours. What the vote of Poland itself may be, the Destinies do not, of late, ask; finding it a superfluous question.

So had the Three Neighbours settled this matter:—or rather, I should say, so had Two of them; for Friedrich Wilhelm wanted, now or afterwards, nothing in this Election, but that it should not take fire and kindle him. Two of the Neighbours: and of these two, perhaps we might guess the Kaiser was the principal contriver and suggester; France and Saxony being both hateful to him,—obstinate refusers of the Pragmatic Sanction, to say nothing more. What the Czarina, Anne with the big cheek, specially wanted, I do not learn,—unless it were peaceable hold of Courland; or perhaps merely to produce herself in these parts, as a kind of regulating Pallas, along with the Jupiter Kaiser of Western Europe;—which might have effects by and by.

Emanuel of Portugal was not elected, nor so much as spoken of in the Diet. Nor did one of these Three Regulations take effect; but much the contrary,—other Neighbours having the power to interfere. France saw good to interfere, a rather distant neighbour: Austria, Russia, could not endure the French vote at all; and so the whole world got on fire by the business.

France is not a near Neighbour; but it has a Stanislaus much concerned, who is eminently under the protection of France:—who may be called the "*Father* of France," in a sense, or even the "Grandfather;" his Daughter being Mother of a young creature they call Dauphin, or "Child of France." Fleury and the French Court decide that Stanislaus, Grandfather of France, was once King of Poland: that it will behove, for various reasons, he be King again. Some say, old Fleury did not care for Stanislaus;

merely wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser,—having got himself in readiness, 'with Lorraine in his eye;' and seeing the Kaiser not ready. It is likelier the hot young spirits, Belleisle and others, controlled old Fleury into it. At all events, Stanislaus is summoned from his rustication; the French Ambassador at Warsaw gets his instructions. French Ambassador opens himself largely, at Warsaw, by eloquent speech, by copious money, on the subject of Stanislaus; finds large audience, enthusiastic receptivity;—and readers will now understand the following chronological phenomena of the Polish Election:

'*August 25th*, 1733. This day the Polish Election begins. So has 'the Preliminary Diet (kind of Polish *Caucus*) ordered it;—Preliminary 'Diet itself, a very stormy matter; minority like to be "thrown out of 'window," to be "shot through the head," on some occasions.[9] Actual 'Election begins; continues *sub dio*, "in the Field of Wola," in a very 'tempestuous fashion; bound to conclude within six weeks. Kaiser has 'his troops assembled over the border, in Silesia, "to protect the freedom 'of election;" Czarina has 30,000 under Marshal Lacy, lying on the 'edge of Lithuania, bent on a like object; will increase them to 50,000, 'as the plot thickens.

'So that Emanuel of Portugal is not heard of; and French interference 'is, with a vengeance,—and Stanislaus, a born Piast, is overwhelmingly 'the favourite. Intolerable to Austria, to Russia; the reverse to Friedrich 'Wilhelm, who privately thinks him the right man. And Kurfürst 'August of Saxony is the other Candidate,—with troops of his own in 'the distance, but without support in Poland; and depending wholly on 'the Kaiser and Czarina for his chance. And our "three settled points" 'are gone to water in this manner!

'August seeing there was not the least hope in Poland's own vote, 'judiciously went to the Kaiser first of all: "Imperial Majesty, I will 'accept your Pragmatic Sanction root and branch, swallow it whole; 'make me King of Poland!"—"Done!" answers Imperial Majesty;[10] 'brings the Czarina over, by good offers of August's and his;—and now 'there is an effective Opposition Candidate in the field, with strength of 'his own, and good backing close at hand. Austrian, Russian Ambas- 'sadors at Warsaw lift up their voice, like the French one; open their 'purse, and bestir themselves; but with no success in the Field of Wola, 'except to the stirring-up of noise and tumult there. They must look to 'other fields for success. The voice of Wola and of Poland, if it had 'now a voice, is enthusiastic for Stanislaus.

[9] *History of Stanislaus* (cited above), p. 304.

[10] 16th July 1733: Treaty in Schöll, ii. 224-231.

'*September 7th.* A couple of quiet-looking Merchants arrive in 'Warsaw,—one of whom is Stanislaus in person. Newspapers say he is 'in the French Fleet of War, which is sailing minatory towards these 'Coasts: and there is in truth a Gentleman in Stanislaus's clothes on 'board there;—to make the Newspapers *believe*. Stanislaus himself 'drove through Berlin, a day or two ago; gave the sentry a ducat at 'the Gate, to be speedy with the Passports,—whom Friedrich Wilhelm 'affected to put under arrest for such negligent speed. And so, on the '10th of the month, Stanislaus being now rested and trimmed, makes his 'appearance on the Field of Wola itself; and captivates all hearts by the 'kind look of him. So that, on the second day after, 12th September '1733, he is, as it were, unanimously elected; with acclamation, with 'enthusiasm; and sees himself actual King of Poland,—if France send 'proper backing to continue him there. As, surely, she will not fail?— 'But there are alarming news that the Russians are advancing: Marshal 'Lacy with 30,000; and reinforcements in the rear of him.

'*September 22d.* Russians advancing more and more, no French help 'arrived yet, and the enthusiastic Polish Chivalry being good for nothing 'against regular musketry,—King Stanislaus finds that he will have to 'quit Warsaw, and seek covert somewhere. Quits Warsaw this day; 'gets covert in Dantzig. And, in fact, from this 22d of September, 'day of the autumnal equinox, 1733, is a fugitive, blockaded, besieged 'Stanislaus: an Imaginary King thenceforth. His real Kingship had 'lasted precisely ten days.

'*October 3d.* Lacy and his Russians arrive in the suburbs of Warsaw, 'intent upon "protecting freedom of election." Bridges being broken, 'they do not yet cross the River, but invite the free electors to come 'across, and vote: "A real King is very necessary,—Stanislaus being an 'imaginary one, brought-in by compulsion, by threats of flinging people out 'of window, and the like." The free electors do not cross. Whereupon 'a small handful, now free enough, and *not* to be thrown out of window, 'whom Lacy had about him, proceed to elect August of Saxony: he, on 'the 5th of October, still one day within the legal six weeks, is chosen 'and declared the real King:—"twelve senators and about six hundred 'gentlemen" voting for him there, free they in Lacy's quarters, the rest 'of Poland having lain under compulsion when voting for Stanislaus. 'That is the Polish Election, so far as Poland can settle it. We said 'the Destinies had ceased, some time since, to ask Poland for its vote; 'it is other people who have now got the real power of voting. But that 'is the correct state of the poll at Warsaw, if important to anybody.'

August is crowned in Cracow before long; "August III.," whom we shall meet again in important circumstances. Lacy and his

Russians have voted for August; able, they, to disperse all manner of enthusiastic Polish Chivalry; which indeed, we observe, usually stands but one volley from the Russian musketry; and flies elsewhither, to burn and plunder its own domestic enemies. Far and wide, robbery and arson are prevalent in Poland; Stanislaus lying under covert in Dantzig,—an imaginary King ever since the equinox, but well trusting that the French will give him a plumper vote. French War-fleet is surely under way hither.

Poland on Fire; Dantzig stands Siege.

These are the news our Crown-Prince hears at Ruppin, in the first months of his wedded life there. With what interest we may fancy. Brandenburg is next neighbour; and these Polish troubles reach far enough;—the ever-smoking house having taken fire; and all the street threatening to get on blaze. Friedrich Wilhelm, nearest neighbour, stands anxious to quench, carefully sweeping the hot coals across again from his own borders; and will not interfere on one or the other side, for any persuasion.

Dantzig, strong in confidence of French help, refuses to give-up Stanislaus when summoned; will stand siege rather. Stands siege, furious lengthy siege,—with enthusiastic defence; 'a Lady of Rank firing-off the first gun,' against the Russian batteries. Of the Siege of Dantzig, which made the next Spring and Summer loud for mankind (February—June 1734), we shall say nothing,—our own poor field, which also grows loud enough, lying far away from Dantzig,—except:

First, That no French help came, or as good as none; the minatory War-fleet having landed a poor 1,500 men, headed by the Comte de Plelo, who had volunteered along with them; that they attempted one onslaught on the Russian lines, and that Plelo was shot, and the rest were blown to miscellaneous ruin, and had to disappear, not once getting into Dantzig. *Secondly*, That the Saxons, under Weissenfels, our poor old friend, with proper siege-artillery, though not with enough, did, by effort (end of May), get upon the scene; in which this is to be remarked, that Weissenfels's siege-artillery 'came by post;' two big mortars expressly passing through Berlin, marked as part of the Duke of Weissenfels's Luggage. And *thirdly*, That Münnich, who had succeeded Lacy as Besieging General, and was in hot haste, and had not artillery enough, made unheard-of assaults (2,000 men, some say 4,000, lost

in one night-attack upon a post they call the Hagelberg; rash attack, much blamed by military men);[11]—but nevertheless, having now (by Russian Fleet, middle of June) got siege-artillery enough, advances irrepressibly day by day.

So that at length, things being now desperate, Stanislaus, disguised as a cattle-dealer, privately quitted Dantzig, night of 27th June 1734; got across the intricate mud-and-water difficulties of the Weichsel and its mouths, flying perilously towards Preussen and Friedrich Wilhelm's protection.[12] Whereby the Siege of Dantzig ended in chamade, and levying of penalties; penalties severe to a degree, though Friedrich Wilhelm interceded what he could. And with the Siege of Dantzig, the blazing Polish Election went out in like manner;[13]—having already kindled, in quarters far away from it, conflagrations quite otherwise interesting to us. Whitherward we now hasten.

CHAPTER IX.

KAISER'S SHADOW-HUNT HAS CAUGHT FIRE.

FRANZ of Lorraine, the young favourite of Fortune, whom we once saw at Berlin on an interesting occasion, was about this time to have married his Imperial Archduchess; Kaiser's consent to be formally demanded and given; nothing but joy and splendour looked for in the Court of Vienna at present. Nothing to prevent it,—had there been no Polish Election; had not the Kaiser, in his Shadow-Hunt (coursing the Pragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has done these twenty years past), gone rashly into that combustible foreign element. But so it is: this was the fatal limit. The poor Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt, going scot-free this long while, and merely tormenting other people, has, at this point, by contact with inflammable Poland, unexpectedly itself caught fire; goes now plunging, all in mad flame, over precipices one knows not how deep: and

[11] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31.

[12] Narrative by himself, in *History*, pp. 235-248.

[13] Clear account, especially of Siege, in Mannstein (pp. 71-83), who was there as Münnich's Aide-de-Camp.

there will be a lamentable singeing and smashing before the Kaiser get out of this, if he ever get! Kaiser Karl, from this point, plunges down and down, all his days; and except in that Shadow of a Pragmatic Sanction, if he can still save that, has no comfort left. Marriages are not the thing to be thought of at present!—

Scarcely had the news of August's Election, and Stanislaus's flight to Dantzig, reached France, when France, all in a state of readiness, informed the Kaiser, ready for nothing, his force lying in Silesia, doing the Election functions on the Polish borders there, "That he the Kaiser had, by such treatment of the Grandfather of France and the Polish Kingdom fairly fallen to him, insulted the most Christian Majesty; that in consequence the most Christian Majesty did hereby declare War against the said Kaiser,"—and in fact had, that very day (14th of October 1733), begun it. Had marched over into Lorraine, namely, secured Lorraine against accidents; and, more specially, gone across from Strasburg to the German side of the Rhine, and laid siege to Kehl. Kehl Fortress; a dilapidated outpost of the Reich there, which cannot resist many hours. Here is news for the Kaiser, with his few troops all on the Polish borders; minding his neighbours' business, or chasing Pragmatic Sanction, in those inflammable localities.

Pacific Fleury, it must be owned, if he wanted a quarrel with the Kaiser, could not have managed it on more advantageous terms. Generals, a Duc de Berwick, a Noailles, Belleisle; generals, troops, artillery, munitions, nothing is wanting to Fleury; to the Kaiser all things. It is surmised, the French had their eye on Lorraine, not on Stanislaus, from the first. For many centuries, especially for these last two,—ever since that Siege of Metz, which we once saw, under Kaiser Karl V. and Albert Alcibiades,—France has been wrenching and screwing at this Lorraine, wriggling it off bit by bit; till now, as we perceived on Lyttelton junior of Hagley's visit, Lorraine seems all lying unscrewed; and France, by any good opportunity, could stick it in her pocket. Such opportunity sly Fleury contrived, they say;—or more likely it might be Belleisle and the other adventurous spirits that urged it on pacific Fleury;—but, at all events, he has got it. Dilapidated Kehl yields straightway:[1] Sardinia, Spain, declare alliance with Fleury; and not Lorraine only, and the Swabian Provinces, but Italy itself lies at his dis-

[1] 29th October 1733. *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick* (in Petitot's Collection, Paris, 1828), ii. 303.

cretion,—owing to your treatment of the Grandfather of France, and these Polish Elective methods.

The astonished Kaiser rushes forward to fling himself into the arms of the Sea-Powers, his one resource left: "Help! moneys, subsidies, ye Sea-Powers!" But the Sea-Powers stand obtuse, arms not open at all, hands buttoning their pockets: "Sorry we cannot, your Imperial Majesty. Fleury engages not to touch the Netherlands, the Barrier Treaty; Polish Elections are not our concern!" and callously decline. The Kaiser's astonishment is extreme; his big heart swelling even with a martyr-feeling; and he passionately appeals: "Ungrateful, blind Sea-Powers! No money to fight France, say you? Are the Laws of Nature fallen void?" Imperial astonishment, sublime martyr-feeling, passionate appeals to the Laws of Nature, avail nothing with the blind Sea-Powers: "No money in us," answer they: "we will help you to negotiate."—"Negotiate!" answers he; and will have to pay his own Election broken-glass, with a sublime martyr-feeling, without money from the Sea-Powers.

Fleury has got the Sardinian Majesty: 'Sardinian door-keeper of the Alps,' who opens them now this way, now that, for a consideration: "A slice of the Milanese, your Majesty;" bargains Fleury. Fleury has got the Spanish Majesty (our violent old friend the Termagant of Spain) persuaded to join: "Your infant Carlos made Duke of Parma and Piacenza, with such difficulty: what is that? Naples itself, crown of the Two Sicilies, lies in the wind for Carlos;—and your junior infant, great Madam, has he no need of apanages?" The Termagant of Spain, "offended by Pragmatic Sanction" (she says), is ready on those terms; the Sardinian Majesty is ready: and Fleury, this same October, with an overwhelming force, Spaniards and Sardinians to join, invades Italy; great Marshal Villars himself taking the command. Marshal Villars, an extremely eminent old military gentleman,—somewhat of a friend, or husband of a lady-friend, to M. de Voltaire, for one thing;—and capable of slicing Italy to pieces at a fine rate, in the condition it was in.

Never had Kaiser such a bill of broken-glass to pay for meddling in neighbours' elections before. The year was not yet ended, when Villars and the Sardinian Majesty had done their stroke on Lombardy; taken Milan Citadel, taken Pizzighetone, the Milanese in whole, and appropriated it; swept the poor unprepared Kaiser clear out of those parts. Baby Carlos and the Spaniards are to do

the Two Sicilies, Naples or the land one to begin with, were the Winter gone. For the present, Louis XV. 'sings *Te Deum* at Paris, 23d December 1733'[2]—a merry Christmas there. Villars, now above fourscore, soon died of those fatigues; various Marshals, Broglio, Coigny, Noailles, succeeding him, some of whom are slightly notable to us; and there was one Maillebois, still a subordinate under them, whose name also may reappear in this History.

Subsequent Course of the War, in the Italian Part of it.

The French-Austrian War, which had now broken out, lasted a couple of years; the Kaiser steadily losing, though he did his utmost; not so much a War, on his part, as a Being Beaten and Being Stript. The Scene was Italy and the Upper-Rhine Country of Germany; Italy the deciding scene; where, except as it bears on Germany, our interest is nothing, as indeed in Germany too it is not much. The principal events, on both stages, are chronologically somewhat as follows;—beginning with Italy:

'*March* 29*th*, 1734. Baby Carlos with a Duke of Montemar for 'General, a difficult impetuous gentleman, very haughty to the French 'allies and others, lands in Naples Territory; intending to seize the Two 'Sicilies, according to bargain. They find the Kaiser quite unprepared, 'and their enterprise extremely feasible.

'*May* 10*th*. Baby Carlos,—whom we ought to call Don Carlos, 'who is now eighteen gone, and able to ride the great horse,—makes 'triumphant entry into Naples, having easily swept the road clear; styles 'himself "King of the Two Sicilies" (Papa having surrendered him his '"right" there); whom Naples, in all ranks of it, willingly homages as 'such. Wrecks of Kaiser's forces intrench themselves, rather strongly, 'at a place called Bitonto, in Apulia, not far off.

'*May* 25*th*. Montemar, in an impetuous manner, storms them there: '—which feat procures for him the title, Duke of Bitonto; and finishes 'off the First of the Sicilies. And indeed, we may say, finishes Both 'the Sicilies: our poor Kaiser having no considerable force in either, nor 'means of sending any; the Sea-Powers having buttoned their pockets, and 'the Combined Fleet of France and Spain being on the waters there.

'We need only add, on this head, that, for ten months more, Baby 'Carlos and Montemar went about besieging, Gaeta, Messina, Syracuse; 'and making triumphal entries;—and that, on the 30th of June 1735, 'Baby Carlos had himself fairly crowned at Palermo:[3] "King of the

[2] *Fastes du Règne de Louis XV* (Paris, 1766), i. 248.

[3] *Fastes de Louis XV*, i. 278.

'Two Sicilies" *de facto;* in which eminent post he and his continue, not 'with much success, to this day.

'That will suffice for the Two Sicilies. As to Lombardy again, now 'that Villars is out of it, and the Coignys and Broglios have succeeded:

'*June* 29*th*, 1734. Kaiser, rallying desperately for recovery of the 'Milanese, has sent an Army thither, Graf von Mercy leader of it: Battle 'of Parma between the French and it (29th June);—totally lost by the 'Kaiser's people, after furious fighting; Graf von Mercy himself killed 'in the action. Graf von Mercy, and what comes nearer us, a Prince of 'Culmbach, amiable Uncle of our Wilhelmina's Husband, a brave man 'and Austrian Soldier, who was much regretted by Wilhelmina and the 'rest; his death and obsequies making a melancholy Court of Baireuth 'in this agitated year. The Kaiser, doing his utmost, is beaten at every 'point.

'*September* 15*th*. Surprisal of the Secchia. Kaiser's people rally,— 'under a General Graf von Königseck worth noting by us,—and after 'some manœuvering, in the Guastalla-Modena region, on the Secchia and 'Po rivers there, dextrously steal across the Secchia that night (15th 'September), cutting-off the small guard-party at the ford of the Secchia, 'then wading silently; and burst-in upon the French Camp in a truly 'alarming manner.[4] So that Broglio, in command there, had to gallop 'with only one boot on, some say "in his shirt,"—till he got some force 'rallied, and managed to retreat more Parthian-like upon his brother 'Maréchal's Division. Artillery, war-chest, secret correspondence, "King 'of Sardinia's tent," and much cheering plunder beside Broglio's odd 'boot, were the consequences; the Kaiser's one success in this War; 'abolished, unluckily, in four days!—The Broglio who here gallops is 'the second French Maréchal of the name, son of the first; a military 'gentleman whom we shall but too often meet in subsequent stages. A 'son of this one's, a third Maréchal Broglio, present at the Secchia that 'bad night, is the famous War-god of the Bastille time, fifty-five years 'hence,—unfortunate old War-god, the Titans being all up about him. 'As to Broglio with the one boot, it is but a triumph over him till—

'*September* 19*th*. Battle of Guastalla, that day. Battle lost by the 'Kaiser's people, after eight-hours hot fighting; who are then obliged to 'hurry across the Secchia again;—and in fact do not succeed in fighting 'any more in that quarter, this year or afterwards. For, next year '(1735), Montemar is so advanced with the Two Sicilies, he can assist 'in these Northern operations; and Noailles, a better Maréchal, replaces 'the Broglio and Coigny there; who, with learned strategic movements, 'sieges, threatenings of siege, sweeps the wrecks of Austria, to a satis- 'factory degree, into the Tyrol, without fighting, or event mentionable 'thenceforth.

[4] Hormayr, xx. 84; *Fastes*, as it is liable to do, misdates.

'This is the Kaiser's War of two Campaigns, in the Italian, which 'was the decisive, part of it: a continual Being Beaten, as the reader 'sees; a Being Stript, till one was nearly bare in that quarter.'

Course of the War, in the German Part of it.

In Germany the mentionable events are still fewer; and indeed, but for one small circumstance binding on us, we might skip them altogether. For there is nothing comfortable in it to the human memory otherwise.

Maréchal Duc de Berwick, a cautious considerable General (Marlborough's Nephew, on what terms is known to readers), having taken Kehl and plundered the Swabian outskirts last Winter, had extensive plans of operating in the heart of Germany, and ruining the Kaiser there. But first he needs, and the Kaiser is aware of it, a 'basis on the Rhine;' free bridge over the Rhine, not by Strasburg and Kehl alone: and for this reason, he will have to besiege and capture Philipsburg first of all. Strong Town of Philipsburg, well down towards Speyer-and-Heidelberg quarter on the German side of the Rhine:* here will be our bridge. Lorraine is already occupied, since the first day of the War; Trarbach, strong-place of the Moselle and Electorate of Trier, cannot be difficult to get. Thus were the Rhine Country, on the French side, secure to France; and so Berwick calculates he will have a basis on the Rhine, from which to shoot forth into the very heart of the Kaiser.

Berwick besieged Philipsburg accordingly (Summer and Autumn); Kaiser doing his feeble best to hinder: at the Siege, Berwick lost his life, but Philipsburg surrendered to his successor, all the same;—Kaiser striving to hinder; but in a most paralysed manner, and to no purpose whatever. And—and this properly *was* the German War; the sum of all done in it during those two years.

Seizure of Nanci (that is, of Lorraine), seizure of Kehl we already heard of; then, prior to Philipsburg, there was siege or seizure of Trarbach by the French; and, posterior to it, seizure of Worms by them; and by the Germans there was 'burning of a magazine in Speyer by bombs.' And, in brief, on both sides, there was marching and manœuvering under various generals (our old rusty Seckendorf one of them), till the end of 1735, when the

* Map at p. 238.

Italian decision arrived, and Truce and Peace along with it; but there was no other action worth naming, even in the Newspapers as a wonder of nine days. The Siege of Philipsburg, and what hung flickering round that operation, before and after, was the sum-total of the German War.

Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in those parts, has had many sieges; nor would this one merit the least history from us, were it not for one circumstance: That our Crown-Prince was of the Opposing Army, and made his first experience of arms there. A Siege of Philipsburg slightly memorable to us, on that one account. What Friedrich did there, which in the military way was as good as nothing; what he saw and experienced there, which, with some 'eighty Princes of the Reich,' a Prince Eugene for General, and three months under canvas on the field, may have been something: this, in outline, by such obscure indications as remain, we would fain make conceivable to the reader. Indications, in the History-Books, we have as good as none; but must gather what there is from *Wilhelmina* and the Crown-Prince's *Letters*,—much studying to be brief, were it possible!

CHAPTER X.

CROWN-PRINCE GOES TO THE RHINE CAMPAIGN.

THE Kaiser,—with Kehl snatched from him, the Rhine open, and Louis XV. singing *Te Deum* in the Christmas time for what Villars in Italy had done,—applied, in passionate haste, to the Reich. The Reich, though Fleury tried to cajole it, and apologise for taking Kehl from it, declares for the Kaiser's quarrel; War against France on his behalf;[1]—it was in this way that Friedrich Wilhelm and our Crown-Prince came to be concerned in the Rhine Campaign. The Kaiser will have a *Reich's*-Army (were it good for much, as is not likely) to join to his own Austrian one. And if Prince Eugene, who is Reich's-Feldmarschall, one of the *two* Feldmarschalls, get the Generalship as men hope, it is not doubted but there will be great work on the Rhine, this Summer of 1734.

[1] 13th March 1734 (Buchholz, i. 131).

Unhappily the Reich's-Army, raised from multifarious contingents, and guided and provided for by many heads, is usually good for little. Not to say that old Kur Pfalz, with an eye to French help in the Berg-and-Jülich matter; old Kur-Pfalz, and the Bavarian set (*Kur-Baiern* and *Kur-Köln*, Bavaria and Cologne, who are Brothers, and of old cousinship to Kur-Pfalz),—quite refuse their contingents; protest in the Diet, and openly have French leanings. These are bad omens for the Reich's-Army. And in regard to the Reich's-Feldmarschall Office, there also is a difficulty. The Reich, as we hinted, keeps two supreme Feldmarschalls; one Catholic, one Protestant, for equilibrium's sake; illustrious Prince Eugenio von Savoye is the Catholic;—but as to the Protestant, it is a difficulty worth observing for a moment.

Old Duke Eberhard Ludwig of Würtemberg, the unfortunate old gentleman bewitched by the Grävenitz "Deliver us from evil," used to be the Reich's-Feldmarschall of Protestant persuasion;—Commander-in-Chief for the Reich, when it tried fighting. Old Eberhard had been at Blenheim, and had marched up and down: I never heard he was much of a General; perhaps good enough for the Reich, whose troops were always bad. But now that poor Duke, as we intimated once or more, is dead; there must be, of Protestant type, a new Reich's-Feldmarschall had. One Catholic, unequalled among Captains, we already have; but where is the Protestant, Duke Eberhard being dead?

Duke Eberhard's successor in Würtemberg, Karl Alexander by name, whom we once dined with at Prag on the Kladrup journey, he, a General of some worth, would be a natural person. Unluckily Duke Karl Alexander had, while an Austrian Officer and without outlooks upon Protestant Würtemberg, gone over to Papacy, and is now Catholic. "Two Catholic Feldmarschalls!" cried the *Corpus Evangelicorum;* "that will never do!"

Well, on the other or Protestant side there appear two Candidates; one of them not much expected by the reader: no other than Ferdinand Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, our Crown-Prince's Father-in-law; whom we knew to be a worthy man, but did not know to be much of a soldier, or capable of these ambitious views. He is Candidate First. Then there is a Second, much more entitled: our gunpowder friend the Old Dessauer; who, to say nothing of his soldier qualities, has promises from the Kaiser,—he surely were the man, if it did not hurt other people's feelings.

But it surely does and will. There is Ferdinand of Bevern applying upon the score of old promises too. How can people's feelings be saved? Protestants these two last: but they cannot both have it; and what will Würtemberg say to either of them? The Reich was in very great affliction about this preliminary matter. But Friedrich Wilhelm steps in with a healing recipe: "Let there be Four Reich's-Feldmarschalls," said Friedrich Wilhelm; "Two Protestant and two Catholic: won't that do?"—Excellent! answers the Reich: and there are Four Feldmarschalls for the time being; no lack of commanders to the Reich's-Army. Brunswick-Bevern tried it first; but only till Prince Eugene were ready, and indeed he had of himself come to nothing before that date. Prince Eugene next; then Karl Alexander next; and in fact they all might have had a stroke at commanding, and at coming to nothing or little,—only the Old Dessauer sulked at the office in this its fourfold state, and never would fairly have it, till, by decease of occupants, it came to be twofold again. This glimpse into the distracted effete interior of the poor old Reich and its Politics, with friends of ours concerned there, let it be welcome to the reader.[2]

Friedrich Wilhelm was without concern in this War, or in what had led to it. Practical share in the Polish Election (after that preliminary theoretic program of the Kaiser's and Czarina's went to smoke) Friedrich Wilhelm steadily refused to take: though considerable offers were made him on both sides,—offer of West Preussen (Polish part of Prussia, which once was known to us) on the French side.[3] But his primary fixed resolution was to stand out of the quarrel; and he abides by that; suppresses any wishes of his own in regard to the Polish Election;—keeps ward on his own frontiers, with good military besom in hand, to sweep it out again if it intruded there. "What King you like, in God's name; only don't come over my threshold with his brabbles and him!"

But seeing the Kaiser got into actual French War, with the Reich consenting, he is bound, by Treaty of old date (date older than *Wusterhausen*, though it was confirmed on that famous occasion), 'To assist the Kaiser with ten thousand men;' and this engagement he intends amply to fulfil. No sooner, therefore, had the Reich given sure signs of assenting ('Reich's assent' is the

[2] *Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben* (by Ranfft), p. 127; Buchholz, i. 131.

[3] By De la Chétardie, French Ambassador at Berlin (Buchholz, i. 130).

condition of the ten thousand), than Friedrich Wilhelm's orders were out, "Be in readiness!" Friedrich Wilhelm, by the time of the Reich's actual assent, or Declaration of War on the Kaiser's behalf, has but to lift his finger: squadrons and battalions, out of Pommern, out of Magdeburg, out of Preussen, to the due amount, will get on march whitherward you bid, and be with you there at the day you indicate, almost at the hour. Captains, not of an imaginary nature, these are always busy; and the King himself is busy over them. From big guns and wagon-horses down to gun-flints and gaiter-straps, all is marked in registers; nothing is wanting, nothing out of its place at any time, in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army.

From an early period, the French intentions upon Philipsburg might be foreseen or guessed: and in the end of March, Maréchal Berwick, 'in three divisions,' fairly appears in that quarter; his purpose evident. So that the Reich's-Army, were it in the least ready, ought to rendezvous, and reinforce the handful of Austrians there. Friedrich Wilhelm's part of the Reich's-Army does accordingly straightway get on march; leaves Berlin, after the due reviewing, '8th April:'[4] eight regiments of it, three of Horse and five of Foot, Goltz Foot-regiment one of them;—a General Röder, unexceptionable General, to command in chief;—and will arrive, though the farthest off, 'first of all the Reich's-Contingents;' 7th of June, namely. The march, straight south, must be some four hundred miles.

Besides the Official Generals, certain high military dignitaries, Schulenburg, Bredow, Majesty himself at their head, propose to go as volunteers;—especially the Crown-Prince, whose eagerness is very great, has got liberty to go. "As volunteer" he too: as Colonel of Goltz, it might have had its unsuitabilities, in etiquette and otherwise. Few volunteers are more interested than the Crown-Prince. Watching the great War-theatre uncurtain itself in this manner, from Dantzig down to Naples; and what his own share in it shall be: this, much more than his Marriage, I suppose, has occupied his thoughts since that event. Here out of Ruppin, dating six or seven weeks before the march of the Ten Thousand, is a small sign, one among many, of his outlooks in this matter. Small Note to his Cousin, Margraf Heinrich, the ill-behaved Margraf, much his comrade, who is always falling into scrapes; and whom he has just, not without difficulty, got delivered out of

[4] Fassmann, p. 495.

something of the kind.[5] He writes in German and in the intimate style of *Thou:*

'*Ruppin*, 23*d February* 1734. My dear Brother,—I can with plea-'sure answer that the King hath spoken of thee altogether favourably 'to me' (scrape now abolished, for the time) :—'and I think it would 'not have an ill effect, wert thou to apply for leave to go with the Ten 'Thousand whom he is sending to the Rhine, and do the Campaign 'with them as volunteer. I am myself going with that Corps; so I 'doubt not the King would allow thee.

'I take the freedom to send herewith a few bottles of Champagne; 'and wish' all manner of good things. 'FRIEDRICH.'[6]

This Margraf Heinrich goes; also his elder Brother, Margraf Friedrich Wilhelm,—who long persecuted Wilhelmina with his hopes; and who is now about getting Sophie Dorothee, a junior Princess, much better than he merits: Betrothal is the week after these Ten Thousand march;[7] he thirty, she fifteen. He too will go; as will the other pair of Cousin Margraves,—Karl, who was once our neighbour in Cüstrin; and the *Younger* Friedrich Wilhelm, whose fate lies at Prag if he knew it. Majesty himself will go as volunteer. Are not great things to be done, with Eugene for General?—To understand the insignificant Siege of Philipsburg, sum-total of the Rhine Campaign, which filled the Crown-Prince's and so many other minds brimful that Summer, and is now wholly out of every mind, the following Excerpt may be admissible:

'The unlucky little Town of Philipsburg, key of the Rhine in that 'quarter, fortified under difficulties by old Bishops of Speyer, who some-'times resided there,[8] has been dismantled and refortified, has had its 'Rhine-bridge torn down and set up again; been garrisoned now by this 'party, now by that, who had "right of garrison there;" nay France 'has sometimes had "the right of garrison;"—and the poor little Town 'has suffered much, and been tumbled sadly about in the Succession-'Wars and perpetual controversies between France and Germany in 'that quarter. In the time we are speaking of, it has a "flying-bridge" '(of I know not what structure), with fortified "bridge-head (*tête-de-*

[5] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, pp. 8, 9.
[6] Ib. xxvii. part 2d, p. 10.
[7] 16th April 1734 (Ib. part 1st, p. 14 n.).
[8] Köhler, *Münzbelustigungen*, vi. 169.

'*pont*),'' on the western or Franceward side of the River. Town's bul- 'warks, and complex engineering defences, are of good strength, all put 'in repair for this occasion: Reich and Kaiser have an effective garrison 'there, and a commandant determined on defence to the uttermost: what 'the unfortunate Inhabitants, perhaps a thousand or so in number, thought 'or did under such a visitation of ruin and bombshells, History gives 'not the least hint anywhere. "Quite used to it!" thinks History, and 'attends to other points.

'The Rhine Valley here is not of great breadth: eastward the heights 'rise to be mountainous in not many miles. By way of defence to this 'Valley, in the Eugene-Marlborough Wars, there was, about forty miles 'southward, or higher up the River than Philipsburg, a military line or 'chain of posts; going from Stollhofen, a boggy hamlet on the Rhine, 'with cunning indentations, and learned concatenation of bog and bluff, 'up into the inaccessibilities,—*Lines of Stollhofen*, the name of it,— 'which well-devised barrier did good service for certain years. It was 'not till, I think, the fourth year of their existence, year 1707, that 'Villars, the same Villars who is now in Italy, "stormed the Lines of 'Stollhofen;" which made him famous that year.

'The Lines of Stollhofen have now, in 1734, fallen flat again; but 'Eugene remembers them, and, I could guess, it was he who suggests 'a similar expedient. At all events, there is a similar expedient fallen 'upon: *Lines of Ettlingen* this time; one half nearer Philipsburg; run- 'ning from Mühlburg on the Rhine-brink up to Ettlingen in the Hills.* 'Nearer, by twenty miles; and, I guess, much more slightly done. We 'shall see these Lines of Ettlingen, one point of them, for a moment: '—and they would not be worth mentioning at all, except that in care- 'less Books they too are called Lines of *Stollhofen*,[9] and the ingenuous 'reader is sent wandering on his map to no purpose.'

'Lines of *Ettlingen*' they are; related, as now said, to the Stollhofen set. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick-Bevern, one of the Four Feldmarschalls, has some ineffectual handful of Imperial troops dotted about, within these Lines and on the skirts of Philips- burg;—eagerly waiting till the Reich's-Army gather to him; otherwise he must come to nothing. Will at any rate, I should think, be happy to resign in favour of Prince Eugene, were that little hero once on the ground.

On Mayday, Maréchal Berwick, who has been awake in this

* Map at p. 338.

[9] Wilhelmina (ii. 206), for instance; who, or whose Printer, calls them 'Lines of *Stokoff*' even.

quarter, 'in three divisions,' for a month past,—very impatient till Belleisle with the first division should have taken Trarbach, and made the Western interior parts secure,—did actually cross the Rhine, with his second division, 'at Fort Louis,' well up the River, well south of Philipsburg; intending to attack the Lines of Ettlingen, and so get in upon the Town. There is a third division, about to lay pontoons for itself a good way farther down, which will attack the Lines simultaneously from within,—that is to say, shall come upon the *back* of poor Bevern and his defensive handful of troops, and astonish him there. All prospers to Berwick in this matter: Noailles his lieutenant (not yet gone to Italy till next year), with whom is Maurice Comte de Saxe (afterwards Maréchal de Saxe), an excellent observant Officer, marches up to Ettlingen, May 3d; bivouacks 'at the base of the mountain' (no great things of a mountain); ascends the same in two columns, horse and foot, by the first sunlight next morning; forms on a little plain on the top; issues through a thin wood,—and actually beholds those same *Lines of Ettlingen*, the outmost eastern end of them: a somewhat inconsiderable matter, after all! Here is Noailles's own account:

'These retrenchments, made in Turk fashion, consisted of big trees 'set zigzag (*en échiquier*), twisted together by the branches; the whole 'about five fathoms thick. Inside of it were a small forlorn of Austrians: 'these steadily await our grenadiers, and do not give their volley till we 'are close. Our grenadiers receive their volley; clear the intertwisted 'trees, after receiving a second volley (total loss seventy-five killed and 'wounded); and—the enemy quits his post; and the Lines of Ettlingen '*are* stormed!' [10] This is not like storming the Lines of Stollhofen; a thing to make Noailles famous in the Newspapers for a year. But it was a useful small feat, and well enough performed on his part. The truth is, Berwick was about attacking the Lines simultaneously on the other or Mühlburg end of them (had not Noailles, now victorious, galloped to forbid); and what was far more considerable, those other French, to the northward, "upon pontoons," are fairly across; like to be upon the *back* of Duke Ferdinand and his handful of defenders. Duke Ferdinand perceives that he is come to nothing; hastily collects his people from their various posts; retreats with them that same night, unpursued, to Heilbronn; and gives-up the command to Prince Eugene, who is just arrived there,—who took quietly two pinches of snuff on hearing this news of Ettlingen, and said, "No matter, after all!"

[10] Noailles, *Mémoires* (in Petitot's Collection), iii. 207.

Berwick now forms the Siege, at his discretion; invests Philipsburg, 13th May;[11] begins firing, night of the 3d-4th June;—Eugene waiting at Heilbronn till the Reich's-Army come up. The Prussian Ten Thousand do come, all in order, on the 7th: the rest by degrees, all later, and all *not* quite in order. Eugene, the Prussians having joined him, moves down towards Philipsburg and its cannonading; encamps close to rearward of the besieging French. "Camp of Wiesenthal" they call it; Village of Wiesenthal with bogs, on the left, being his head-quarters; Village of Waghäusel, down near the River, a five-miles distance, being his limit on the right. Berwick, in front, industriously battering Philipsburg into the River, has thrown-up strong lines behind him, strongly manned, to defend himself from Eugene; across the River, Berwick has one Bridge, and at the farther end one battery with which he plays upon the rear of Philipsburg. He is much criticised by unoccupied people, "Eugene's attack will ruin us on those terms!"—and much incommoded by overflowings of the Rhine; Rhine swoln by melting of the mountain-snows, as is usual there. Which inundations Berwick had well foreseen, though the War-minister at Paris would not: "Haste!" answered the War-minister always: "We shall be in right time. I tell you there have fallen no snows this winter: how can inundation be?" —"Depends on the heat," said Berwick; "there are snows enough always in stock up there!"

And so it proves, though the War-minister would not believe; and Berwick has to take the inundations, and to take the circumstances;—and to try if, by his own continual best exertions, he can but get Philipsburg into the bargain. On the 12th of June, visiting his posts, as he daily does, the first thing, Berwick stept out of the trenches, anxious for clear view of something; stept upon 'the crest of the sap,' a place exposed to both French and Austrian batteries, and which had been forbidden to the soldiers, —and there, as he anxiously scanned matters through his glass, a cannonball, unknown whether French or Austrian, shivered away the head of Berwick; left others to deal with the criticisms, and the inundations, and the operations big or little, at Philipsburg and elsewhere! Siege went on, better or worse, under the next in command; 'Paris in great anxiety,' say the Books.

It is a hot siege, a stiff defence; Prince Eugene looks on, but does not attack in the way apprehended. Southward in Italy, we

[11] Berwick, ii. 312; 23d, says Noailles's Editor (iii. 210).

hear there is marching, strategying in the Parma Country; Graf von Mercy likely to come to an action before long. Northward, Dantzig by this time is all wrapt in fire-whirlwinds; its sallyings and outer defences all driven in; mere torrents of Russian bombs raining on it day and night; French auxiliaries, snapt-up at landing, are on board Russian ships; and poor Stanislaus and 'the Lady of Quality who shot the first gun' have a bad outlook there. Towards the end of the month, the Berlin volunteer Generals, our Crown-Prince and his Margraves among them, are getting on the road for Philipsburg;—and that is properly the one point we are concerned with. Which took effect in manner following.

Tuesday evening 29th June, there is Ball at Monbijou; the Crown-Prince and others busy dancing there, as if nothing special lay ahead. Nevertheless, at three in the morning he has changed his ball-dress for a better, he and certain more; and is rushing southward, with his volunteer Generals and Margraves, full speed saluted by the rising sun, towards Philipsburg and the Seat of War. And the same night, King Stanislaus, if any of us cared for him, is on flight from Dantzig, 'disguised as a cattle-dealer;' got out on the night of Sunday last, Town under such a rain of bombshells being palpably too hot for him: got out, but cannot get across the muddy intricacies of the Weichsel; lies painfully squatted up and down, in obscure alehouses, in that Stygian Mud-Delta,—a matter of life and death to get across, and not a boat to be had, such the vigilance of the Russian. Dantzig is capitulating, dreadful penalties exacted, all the heavier as no Stanislaus is to be found in it; and search all the keener rises in the Delta after him. Through perils and adventures of the sort usual on such occasions,[12] Stanislaus does get across; and in time does reach Preussen; where, by Friedrich Wilhelm's order, safe opulent asylum is afforded him, till the Fates (when this War ends) determine what is to become of the poor Imaginary Majesty. We leave him, squatted in the intricacies of the Mud-Delta, to follow our Crown-Prince, who in the same hour is rushing far elsewhither.

Margraves, Generals and he, in their small string of carriages, go on, by extra-post, day and night; no rest till they get to Hof,

[12] Credible modest detail of them, in a *Letter* from Stanislaus himself (*History of Stanislaus*, already cited, pp. 235-248).

in the Culmbach neighbourhood, a good two hundred miles off,—near Wilhelmina, and more than halfway to Philipsburg. Majesty Friedrich Wilhelm is himself to follow in about a week: he has given strict order against waste of time: "Not to part company; go together, and *not* by Anspach or Baireuth,"—though they lie almost straight for you.

This latter was a sore clause to Friedrich, who had counted all along on seeing his dear faithful Wilhelmina, as he passed: therefore, as the Papa's Orders, dangerous penalty lying in them, cannot be literally disobeyed, the question rises, How see Wilhelmina and not Baireuth? Wilhelmina, weak as she is and unfit for travelling, will have to meet him in some neutral place, suitablest for both. After various shiftings, it has been settled between them that Berneck, a little town twelve miles from Baireuth on the Hof road, will do; and that Friday, probably early, will be the day. Wilhelmina, accordingly, is on the road that morning, early enough; Husband with her, and ceremonial attendants, in honour of such a Brother; morning is of sultry windless sort; day hotter and hotter;—at Berneck is no Crown-Prince, in the House appointed for him; hour after hour, Wilhelmina waits there in vain. The truth is, one of the smallest accidents has happened: the Generals 'lost a wheel at Gera yesterday;' were left behind there with their smiths, have not yet appeared; and the insoluble question among Friedrich and the Margraves is, "We dare not go on without them, then? We dare;—dare we?" Question like to drive Friedrich mad, while the hours, at any rate, are slipping on! Here are Three Letters of Friedrich, legible at last; which, with Wilhelmina's account from the other side, represent a small entirely human scene in this French-Austrian War,—nearly all of human we have found in the beggarly affair:

1. *To Princess Wilhelmina, at Baireuth, or on the road to Berneck.*

'Hof, 2d July' (not long after 4 A.M.) '1734.

'My dear Sister,—Here am I within six leagues' (say eight or more, twenty-five miles English) 'of a Sister whom I love; and I have to 'decide that it will be impossible to see her, after all!'—Does decide so, accordingly, for reasons known to us.

'I have never so lamented the misfortune of not depending on myself 'as at this moment! The King being but very sour-sweet on my score, 'I dare not risk the least thing: Monday come a week, when he arrives

'himself, I should have a pretty scene (*serais joliment traité*) in the Camp, 'if I were found to have disobeyed orders.

* * 'The Queen commands me to give you a thousand regards from 'her. She appeared much affected at your illness; but for the rest, I 'could not warrant you how sincere it was; for she is totally changed, 'and I have quite lost reckoning of her (*n'y connais rien*). That goes 'so far that she has done me hurt with the King, all she could: how-'ever, that is over now: As to Sophie' (young Sister just betrothed to the eldest Margraf whom you know), 'she also is no longer the same; 'for she approves all that the Queen says or does; and she is charmed 'with her big clown (*gros nigaud*) of a Bridegroom.

'The King is more difficult than ever: he is content with nothing, 'so as to have lost whatsoever could be called gratitude for all pleasures 'one can do him,'—marrying against one's will, and the like. 'As 'to his health, it is one day better, another worse; but the legs, they 'are always swelled. Judge what my joy must be to get out of that 'turpitude,—for the King will only stay a fortnight, at most, in the 'Camp.

'Adieu, my adorable Sister: I am so tired, I cannot stir; having 'left on Tuesday night, or rather Wednesday morning at three o'clock, 'from a Ball at Monbijou, and arrived here this Friday morning at four. 'I recommend myself to your gracious remembr nce; and am, for my 'own part, till death, dearest Sister,'—Your—

'FRIEDRICH.'[13]

This is Letter First; written Friday morning, on the edge of getting into bed, after such fatigue; and it has, as natural in that mood, given-up the matter in despair. It did not meet Wilhelmina on the road; and she had left Baireuth;—where it met her, I do not know; probably at home, on her return, when all was over. Let Wilhelmina now speak her own lively experiences of that same Friday:

'I got to Berneck at ten. The heat was excessive; I found myself 'quite worn-out with the little journey I had done. I alighted at the 'House which had been got ready for my Brother. We waited for him, 'and in vain waited, till three in the afternoon. At three we lost 'patience; had dinner served without him. Whilst we were at table, 'there came on a frightful thunderstorm. I have witnessed nothing so 'terrible: the thunder roared and reverberated among the rocky cliffs 'which begirdle Berneck; and it seemed as if the world was going to 'perish: a deluge of rain succeeded the thunder.

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 13.

'It was four o'clock; and I could not understand what had become 'of my Brother. I had sent out several persons on horseback to get 'tidings of him, and none of them came back. At length, in spite of 'all my prayers, the Hereditary Prince' (my excellent Husband) 'him-'self would go in search. I remained waiting till nine at night, and 'nobody returned. I was in cruel agitations: these cataracts of rain are 'very dangerous in the mountain countries; the roads get suddenly over-'flowed, and there often happen misfortunes. I thought for certain, 'there had one happened to my Brother or to the Hereditary Prince.' Such a 2d of July to poor Wilhelmina!

'At last, about nine, somebody brought word that my Brother had 'changed his route, and was gone to Culmbach' (a House of ours, lying westward, known to readers); 'there to stay over night. I was for 'setting out thither,—Culmbach is twenty miles from Berneck; but 'the roads are frightful,' White Mayn, still a young River, dashing through the rock-labyrinths there, 'and full of precipices:—everybody 'rose in opposition, and, whether I would or not, they put me into the 'carriage for Himmelkron' (partly on the road thither), 'which is only 'about ten miles off. We had like to have got drowned on the road; 'the waters were so swoln' (White Mayn and its angry brooks), 'the 'horses could not cross but by swimming.

'I arrived at last, about one in the morning. I instantly threw 'myself on a bed. I was like to die with weariness; and in mortal 'terrors that something had happened to my Brother or the Hereditary 'Prince. This latter relieved me on his own score; he arrived at last, 'about four o'clock,—had still no news farther of my Brother. I was 'beginning to doze a little, when they came to warn me that "M. von 'Knobelsdorf wished to speak with me from the Prince-Royal." I darted 'out of bed, and ran to him. He,' handing me a Letter, 'brought word 'that'—

But let us now give Letter Second, which has turned up lately, and which curiously completes the picture here. Friedrich, on rising refreshed with sleep at Hof, had taken a cheerfuler view; and the Generals still lagging rearward, he thinks it possible to see Wilhelmina after all. Possible; and yet so very dangerous,—perhaps not possible? Here is a second Letter written from Münchberg, some fifteen miles farther on, at an after period of the same Friday: purport still of a perplexed nature, "I will, and I dare not;"—practical outcome, of itself uncertain, is scattered now by torrents and thunderstorms. This is the Letter, which Knobelsdorf now hands to Wilhelmina at that untimely hour of Saturday:

2. *To Princess Wilhelmina* (by Knobelsdorf).

'Münchberg, 2d July 1734.

'My dearest Sister,—I am in despair that I cannot satisfy my impa-'tience and my duty,—to throw myself at your feet this day. But alas, 'dear Sister, it does not depend on me: we poor Princes,' the Margraves and I, 'are obliged to wait here till our Generals' (Bredow, Schulenburg and Company) 'come up; we dare not go along without them. They 'broke a wheel in Gera' (fifty miles behind us); 'hearing nothing of 'them since, we are absolutely forced to wait here. Judge in what a 'mood I am, and what sorrow must be mine! Express order not to go 'by Baireuth or Anspach:—forbear, dear Sister, to torment me on things 'not depending on myself at all.

'I waver between hope and fear of paying my court to you. I hope 'it might still be at Berneck,' this evening,—'if you could contrive a 'road into the Nürnberg Highway again; avoiding Baireuth: otherwise 'I dare not go. The Bearer, who is Captain Knobelsdorf' (excellent judicious man, old acquaintance from the Cüstrin time, who attends upon us, actual Captain once, but now titular merely, given to architecture and the fine arts[14]), 'will apprise you of every particular: let Knobelsdorf 'settle something that may be possible. This is how I stand at present; 'and instead of having to expect some favour from the King' (after what I have done by his order), 'I get nothing but chagrin. But what is 'crueler upon me than all, is that you are ill. God, in his grace, be 'pleased to help you, and restore the precious health which I so much 'wish you!' * *

'FRIEDRICH.'[15]

Judicious Knobelsdorf settles that the meeting is to be this very morning at eight; Wilhelmina (whose memory a little fails her in the insignificant points) does not tell us where: but, by faint indications, I perceive it was in the Lake-House, pleasant Pavilion in the ancient artificial Lake, or big ornamental Fishpond, called *Brandenburger Weiher*, a couple of miles to the north of Baireuth: there Friedrich is to stop,—keeping the Paternal Order from the teeth outwards in this manner. Eight o'clock: so that Wilhelmina is obliged at once to get upon the road again,—poor Princess, after such a day and night. Her description of the Interview is very good:

[14] Seyfarth (Anonymous), *Lebens- und Regierungs-Geschichte Friedrichs des Andern* (Leipzig, 1786), ii. 200. *Œuvres de Frédéric*, vii. 33. Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten* (Berlin, 1838), pp. 8, 17.

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 15.

'My Brother overwhelmed me with caresses; but found me in so pitiable a state, he could not restrain his tears. I was not able to stand on my limbs; and felt like to faint every moment, so weak was I. He told me the King was much angered at the Margraf' (my Father-in-Law) 'for not letting his Son make the Campaign,'—concerning which point, said Son, my Husband, being Heir-Apparent, there had been much arguing in Court and Country, here at Baireuth, and endless anxiety on my poor part, lest he should get killed in the Wars. 'I told him all the Margraf's reasons; and added, that surely they were good, in respect of my dear Husband. "Well," said he, "let him quit soldiering, then, and give back his regiment to the King. But for the rest, quiet yourself as to the fears you may have about him if he do go; for I know, by certain information, that there will be no blood spilt."—"They are at the Siege of Philipsburg, however."—"Yes," said my Brother; "but there will not be a battle risked to hinder it."

'The Hereditary Prince,' my Husband, 'came in while we were talking so; and earnestly entreated my Brother to get him away from Baireuth. They went to a window, and talked a long time together. In the end, my Brother told me he would write a very obliging Letter to the Margraf, and give him such reasons in favour of the Campaign, that he doubted not it would turn the scale. "We will stay together," said he, addressing the Hereditary Prince; "and I shall be charmed to have my dear Brother always beside me." He wrote the Letter; gave it to 'Baron Stein' (Chamberlain or Goldstick of ours), 'to deliver to the Margraf. He promised to obtain the King's express leave to stop at Baireuth on his return;—after which he went away. It was the last time I saw him on the old footing with me: he has much changed since then!—We returned to Baireuth; where I was so ill that, for three days, they did not think I should get over it.'[16]

Crown-Prince dashes off, southwestward, through cross country, into the Nürnberg Road again; gets to Nürnberg that same Saturday night; and there, among other Letters, writes the following; which will wind-up this little Incident for us, still in a human manner:

3. *To Princess Wilhelmina at Baireuth.*

'Nürnberg, 3d July 1734.

'My dearest (*très-chère*) Sister,—It would be impossible to quit this place without signifying, dearest Sister, my lively gratitude for all the marks of favour you showed me in the *Weiherhaus*' (House on the Lake, today). 'The highest of all that it was possible to do, was that

[16] Wilhelmina, ii. 200-202.

'of procuring me the satisfaction of paying my court to you. I beg 'millions of pardons for so putting you about, dearest Sister; but I 'could not help it; for you know my sad circumstances well enough. In 'my great joy, I forgot to give you the Enclosed. I entreat you, write 'me often news of your health! Question the Doctors; and'—and in certain contingencies, the Crown-Prince 'would recommend goat's-milk' for his poor Sister. Had already, what was noted of him in after life, a tendency to give medical advice, in cases interesting to him?—

'Adieu, my incomparable and dear Sister. I am always the same to 'you, and will remain so till my death.—FRIEDRICH.'[17]

Generals with their wheel mended, Margraves, Prince and now the Camp Equipage too, are all at Nürnberg; and start on the morrow; hardly a hundred miles now to be done,—but on slower terms, owing to the Equipage. Heilbronn, place of arms or central stronghold of the Reich's-Army, they reach on Monday: about Eppingen, next night, if the wind is westerly, one may hear the cannon,—not without interest. It was Wednesday forenoon, 7th July 1734, on some hill-top coming down from Eppingen side, that the Prince first saw Philipsburg Siege, blotting the Rhine Valley yonder with its fire and counter-fire; and the Tents of Eugene stretching on this side: first view he ever had of the actualities of war. His account to Papa is so distinct and good, we look through it almost as at first-hand for a moment:

'Camp at Wiesenthal, Wednesday, 7th July 1734.

'Most All-gracious Father, * * We left Nürnberg' (nothing said of our Baireuth affair), '4th early, and did not stop till Heilbronn; where, 'along with the Equipage, I arrived on the 5th. Yesterday I came with 'the Equipage to Eppingen' (twenty miles, a slow march, giving the fourgons time); 'and this morning we came to the Camp at Wiesenthal. 'I have dined with General Röder' (our Prussian Commander); 'and, 'after dinner, rode with Prince Eugene while giving the parole. I 'handed him my All-gracious Father's Letter, which much rejoiced him. 'After the parole, I went to see the relieving of our outposts' (change of sentries there), 'and view the French retrenchment.

'We,' your Majesty's Contingent, 'are throwing-up three redoubts: 'at one of them today, three musketeers have been miserably shot' (*geschossen*, wounded, not quite killed); 'two are of Röder's, and one is 'of Finkenstein's regiment.

'Tomorrow I will ride to a village which is on our right wing; 'Waghäusel is the name of it'[18] (some five miles off, north of us, near by

[17] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 57. [18] Büsching, v. 1152.

the Rhine): 'there is a steeple there, from which one can see the French 'Camp; from this point I will ride down, between the two Lines,' French and ours, 'to see what they are like.

'There are quantities of hurdles and fascines being made; which, as I 'hear, are to be employed in one of two different plans. The first plan 'is, To attack the French retrenchment generally; the ditch which is 'before it, and the morass which lies on our left wing, to be made 'passable with these fascines. The other plan is, To amuse the Enemy 'by a false attack, and throw succour into the Town.—One thing is 'certain, in a few days we shall have a stroke of work here. Happen 'what may, my All-gracious Father may be assured that' &c., 'and that 'I will do nothing unworthy of him. FRIEDRICH.'[19]

Neither of those fine plans took effect; nor did anything take effect, as we shall see. But in regard to that 'survey from the 'steeple of Waghäusel, and ride home again between the Lines,' —in regard to that, here is an authentic fraction of anecdote, curiously fitting in, which should not be omitted. A certain Herr von Suhm, Saxon Minister at Berlin, occasionally mentioned here, stood in much Correspondence with the Crown-Prince in the years now following: Correspondence which was all published at the due distance of time; Suhm having, at his decease, left the Prince's Letters carefully assorted with that view, and furnished with a Prefatory 'Character of the Prince-Royal (*Portrait du Prince-Royal, par M. de Suhm*).' Of which Preface this is a small paragraph, relating to the Siege of Philipsburg; offering us a momentary glance into one fibre of the futile War now going on there. Of Suhm, and how exact he was, we shall know a little by and by. Of 'Prince von Lichtenstein,' an Austrian man and soldier of much distinction afterwards, we have only to say that he came to Berlin next year on Diplomatic business, and that probably enough he had been eyewitness to the little fact,—fact credible perhaps without much proving. One rather regretted there was no date to it, no detail to give it whereabout and fixity in our conception; that the poor little Anecdote, though indubitable, had to hang vaguely in the air. Now, however, the above dated *Letter* does, by accident, date Suhm's Anecdote too; date 'July 8' as good as certain for it; the Siege itself having ended (July 18) in ten days more. Herr von Suhm writes (not for publication till after Friedrich's death and his own):

'It was remarked in the Rhine Campaign of 1734, that this Prince has 'a great deal of intrepidity (*beaucoup de valeur*). On one occasion, among

[19] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 70.

'others' (to all appearance, this very day, 'July 8,' riding home from Waghäusel between the lines), 'when he had gone to reconnoitre the 'Lines of Philipsburg, with a good many people about him,—passing, on 'his return, along a strip of very thin wood, the cannon-shot from the 'Lines accompanied him incessantly, and crashed down several trees at 'his side; during all which he walked his horse along at the old pace, 'precisely as if nothing were happening, nor in his hand upon the bridle 'was there the least trace of motion perceptible. Those who gave 'attention to the matter remarked, on the contrary, that he did not dis-'continue speaking very tranquilly to some Generals who accompanied 'him; and who admired his bearing, in a kind of danger with which he 'had not yet had occasion to familiarise himself. It is from the Prince 'von Lichtenstein that I have this anecdote.' [20]

On the 15th arrived his Majesty in person, with the Old Dessauer, Buddenbrock, Derschau and a select suite; in hopes of witnessing remarkable feats of war, now that the crisis of Philipsburg was coming on. Many Princes were assembled there, in the like hope: Prince of Orange (honeymoon well ended [21]), a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back; Princes of Baden, Darmstadt, Waldeck: all manner of Princes and distinguished personages, Fourscore Princes of them by tale, the eyes of Europe being turned on this matter, and on old Eugene's guidance of it. Prince Fred of England, even he had a notion of coming to learn war.

It was about this time, not many weeks ago, that Fred, now falling into much discrepancy with his Father, and at a loss for a career to himself, appeared on a sudden in the Antechamber at St. James's, one day; and solemnly demanded an interview with his Majesty. Which his indignant Majesty, after some conference with Walpole, decided to grant. Prince Fred, when admitted, made three demands: 1°. To be allowed to go upon the Rhine Campaign, by way of a temporary career for himself; 2°. That he might have something definite to live upon, a fixed revenue being suitable in his circumstances; 3°. That, after those sad Prussian disappointments, some suitable Consort might be chosen for him, —heart and household lying in such waste condition. Poor Fred,

[20] *Correspondance de Frédéric II avec M. de Suhm* (Berlin, 1787); Avant-propos, p. xviii. (written 28th April 1740). The *Correspondance* is all in *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xvi. 247-408); but the Suhm Preface not.

[21] Had wedded Princess Anne, George II.'s eldest, 25th (14th) March 1734; to the joy of self and mankind, in England here.

who of us knows what of sense might be in these demands? Few creatures more absurdly situated are to be found in this world. To go where his equals were, and learn soldiering a little, might really have been useful. Paternal Majesty received Fred and his Three Demands with fulminating look; answered, to the first two, nothing; to the third, about a Consort, "Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;—and now off with you; away!" [22]

Poor Fred, he has a circle of hungry Parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a Cornet of Horse, young Lyttelton of Hagley, our old Soissons friend, not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal Young Gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is important for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than 'write madrigals' in this world: infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the Fireship those older hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman;—and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine Campaign; nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being very futile, dissolute and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor constitutional Prince. Our Fritz was only in danger of losing his life; but what is that, to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to his Majesty's Opposition?

Friedrich Wilhelm stayed a month campaigning here; graciously declined Prince Eugene's invitation to lodge in Head Quarters, under a roof and within built walls; preferred a tent among his own people, and took the common hardships,—with great hurt to his weak health, as was afterwards found.

In these weeks, the big Czarina, who has set a price (100,000 rubles, say 15,000*l.*) upon the head of poor Stanislaus, hears that his Prussian Majesty protects him; and thereupon signifies, in high terms, That she, by her Feldmarschall Münnich, will come across the frontiers and seize the said Stanislaus. To which his Prussian Majesty answers positively, though in proper Diplomatic tone, "Madam, I will in no wise permit it!" Perhaps his Majesty's remarkablest transaction, here on the Rhine, was this concerning

[22] Coxe's *Walpole*, i. 322.

Stanislaus. For Seckendorf the Feldzeugmeister was here also, on military function, not forgetful of the Diplomacies; who busily assailed his Majesty, on the Kaiser's part, in the same direction: "Give up Stanislaus, your Majesty! How ridiculous (*lächerlich*) to be perhaps ruined for Stanislaus!" But without the least effect, now or afterwards.

Poor Stanislaus, in the beginning of July, got across into Preussen, as we intimated; and there he continued, safe against any amount of rubles and Feldmarschalls, entreaties and menaces. At Angerburg, on the Prussian frontier, he found a steadfast veteran, Lieutenant-General von Katte, Commandant in those parts (Father of a certain poor Lieutenant, whom we tragically knew of long ago!)—which veteran gentleman received the Fugitive Majesty,[23] with welcome in the King's name, and assurances of an honourable asylum till the times and roads should clear again for his fugitive Majesty. Fugitive Majesty, for whom the roads and times were very dark at present, went to Marienwerder; talked of going 'to Pillau, for a sea-passage,' of going to various places; went finally to Königsberg, and there,—with a considerable Polish Suite of Fugitives, very moneyless, and very expensive, most of them, who had accumulated about him,—set-up his abode. There for almost two years, in fact till this War ended, the Fugitive Polish Majesty continued; Friedrich Wilhelm punctually protecting him, and even paying him a small Pension (50*l.* a month),—France, the least it could do for the Grandfather of France, allowing a much larger one; larger, though still inadequate. France has left its Grandfather strangely in the lurch here; with '100,000 rubles on his head.' But Friedrich Wilhelm knows the sacred rites, and will do them; continues deaf as a doorpost alike to the menaces and the entreaties of Kaiser and Czarina; strictly intimating to Münnich what the Laws of Neutrality are, and that they must be observed. Which, by his Majesty's good arrangements, Münnich, willing enough to the contrary had it been feasible, found himself obliged to comply with. Prussian Majesty, like a King and a gentleman, would listen to no terms about dismissing or delivering-up, or otherwise failing in the sacred rites to Stanislaus; but honourably kept him there till the times and routes cleared themselves again.[24] A plain piece of duty; punctually done: the beginning of it falls here in

[23] *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 254. [24] Förster, ii. 132, 134-136.

the Camp at Philipsburg, July-August 1734; in May 1736 we shall see some glimpse of the end!—

His Prussian Majesty in Camp at Philipsburg,—so distinguished a volunteer, doing us the honour to encamp here,—'was asked to all the Councils-of-War that were held,' say the Books. And he did attend, the Crown-Prince and he, on important occasions: but, alas, there was, so to speak, nothing to be consulted of. Fascines and hurdles lay useless; no attempt was made to relieve Philipsburg. On the third day after his Majesty's arrival, July 18th, Philipsburg, after a stiff defence of six weeks, growing hopeless of relief, had to surrender;—French then proceeded to repair Philipsburg, no attempt on Eugene's part to molest them there. If they try ulterior operations on this side the River, he countertries; and that is all.

Our Crown-Prince, somewhat of a judge in after years, is maturely of opinion, That the French Lines were by no means inexpugnable; that the French Army might have been ruined under an attack of the proper kind.[25] Their position was bad; no room to unfold themselves for fight, except with the Town's cannon playing on them all the while; only one Bridge to get across by, in case of coming to the worse: defeat of them probable, and ruin to them inevitable in case of defeat. But Prince Eugene, with an Army little to his mind (Reich's-Contingents not to be depended on, thought Eugene), durst not venture: "Seventeen victorious Battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?"

It is probable the Old Dessauer, had he been Generalissimo, with this same Army,—in which, even in the Reich's part of it, we know Ten Thousand of an effective character,—would have done some stroke upon the French; but Prince Eugene would not try. Much dimmed from his former self this old hero; age now 73;—a good deal wearied with the long march through Time. And this very Summer, his Brother's Son, the last male of his House, had suddenly died of inflammatory fever; left the old man very mournful: "Alone, alone, at the end of one's long march; laurels have no fruit, then?" He stood cautious, on the defensive; and in this capacity is admitted to have shown skilful management.

But Philipsburg being taken, there is no longer the least event to be spoken of; the Campaign passed into a series of

[25] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 167.

advancings, retreatings, facings, and then right-about facings,—painful manœuverings, on both sides of the Rhine and of the Neckar,—without result farther to the French, without memorability to either side. About the middle of August, Friedrich Wilhelm went away;—health much hurt by his month under canvas, amid Rhine inundations, and mere distressing phenomena. Crown-Prince Friedrich and a select party escorted his Majesty to Mainz, where was a Dinner of unusual sublimity by the Kurfürst there;[26]—Dinner done, his Majesty stept on board 'the Electoral Yacht;' and in this fine hospitable vehicle went sweeping through the Binger Loch, rapidly down towards Wesel; and the Crown-Prince and party returned to their Camp, which is upon the Neckar at this time.

Camp shifts about, and Crown-Prince in it: to Heidelberg, to Waiblingen, Weinheim; close to Mainz at one time: but it is not worth following: nor in Friedrich's own Letters, or in other documents, is there, on the best examination, anything considerable to be gleaned respecting his procedures there. He hears of the ill-success in Italy, Battle of Parma at the due date, with the natural feelings; speaks with a sorrowful gaiety, of the muddy fatigues, futilities here on the Rhine;—has the sense, however, not to blame his superiors unreasonably. Here, from one of his Letters to Colonel Camas, is a passage worth quoting for the credit of the writer. With Camas, a distinguished Prussian Frenchman, whom we mentioned elsewhere, still more with Madam Camas in time coming, he corresponded much, often in a fine filial manner:

'The present Campaign is a school, where profit may be reaped from 'observing the confusion and disorder which reigns in this Army: it has 'been a field very barren in laurels; and those who have been used, all 'their life, to gather such, and on Seventeen distinguished occasions have 'done so, can get none this time.' Next year, we all hope to be on the Moselle, and to find that a fruitfuler field. * * * 'I am afraid, dear 'Camas, you think I am going to put on the cothurnus; to set-up for a 'small Eugene, and, pronouncing with a doctoral tone what each should 'have done and not have done, condemn and blame to right and left. 'No, my dear Camas; far from carrying my arrogance to that point, I 'admire the conduct of our Chief, and do not disapprove that of his 'worthy Adversary; and far from forgetting the esteem and consideration 'due to persons who, scarred with wounds, have by years and long service

[26] 15th August (Fassmann, p. 511).

'gained a consummate experience, I shall hear them more willingly than 'ever as my teachers, and try to learn from them how to arrive at honour, 'and what is the shortest road into the secret of this Profession.' [27]

This other, to Lieutenant Gröben, three weeks earlier in date, shows us a different aspect; which is at least equally authentic; and may be worth taking with us. Gröben is Lieutenant,—I suppose still of the Regiment Goltz, though he is left there behind; —at any rate, he is much a familiar with the Prince at Ruppin;

was ringleader, it is thought, in those midnight pranks upon parsons, and the other escapades there; [28] a merry man, eight years older than the Prince,—with whom it is clear enough he stands on a very free footing. Philipsburg was lost a month ago; French are busy repairing it; and manœuvering, with no effect, to get into the interior of Germany a little. Weinheim is a little Town on the north side of the Neckar, a dozen miles or so from

[27] 'Camp at Heidelberg, 11th September 1734' (*Œuvres*, xvi. 131).
[28] Büsching, v. 20.

Mannheim;—out of which, and into which, the Prussian Corps goes shifting from time to time, as Prince Eugene and the French manœuvre to no purpose in that Rhine-Neckar Country. '*Herdek Teremtetem*,' it appears, is a bit of Hungarian swearing; should be *Ordek teremtete;* and means "The Devil made you!"

'Weinheim, 17th August 1734.

'*Herdek Teremtetem!* "Went with them, got hanged with them,"[29] 'said the Bielefeld Innkeeper! So will it be with me, poor devil; for 'I go dawdling about with this Army here; and the French will have 'the better of us. We want to be over the Neckar again' (to the South or Philipsburg side), 'and the rogues won't let us. What most provokes 'me in the matter is, that while we are here in such a wilderness of 'trouble, doing our utmost, by military labours and endurances, to make 'ourselves heroic, thou sittest, thou devil, at home!

'Duc de Bouillon has lost his equipage; our Hussars took it at Landau' (other side the Rhine, a while ago). 'Here we stand in mud to the ears; 'fifteen of the Regiment Alt-Baden have sunk altogether in the mud. 'Mud comes of a waterspout, or sudden cataract of rain, there was in 'these Heidelberg Countries; two villages, Fuhrenheim and Sandhausen, 'it swam away, every stick of them (*ganz und gar*).

'Captain von Stojentin, of Regiment Flans,' one of our eight Regiments here, 'has got wounded in the head, in an affair of honour; he is still 'alive, and it is hoped he will get through it.

'The Drill-Demon has now got into the Kaiser's people too: Prince 'Eugene is grown heavier with his drills than we ourselves. He is often 'three hours at it;—and the Kaiser's people curse us for the same, at a 'frightful rate. Adieu. If the Devil don't get thee, he ought. There-'fore *vale*.[30] FRIEDRICH.'

No laurels to be gained here; but plenty of mud, and laborious hardship,—met, as we perceive, with youthful stoicism, of the derisive, and perhaps of better forms. Friedrich is twenty-two and some months, when he makes his first Campaign. The general physiognomy of his behaviour in it we have to guess from these few indications. No doubt he profited by it, on the military side; and would study with quite new light and vivacity after such contact with the fact studied of. Very didactic to witness even 'the confusions of this Army,' and what comes of them to Armies! For the rest, the society of Eugene, Lichtenstein, and so many

[29] '*Mitgegangen, mitgehangen:*' Letter is in German.

[30] *Œuvres de Fredéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 181.

Princes of the Reich, and Chiefs of existing mankind, could not but be entertaining to the young man; and silently, if he wished to read the actual Time, as sure enough he, with human and with royal eagerness, did wish,—they were here as the *alphabet* of it to him: important for years coming. Nay it is not doubted, the insight he here got into the condition of the Austrian Army and its management,—'Army left seven days without bread,' for one instance,—gave him afterwards the highly important notion, that such Army could be beaten if necessary!—

Wilhelmina says, his chief comrade was Margraf Heinrich;—the *Ill* Margraf; who was *cut* by Friedrich, in after years, for some unknown bad behaviour. Margraf Heinrich 'led him into all manner of excesses,' says Wilhelmina,—probably in the language of exaggeration. He himself tells her, in one of his *Letters*, a day or two before Papa's departure: 'The Camp is soon to be close 'on Mainz, nothing but the Rhine between Mainz and our right 'wing where my place is; and so soon as Serenissimus goes' (*Le Sérénissime*, so he irreverently names Papa), 'I mean to be across for some sport,'[31]—no doubt the Ill Margraf with me! With the Elder Margraf, little Sophie's Betrothed, whom he called 'big clown' in a Letter we read, he is at this date in open quarrel,—'*brouillé à toute outrance* with the mad Son-in-law, who is the 'wildest wild-beast of all this Camp.'[32]

Wilhelmina's Husband had come, in the beginning of August; but was not so happy as he expected. Considerably cut-out by the Ill Heinrich. Here is a small adventure they had; mentioned by Friedrich, and copiously recorded by Wilhelmina: adventure on some River,—which we could guess, if it were worth guessing, to have been the Neckar, not the Rhine. French had a fortified post on the farther side of this River; Crown-Prince, Ill Margraf, and Wilhelmina's Husband were quietly looking about them, riding up the other side: Wilhelmina's Husband decided to take a pencil-drawing of the French post, and paused for that object. Drawing was proceeding unmolested, when his foolish Baireuth Hussar, having an excellent rifle (*arquebuse rayée*) with him, took it into his head to have a shot at the French sentries at long range. His shot hit nothing; but it awakened the French animosity, as was natural: the French began diligently firing; and might easily have done mischief. My Husband, volleying-out some rebuke upon the blockhead of a Hussar, finished his drawing,

[31] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 17 (10th Aug.). [32] Ib.

in spite of the French bullets; then rode up to the Crown-Prince and Ill Margraf, who had got their share of what was going, and were in no good humour with him. Ill Margraf rounded things into the Crown-Prince's ear, in an unmannerly way, with glances at my Husband;—who understood it well enough; and promptly coerced such ill-bred procedures, intimating, in a polite impressive way, that they would be dangerous if persisted in. Which reduced the Ill Margraf to a spiteful but silent condition. No other harm was done at that time; the French bullets all went awry, or 'even fell short, being sucked-in by the river,' thinks Wilhelmina.[33]

A more important feature of the Crown-Prince's life in these latter weeks is the news he gets of his Father. Friedrich Wilhelm, after quitting the Electoral Yacht, did his reviewing at Wesel, at Bielefeld, all his reviewing in those Rhine and Weser Countries; then turned aside to pay a promised visit to Ginkel the Berlin Dutch Ambassador, who has a fine House in those parts; and there his Majesty has fallen seriously ill. Obliged to pause at Ginkel's, and then at his own Schloss of Moyland, for some time; does not reach Potsdam till the 14th September, and then in a weak, worsening, and altogether dangerous condition, which lasts for months to come.[34] Wrecks of gout, they say, and of all manner of nosological mischief; falling to dropsy. Case desperate, think all the Newspapers, in a cautious form; which is Friedrich Wilhelm's own opinion pretty much, and that of those better informed. Here are thoughts for a Crown-Prince; well-affected to his Father, yet suffering much from him which is grievous. To bystanders, one now makes a different figure: "A Crown-Prince, who may be King one of these days,—whom a little adulation were well spent upon!" From within and from without come agitating influences; thoughts which must be rigorously repressed, and which are not wholly repressible. The soldiering Crown-Prince, from about the end of September, for the last week or two of this Campaign, is secretly no longer quite the same to himself or to others.

Glimpse of Lieutenant Chasot, and of other Acquisitions.

We have still two little points to specify, or to bring up from the rearward whither they are fallen, in regard to this Campaign.

[33] Wilhelmina, ii. 208, 209; *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 19.

[34] Fassmann, pp. 512-533: September 1734-January 1735.

After which the wearisome Campaign shall terminate; Crown-Prince leading his Ten Thousand to Frankfurt, towards their winter-quarters in Westphalia; and then himself running across from Frankfurt (October 5th), to see Wilhelmina for a day or two on the way homewards:—with much pleasure to all parties, my readers and me included!

First point is, That, some time in this Campaign, probably towards the end of it, the Crown-Prince, Old Dessauer and some others with them, 'procured passports,' went across, and 'saw the French Camp,' and what new phenomena were in it for them. Where, when, how, or with what impression left on either side, we do not learn. It was not much of a Camp for military admiration, this of the French.[35] There were old soldiers of distinction in it here and there; a few young soldiers diligently studious of their art; and a great many young fops of high birth and high ways, strutting about 'in red-heeled shoes,' with 'Commissions got from Court' for this War, and nothing of the soldier but the epaulettes and plumages,—apt to be 'insolent' among their poorer comrades. From all parties, young and old, even from that insolent red-heel party, nothing but the highest finish of politeness could be visible on this particular occasion. Doubtless all passed in the usual satisfactory manner; and the Crown-Prince got his pleasant excursion, and materials, more or less, for after thought and comparison. But as there is nothing whatever of it on record for us but the bare fact, we leave it to the reader's imagination,—fact being indubitable, and details not inconceivable to lively readers. Among the French dignitaries doing the honours of their Camp on this occasion, he was struck by the General's Adjutant, a "Count de Rottembourg" (properly *von Rothenburg*, of German birth, kinsman to the Rothenburg whom we have seen as French Ambassador at Berlin long since); a promising young soldier; whom he did not lose sight of again, but acquired in due time to his own service, and found to be of eminent worth there. A Count von Schmettau, two Brothers von Schmettau, here in the Austrian service; superior men, Prussian by birth, and very fit to be acquired by and by; these the Crown-Prince had already noticed in this Rhine Campaign,—having always his eyes open to phenomena of that kind.

The *second* little point is of date perhaps two months anterior

[35] *Mémoires de Noailles* (passim).

to that of the French Camp; and is marked sufficiently in this Excerpt from our confused Manuscripts:

Before quitting Philipsburg, there befel one slight adventure, which, though it seemed to be nothing, is worth recording here. One day, date not given, a young French Officer, of ingenuous prepossessing look, though much flurried at the moment, came across as involuntary deserter; flying from a great peril in his own camp. The name of him is Chasot, Lieutenant of such and such a Regiment: "Take me to Prince Eugene!" he entreats, which is done. Peril was this: A high young gentleman, one of those fops in red heels, ignorant, and capable of insolence to a poorer comrade of studious turn, had fixed a duel upon Chasot. Chasot ran him through, in fair duel; dead, and is thought to have deserved it. "But Duc de Boufflers in his kinsman: run, or you are lost!" cried everybody. The Officers of his Regiment hastily redacted some certificate for Chasot, hastily signed it; and Chasot ran, scarcely waiting to pack his baggage.

"Will not your Serene Highness protect me?"—"Certainly!" said Eugene;—gave Chasot a lodging among his own people; and appointed one of them, Herr Brender by name, to show him about, and teach him the nature of his new quarters. Chasot, a brisk, ingenuous young fellow, soon became a favourite; eager to be useful where possible; and very pleasant in discourse, said everybody.

By and by,—still at Philipsburg, as would seem, though it is not said, —the Crown-Prince heard of Chasot; asked Brender to bring him over. Here is Chasot's own account: through which, as through a small eylet-hole, we peep once more, and for the last time, direct into the Crown-Prince's Campaign-life on this occasion:

'Next morning, at ten o'clock the appointed hour, Brender having 'ordered out one of his horses for me, I accompanied him to the Prince; 'who received us in his Tent,—behind which he had, hollowed out to 'the depth of three or four feet, a large Dining-room, with windows, 'and a roof,' I hope of good height, 'thatched with straw. His Royal 'Highness, after two-hours conversation, in which he had put a hundred 'questions to me' (a Prince desirous of knowing the facts), 'dismissed 'us; and at parting, bade me return often to him in the evenings.

'It was in this Dining-room, at the end of a great dinner, the day 'after next, that the Prussian guard introduced a Trumpet from Monsieur 'd'Asfeld' (French Commander-in-Chief since Berwick's death), 'with 'my three horses, sent over from the French Army. Prince Eugene, 'who was present, and in good humour, said, "We must sell those 'horses, they don't speak German; Brender will take care to mount you 'some way or other." Prince Lichtenstein immediately put a price on 'my horses; and they were sold on the spot at three times their worth.

'The Prince of Orange, who was of this Dinner' (slightly crook-backed witty gentleman, English honeymoon well over), 'said to me in a half-'whisper, "Monsieur, there is nothing like selling horses to people who 'have dined well."

'After this sale, I found myself richer than I had ever been in my 'life. The Prince-Royal sent me, almost daily, a groom and led horse, 'that I might come to him, and sometimes follow him in his excursions. 'At last, he had it proposed to me, by M. de Brender, and even by 'Prince Eugene, to accompany him to Berlin.' Which, of course, I did; taking Ruppin first. 'I arrived at Berlin from Ruppin, in 1734, two 'days after the marriage of Friedrich Wilhelm Margraf of Schwedt' (Ill Margraf's elder Brother, wildest wild-beast of this Camp) 'with the 'Princess Sophie,'—that is to say, 12th of November; Marriage having been on the 10th, as the Books teach us. Chasot remembers that, on the 14th, 'the Crown-Prince gave, in his Berlin mansion, a dinner to 'all the Royal Family,' in honour of that auspicious wedding.[36]

Thus is Chasot established with the Crown-Prince. He will turn-up fighting well in subsequent parts of this History; and again duelling fatally, though nothing of a quarrelsome man, as he asserts.

Crown-Prince's Visit to Baireuth on the Way home.

October 4th, the Crown-Prince has parted with Prince Eugene, —not to meet again in this world; 'an old hero gone to the shadow of himself,' says the Crown-Prince;[37]—and is giving his Prussian War-Captains a farewell dinner at Frankfurt-on-Mayn; having himself led the Ten Thousand so far, towards Winter-quarters, and handing them over now to their usual commanders. They are to winter in Westphalia, these Ten Thousand, in the Paderborn-Münster Country; where they are nothing like welcome to the Ruling Powers; nor are intended to be so,—Kur-Köln (proprietor there) and his Brother of Bavaria having openly French leanings. The Prussian Ten Thousand will have to help themselves to the essential, therefore, without welcome;—and things are not pleasant. And the Ruling Powers, by protocolling, still more the Commonalty if it try at mobbing,[38] can only make them worse. Indeed it is said the Ten Thousand, though their

[36] Kurd von Schlözer, *Chasot* (Berlin, 1856), pp. 20-22. A pleasant little Book; tolerably accurate, and of very readable quality.

[37] *Œuvres* (*Mém. de Brandebourg*), i. 167.

[38] '28th March 1735' (Fassmann, p. 547); Buchholz, i. 136.

bearing was so perfect otherwise, generally behaved rather ill in their marches over Germany, during this War,—and always worst, it was remarked by observant persons, in the countries (Bamberg and Würzburg, for instance) where their officers had in past years been in recruiting troubles. Whereby observant persons explained the phenomenon to themselves. But we omit all that; our concern lying elsewhere. 'Directly after dinner at Frankfurt,' the Crown-Prince drives off, rapidly as his wont is, towards Baireuth. He arrives there on the morrow; 'October 5th,' says Wilhelmina,—who again illuminates him to us, though with oblique lights, for an instant.

Wilhelmina was in low spirits:—weak health; add funeral of the Prince of Culmbach (killed in the Battle of Parma), illness of Papa, and other sombre events:—and was by no means content with the Crown-Prince, on this occasion. Strangely altered since we met him in July last! It may be, the Crown-Prince, looking, with an airy buoyancy of mind, towards a certain Event probably near, has got his young head inflated a little, and carries himself with a height new to this beloved Sister;—but probably the sad humour of the Princess herself has a good deal to do with it. Alas, the contrast between a heart knowing secretly its own bitterness, and a friend's heart conscious of joy and triumph, is harsh and shocking to the former of the two! Here is the Princess's account; with the subtrahend, twenty-five or seventy-five per cent, *not* deducted from it:

'My Brother arrived, the 5th of October. He seemed to me put-out '(*décontenancé*); and to break-off conversation with me, he said he had 'to write to the King and Queen. I ordered him pen and paper. He 'wrote in my room; and spent more than a good hour in writing a 'couple of Letters, of a line or two each. He then had all the Court, 'one after the other, introduced to him; said nothing to any of them, 'looked merely with a mocking air at them; after which we went to dinner.

'Here his whole conversation consisted in quizzing (*turlupiner*) what-'ever he saw; and repeating to me, above a hundred times over, the 'words "little Prince," "little Court." I was shocked; and could not 'understand how he had changed so suddenly towards me. The etiquette 'of all Courts in the Empire is, that nobody who has not at the least 'the rank of Captain can sit at a Prince's table: my Brother put a 'Lieutenant there, who was in his suite; saying to me, "A King's 'Lieutenants are as good as a Margraf's Ministers." I swallowed this 'incivility, and showed no sign.

'After dinner, being alone with me, he said,'—turning up the flippant side of his thoughts, truly, in a questionable way:—'"Our Sire is 'going to end (*tire à sa fin*); he will not live-out this month. I know 'I have made you great promises; but I am not in a condition to keep 'them. I will give you up the Half of the sum which the late King" '(our Grandfather) "lent you;[39] I think you will have every reason to 'be satisfied with that." I answered, That my regard for him had 'never been of an interested nature; that I would never ask anything 'of him, but the continuance of his friendship; and did not wish one 'sou, if it would in the least inconvenience him. "No, no," said he, '"you shall have those 100,000 thalers; I have destined them for 'you.—People will be much surprised," continued he, "to see me act 'quite differently from what they had expected. They imagine I am 'going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will become as common 'as pebbles at Berlin: but they will find I know better. I mean to 'increase my Army, and to leave all other things on the old footing. 'I will have every consideration for the Queen my Mother, and will 'sate her (*rassasierai*) with honours; but I do not mean that she shall 'meddle in my affairs; and if she try it, she will find so."' What a speech; what an outbreak of candour in the young man, pre-occupied with his own great thoughts and difficulties,—to the exclusion of any other person's!

'I fell from the clouds, on hearing all that; and knew not if I was 'sleeping or waking. He then questioned me on the affairs of this 'Country. I gave him the detail of them. He said to me: "When 'your goose (*benêt*) of a Father-in-law dies, I advise you to break-up 'the whole Court, and reduce yourselves to the footing of a private 'gentleman's establishment, in order to pay your debts. In real truth, 'you have no need of so many people; and you must try also to reduce 'the wages of those whom you cannot help keeping. You have been 'accustomed to live at Berlin with a table of four dishes; that is all you 'want here: and I will invite you now and then to Berlin; which will 'spare table and housekeeping."

'For a long while my heart had been getting big; I could not restrain 'my tears, at hearing all these indignities. "Why do you cry?" said 'he: "Ah, ah, you are in low spirits, I see. We must dissipate that 'dark humour. The music waits us; I will drive that fit out of you by 'an air or two on the flute." He gave me his hand, and led me into 'the other room. I sat down to the harpsichord; which I inundated '(*inondai*) with my tears. Marwitz' (my artful Demoiselle d'Atours, perhaps too artful in time coming) 'placed herself opposite me, so as 'to hide from the others what disorder I was in.'[40]

[39] Suprà, pp. 45, 46.

[40] Wilhelmina, ii. 216-218.

For the last two days of the visit, Wilhelmina admits her Brother was a little kinder. But on the fourth day there came, by estafette, a Letter from the Queen, conjuring him to return without delay, the King growing worse and worse. Wilhelmina, who loved her Father, and whose outlooks in case of his decease appeared to be so little flattering, was overwhelmed with sorrow. Of her Brother, however, she strove to forget that strange outbreak of candour; and parted with him as if all were mended between them again. Nay, the day after his departure, there goes a beautifully affectionate Letter to him; which we could give, if there were room:[41] 'the happiest time I ever in my life had;' 'my 'heart so full of gratitude and so sensibly touched;' 'every one 'repeating the words "dear Brother" and "charming Prince-'Royal:"'—a Letter in very lively contrast to what we have just been reading. A Prince-Royal not without charm, in spite of the hard practicalities he is meditating, obliged to meditate!—

As to the outbreak of candour, offensive to Wilhelmina and us, we suppose her report of it to be in substance true, though of exaggerated, perhaps perverted tone; and it is worth the reader's notice, with these deductions. The truth is, our charming Princess is always liable to a certain subtrahend. In 1744, when she wrote those *Mémoires*, 'in a Summerhouse at Baireuth,' her Brother and she, owing mainly to go-betweens acting on the susceptible female heart, were again in temporary quarrel (the longest and worst they ever had), and hardly on speaking terms; which of itself made her heart very heavy;—not to say that Marwitz, the too artful Demoiselle, seemed to have stolen her Husband's affections from the poor Princess, and made the world look all a little grim to her. These circumstances have given their colour to parts of her Narrative, and are not to be forgotten by readers.

The Crown-Prince,—who goes by Dessau, lodging for a night with the Old Dessauer, and writes affectionately to his Sister from that place, their Letters crossing on the road,—gets home on the 12th to Potsdam. October 12th, 1734, he has ended his Rhine Campaign, in that manner;—and sees his poor Father, with a great many other feelings besides those expressed in the dialogue at Baireuth.

[41] *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 23.

CHAPTER XI.

IN PAPA'S SICK-ROOM; PRUSSIAN INSPECTIONS: END OF WAR.

It appears, Friedrich met a cordial reception in the sick-room at Potsdam; and, in spite of his levities to Wilhelmina, was struck to the heart by what he saw there. For months to come, he seems to be continually running between Potsdam and Ruppin, eager to minister to his sick Father, when military leave is procurable. Other fact about him, other aspect of him, in those months, is not on record for us.

Of his young Madam, or Princess-Royal, peaceably resident at Berlin or at Schönhausen, and doing the vacant officialities, formal visitings and the like, we hear nothing; of Queen Sophie and the others, nothing: anxious, all of them, no doubt, about the event at Potsdam, and otherwise silent to us. His Majesty's illness, comes and goes; now hope, and again almost none. Margraf of Schwedt and his young Bride, we already know, were married in November; and Lieutenant Chasot (two days old in Berlin) told us, there was Dinner by the Crown-Prince to all the Royal Family on that occasion;—poor Majesty out at Potsdam languishing in the background, meanwhile.

His Carnival the Crown-Prince passes naturally at Berlin. We find he takes a good deal to the French Ambassador, one Marquis de la Chétardie; a showy restless character, of fame in the Gazettes of that time; who did much intriguing at Petersburg some years hence, first in a signally triumphant way, and then in a signally untriumphant; and is not now worth any knowledge but a transient accidental one. Chétardie came hither about Stanislaus and his affairs; tried hard, but in vain, to tempt Friedrich Wilhelm into interference;—is naturally anxious to captivate the Crown-Prince, in present circumstances.

Friedrich Wilhelm lay at Potsdam, between death and life, for almost four months to come; the Newspapers speculating much on his situation; political people extremely anxious what would become of him,—or in fact, when he would die; for that

was considered the likely issue. Fassmann gives dolorous clippings from the *Leyden Gazette*, all in a blubber of tears, according to the then fashion, but full of impertinent curiosity withal. And from the Seckendorf private Papers there are Extracts of a still more inquisitive and notable character: Seckendorf and the Kaiser having an intense interest in this painful occurrence.

Seckendorf is not now himself at Berlin; but running much about, on other errands; can only see Friedrich Wilhelm, if at all, in a passing way. And even this will soon cease;—and in fact, to us it is by far the most excellent result of this French-Austrian War, that it carries Seckendorf clear away; who now quits Berlin and the Diplomatic line, and obligingly goes out of our sight henceforth. The old Ordnance-Master, as an Imperial General of rank, is needed now for War-Service, if he has any skill that way. In those late months, he was duly in attendance at Philipsburg and the Rhine-Campaign, in a subaltern torpid capacity, like Brunswick-Bevern and the others; ready for work, had there been any: but next season, he expects to have a Division of his own, and to do something considerable.—In regard to Berlin and the Diplomacies, he has appointed a Nephew of his, a Seckendorf Junior, to take his place there; to keep the old machinery in gear, if nothing more; and furnish copious reports during the present crisis. These Reports of Seckendorf Junior,—full of eavesdroppings, got from a *Kammermohr* (Nigger Lackey), who waits in the sick-room at Potsdam, and is sensible to bribes,—have been printed; and we mean to glance slightly into them. But as to Seckendorf Senior, readers can entertain the fixed hope that they have at length done with him; that, in these our premises, we shall never see him again; —nay shall see him, on extraneous dim fields, far enough away, smarting and suffering, till even we are almost sorry for the old knave!—

Friedrich Wilhelm's own prevailing opinion is, that he cannot recover. His bodily sufferings are great: dropsically swollen, sometimes like to be choked: no bed that he can bear to lie on; —oftenest rolls about in a Bath-chair; very heavy-laden indeed; and I think of tenderer humour than in former sicknesses. To the Old Dessauer he writes, few days after getting home to Potsdam: 'I am ready to quit the world, as Your Dilection knows, 'and has various times heard me say. One ship sails faster, 'another slower; but they come all to one haven. Let it be with

'me, then, as the Most High has determined for me.'[1] He has settled his affairs, Fassmann says, so far as possible; settled the order of his funeral, How he is to be buried, in the Garrison Church of Potsdam, without pomp or fuss, like a Prussian Soldier; and what regiment or regiments it is that are to do the triple volley over him, by way of finis and long farewell. His soul's interests too,—we need not doubt he is in deep conference, in deep consideration about these; though nothing is said on that point. A serious man always, much feeling what immense facts he was surrounded with; and here is now the summing-up of all facts. Occasionally, again, he has hopes; orders up 'two hundred of his Potsdam Giants to march through the sick-room,' since he cannot get out to them; or old Generals, Buddenbrock, Waldau, come and take their pipe there, in reminiscence of a Tabagie. Here, direct from the fountain-head, or Nigger Lackey bribed by Seckendorf Junior, is a notice or two:

'*Potsdam, September* 30*th*, 1734. Yesterday, for half an hour, the 'King could get no breath: he keeps them continually rolling him 'about' in his Bath-chair, 'over the room, and cries: "*Luft, Luft*(Air, 'air)!"

'*October* 2*d*. The King is not going to die just yet; but will scarcely 'see Christmas. He gets-on his clothes; argues with the Doctors, is 'impatient; won't have people speak of his illness;—is quite black in 'the face; drinks nothing but *Moll*' (which we suppose to be small bitter beer), 'takes physic, writes in bed.'

'*October* 5*th*. The Nigger tells me things are better. The King 'begins to bring-up phlegm; drinks a great deal of oatmeal-water' (*Hafergrützwasser*, comfortable to the sick); 'says to the Nigger: "Pray 'diligently, all of you; perhaps I shall not die!"'

October 5th: this is the day the Crown-Prince arrives at Baireuth; to be called away by express four days after. How valuable, at Vienna or elsewhere, our dark friend the Lackey's medical opinion is, may be gathered from this other Entry, three weeks farther on,—enough to suffice us on that head:

'The Nigger tells me he has a bad opinion of the King's health. If 'you roll the King a little fast in his Bath-chair, you hear the water 'jumble in his body,'—with astonishment! 'King gets into passions;

[1] Orlich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege* (Berlin, 1841), i. 14. 'From the Dessau Archives; date, 21st September 1734.'

'has beaten the pages' (may we hope, our dark friend among the rest?), 'so that it was feared apoplexy would take him.'

This will suffice for the physiological part; let us now hear our poor friend on the Crown-Prince and his arrival:

'*October* 12*th*. Return of the Prince-Royal to Potsdam; tender re-'ception.—*October* 21*st*. Things look ill in Potsdam. The other leg is 'now also begun running; and above a quart (*maas*) of water has come 'from it. Without a miracle, the King cannot live,'—thinks our dark friend. 'The Prince-Royal is truly affected (*véritablement attendri*) at 'the King's situation; has his eyes full of water, has wept the eyes 'out of his head: has schemed in all ways to contrive a commodious 'bed for the King; wouldn't go away from Potsdam. King forced him 'away; he is to return Saturday afternoon. The Prince-Royal has been 'heard to say, "If the King will let me live in my own way, I would 'give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years." King always 'calls him Fritzchen. But Fritzchen,' thinks Seckendorf Junior, knows 'nothing about business. The King is aware of it; and said in the face 'of him one day: "If thou begin at the wrong end with things, and 'all go topsy-turvy after I am gone, I will laugh at thee out of my 'grave!"'[2]—

So Friedrich Wilhelm; labouring amid the mortal quicksands; looking into the Inevitable, in various moods. But the memorablest speech he made to Fritzchen or to anybody at present, was that covert one about the Kaiser and Seckendorf, and the sudden flash of insight he got, from some word of Seckendorf's into what they had been meaning with him all along. Riding through the Village of Priort, in debate about Vienna politics of a strange nature, Seckendorf said something, which illuminated his Majesty, dark for so many years, and showed him where he was. A ghastly horror of a country, yawning indisputable there; revealed to one as if by momentary lightning, in that manner! This is a speech which all the Ambassadors report, and which was already mentioned by us,—in reference to that opprobrious Proposal about the Crown-Prince's Marriage, "Marry with England, after all; never mind breaking your word!" Here is the manner of it, with time and place:

'Sunday last,' Sunday 17th October 1734, reports Seckendorf Junior, through the Nigger or some better witness, 'the King said to the Prince-'Royal: "My dear Son, I tell thee I got my death at Priort. I entreat

[2] Seckendorf (*Baron*), *Journal Secret;* cited in Förster, ii. 142.

'thee, above all things in the world, don't trust those people (*denen 'Leuten*), however many promises they make. That day, it was April '17th, 1733, there was a man said something to me: it was as if you had 'turned a dagger round in my heart."'[3]—

Figure that, spoken from amid the dark sick whirlpools, the mortal quicksands, in Friedrich Wilhelm's voice, clangorously plaintive; what a wild sincerity, almost pathos, is in it; and whether Fritzchen, with his eyes all bewept even for what Papa had suffered in that matter, felt lively gratitudes to the House of Austria at this moment!—

It was four months after, '21st January 1735,'[4] when the King first got back to Berlin, to enlighten the eyes of the Carnival a little, as his wont had been. The crisis of his Majesty's illness is over, present danger gone; and the Carnival people, not without some real gladness, though probably with less than they pretend, can report him well again. Which is far from being the fact, if they knew it. Friedrich Wilhelm is on his feet again; but he never more was well. Nor has he forgotten that word at Priort, 'like the turning of a dagger in one's heart;'—and indeed gets himself continually reminded of it by practical commentaries from the Vienna Quarter.

In April, Prince Lichtenstein arrives on Embassy with three requests or demands from Vienna: '1. That, besides the Ten 'Thousand due by Treaty, his Majesty would send his Reich's-'Contingent,'—*not* comprehended in those Ten Thousand, thinks the Kaiser. '2°. That he would have the goodness to dismiss 'Marquis de la Chétardie the French Ambassador, as a plainly 'superfluous person at a well-affected German Court in present 'circumstances;'—person excessively dangerous, should the present Majesty die, Crown-Prince being so fond of that Chétardie. '3°. 'That his Prussian Majesty do give-up the false Polish Majesty 'Stanislaus, and no longer harbour him in East Preussen or else-'where.' The whole of which demands his Prussian Majesty refuses; the latter two especially, as something notably high on the Kaiser's part, or on any mortal's, to a free Sovereign and Gentleman. Prince Lichtenstein is eloquent, conciliatory; but it avails not. He has to go home empty-handed;—manages to leave with Herr von Suhm, who took care of it for us, that Anecdote of

[3] Seckendorf (*Baron*), *Journal Secret;* cited in Förster, ii. 142.
[4] Fassmann, p. 533.

the Crown-Prince's behaviour under cannon-shot from Philipsburg last year; and does nothing else recordable, in Berlin.

The Crown-Prince's hopes were set, with all eagerness, on getting to the Rhine-Campaign next ensuing; nor did the King refuse, for a long while, but still less did he consent; and in the end there came nothing of it. From an early period of the year, Friedrich Wilhelm sees too well what kind of campaigning the Kaiser will now make; at a certain Wedding-dinner where his Majesty was,—precisely a fortnight after his Majesty's arrival in Berlin,—Seckendorf Junior has got, by eavesdropping, this utterance of his Majesty's: "The Kaiser has not a groschen of money. His Army "in Lombardy is gone to Twenty-four Thousand men, will have to "retire into the Mountains. Next campaign" (just coming) "he "will lose Mantua and the Tyrol. God's righteous judgment it is: "a War like this! Comes of flinging old principles overboard,— "of meddling in business that was none of yours;" and more, of a plangent alarming nature.[5]

Friedrich Wilhelm sends back his Ten Thousand, according to contract, sends, over and above, a beautiful stock of 'copper pontoons' to help the Imperial Majesty in that River Country, says Fassmann;—sends also a supernumerary Troop of Hussars, who are worth mentioning, 'Six-score horse of Hussar type,' under one Captain Ziethen, a taciturn, much-enduring, much-observing man, whom we shall see again: these are to be diligently helpful, as is natural; but they are also, for their own behoof, to be diligently observant, and learn the Austrian Hussar methods, which his Majesty last year saw to be much superior. Nobody that knows Ziethen doubts but he learnt; Hussar-Colonel Baronay, his Austrian teacher here, became too well convinced of it when they met on a future occasion.[6] All this his Majesty did for the ensuing campaign: but as to the Crown-Prince's going thither, after repeated requests on his part, it is at last signified to him, deep in the season, that it cannot be: "Won't answer for a Crown-Prince to be sharer in such a Campaign;—be patient, my good Fritzchen, I will find other work for thee."[7] Fritzchen is sent into Preussen, to do the Reviewings and Inspections there; Papa not being able for them this season; and strict manifold Inspection, in those

[5] Förster, ii. 144 (and *date* it from *Militair-Lexikon*, ii. 54).

[6] *Life of Ziethen* (veridical but inexact, by the Frau von Blumenthal, a kinswoman of his; English Translation, very ill printed, Berlin, 1803), p. 54.

[7] Friedrich's Letter, 5th September 1735; Friedrich Wilhelm's Answer next day (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, 93-95).

parts, being more than usually necessary, owing to the Russian-Polish troubles. On this errand, which is clearly a promotion, though in present circumstances not a welcome one for the Crown-Prince, he sets out without delay; and passes there the equinoctial and autumnal season, in a much more useful way than he could have done in the Rhine-Campaign.

In the Rhine-Moselle Country and elsewhere the poor Kaiser does exert himself to make a Campaign of it; but without the least success. Having not a groschen of money, how could he succeed? Noailles, as foreseen, manœuvres him, hitch after hitch, out of Italy; French are greatly superior, more especially when Montemar, having once got Carlos crowned in Naples and put secure, comes to assist the French; Kaiser has to lean for shelter on the Tyrol Alps, as predicted. Italy, all but some sieging of strong places, may be considered as lost for the present.

Nor on the Rhine did things go better. Old Eugene, 'the shadow of himself,' had no more effect this year than last: nor, though Lacy and Ten Thousand Russians came as allies, Poland being all settled now, could the least good be done. Reich's-Feldmarschall Karl Alexander of Würtemberg did 'burn a Magazine' (probably of hay among better provender), by his bomb-shells, on one occasion. Also the Prussian Ten Thousand,—Old Dessauer leading them, General Röder having fallen ill,—burnt something: an Islet in the Rhine, if I recollect, 'Islet of Lorch near Bingen,' where the French had a post; which and whom the Old Dessauer burnt away. And then Seckendorf, at the head of Thirty Thousand, he, after long delays, marched to Trarbach in the interior Moselle Country; and got into some explosive sputter of battle with Belleisle, one afternoon,—some say, rather beating Belleisle; but a good judge says, it was a mutual flurry and terror they threw one another into.[8] Seckendorf meant to try again on the morrow: but there came an estafette that night: 'Preliminaries signed (Vienna, 3d October 1735);—try no farther!'[9] And this was the second Rhine-Campaign, and the end of the Kaiser's French War. The Sea-Powers, steadily refusing money, diligently run about, offering terms of arbitration; and the Kaiser, beaten at every point, and reduced to his last groschen, is obliged to comply. He will have a

[8] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, i. 168.

[9] 'Cessation is to be, 5th November for Germany, 15th for Italy; Preliminaries' were, Vienna, '3d October' 1735 (Schöll, ii. 245).

pretty bill to pay for his Polish-Election frolic, were the settlement done! Fleury is pacific, full of bland candour to the Sea-Powers; the Kaiser, after long higgling upon articles, will have to accept the bill.

The Crown-Prince, meanwhile, has a successful journey into Preussen; sees new interesting scenes, Salzburg Emigrants, exiled Polish Majesties; inspects the soldiering, the schooling, the tax-gathering, the domain-farming, with a perspicacity, a dexterity and completeness that much pleases Papa. Fractions of the Reports sent home exist for us: let the reader take a glance of one only; the first of the series; dated *Marienwerder* (just across the Weichsel, fairly out of Polish Preussen and into our own), 27th September 1735, and addressed to the 'Most All-gracious King and Father;'—abridged for the reader's behoof:

* * 'In Polish Preussen, lately the Seat of War, things look hideously 'waste; one sees nothing but women and a few children; it is said the 'people are mostly running away,'—owing to the Russian-Polish procedures there, in consequence of the blessed Election they have had. King August, whom your Majesty is not in love with, has prevailed at this rate of expense. King Stanislaus, protected by your Majesty in spite of Kaisers and Czarinas, waits in Königsberg, till the Peace, now supposed to be coming, say what is to become of him: once in Königsberg, I shall have the pleasure to see him. 'A detachment of five-and-'twenty Saxon Dragoons of the Regiment Arnstedt, marching towards 'Dantzig, met me: their horses were in tolerable case; but some are 'piebald, some sorrel, and some brown among them,' which will be shocking to your Majesty, 'and the people did not look well.' * *

'Got hither to Marienwerder, last night: have inspected the two 'Companies which are here, that is to say, Lieutenant-Col. Meier's and 'Rittmeister Hans's. In very good trim, both of them; and though 'neither the men nor their horses are of extraordinary size, they are 'handsome well-drilled fellows, and a fine set of stiff-built horses '(*gedrungenen Pferden*). The fellows sit them like pictures (*reiten wie 'die Puppen*); I saw them do their wheelings. Meier has some fine 'recruits; in particular two;'—nor has the Rittmeister been wanting in that respect. 'Young horses' too are coming well on, sleek of skin. In short, all is right on the military side.[10]

Civil business, too, of all kinds, the Crown-Prince looked into, with a sharp intelligent eye;—gave praise, gave censure in the

[10] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 97.

right place; put various things on a straight footing, which were awry when he found them. In fact, it is Papa's second self; looks into the bottom of all things quite as Papa would have done, and is fatal to mendacities, practical or vocal, wherever he meets them. What a joy to Papa: "Here, after all, is one that can replace me, in case of accident. This Apprentice of mine, after all, he has fairly learned the Art; and will continue it when I am gone!"—

Yes, your Majesty, it is a Prince-Royal wise to recognise your Majesty's rough wisdom, on all manner of points; will not be a Devil's-*friend*, I think, any more than your Majesty was. Here truly are rare talents; like your Majesty and unlike;—and has a steady swiftness in him, as of an eagle, over and above! Such powers of practical judgment, of skilful action, are rare in one's twenty-third year. And still rarer, have readers noted what a power of holding his peace this young man has? Fruit of his sufferings, of the hard life he has had. Most important power; under which all other useful ones will more and more ripen for him. This Prince already knows his own mind, on a good many points; privately, amid the world's vague clamour jargoning round him to no purpose, he is capable of having *his* mind made up into definite Yes and No,—so as will surprise us one day.

Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive,[11] was in a high degree content with this performance of the Prussian Mission: a very great comfort to his sick mind, in those months and afterwards. Here are talents, here are qualities,—visibly the Friedrich-Wilhelm stuff throughout, but cast in an infinitely improved type:—what a blessing we did not cut off that young Head, at the Kaiser's dictation, in former years!—

At Königsberg, as we learn in a dim indirect manner, the Crown-Prince sees King Stanislaus twice or thrice,—not formally, lest there be political offence taken, but incidentally at the houses of third-parties;—and is much pleased with the old gentleman; who is of cultivated good-natured ways, and has surely many curious things, from Charles XII. downwards, to tell a young man.[12] Stanislaus has abundance of useless refugee Polish Magnates about him, with their useless crowds of servants, and no money in pocket; Königsberg all on flutter, with their draperies and them, 'like a little Warsaw:' so that Stanislaus's big French pension, moderate Prussian monthly allowance, and all resources, are inadequate;

[11] His Letter, 24th Oct. 1735. (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 99.)
[12] Came 8th October, went 21st (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p. 98).

and, in fact, in the end, these Magnates had to vanish, many of them, without settling their accounts in Königsberg.[13] For the present they wait here, Stanislaus and they, till Fleury and the Kaiser, shaking the urn of doom in abstruse treaty after battle, decide what is to become of them.

Friedrich returned to Dantzig: saw that famous City, and late scene of War; tracing with lively interest the footsteps of Münnich and his Siege operations,—some of which are much blamed by judges, and by this young Soldier among the rest. There is a pretty Letter of his from Dantzig, turning mainly on those points. Letter written to his young Brother-in-law, Karl of Brunswick, who is now become Duke there; Grandfather and Father both dead;[14] and has just been blessed with an Heir, to boot. Congratulation on the birth of this Heir is the formal purport of the Letter, though it runs ever and anon into a military strain. Here are some sentences in a condensed form:

'*Dantzig*, 26*th October* 1735. * * Thank my dear Sister for her 'services. I am charmed that she has made you papa with so good a 'grace. I fear you won't stop there; but will go on peopling the world,' —one knows not to what extent,—'with your amiable race. Would 'have written sooner; but I am just returning from the depths of the 'barbarous Countries; and having been charged with innumerable com- 'missions which I did not understand too well, had no good possibility 'to think or to write.

'I have viewed all the Russian labours in these parts; have had the 'assault on the Hagelsberg narrated to me; been on the grounds;— 'and own I had a better opinion of Marshal Münnich than to think him 'capable of so distracted an enterprise.[15] * * Adieu, my dear Brother. 'My compliments to the amiable young Mother. Tell her, I beg you, 'that her proof-essays are masterpieces (*coups d'essai sont des coups de 'maître*).' * * 'Your most' &c.—'FRÉDÉRIC.'

The Brunswick Masterpiece, achieved on this occasion, grew to be a man and Duke, famous enough in the Newspapers in time

[13] *History of Stanislaus.*

[14] Grandfather, 1st March 1735; Father (who lost the *Lines of Ettlingen* lately in our sight), 3d September 1735. Suprà, p. 232.

[15] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 2d, p. 31. Pressed for time, and in want of battering-cannon, he attempted to seize this Hagelsberg, one of the outlying defences of Dantzig, by nocturnal storm; lost two thousand men; and retired, *without* doing 'what was flatly impossible,' thinks the Crown-Prince. See Mannstein, pp. 77-79, for an account of it.

coming: Champagne, 1792; Jena, 1806; George IV.'s Queen Caroline; these and other distracted phenomena (pretty much blotting-out the earlier better sort), still keep him hanging painfully in men's memory. From his birth, now in this Prussian Journey of our Crown-Prince, to his death-stroke on the Field of Jena, what a Seventy-one years!—

Fleury and the Kaiser, though it is long before the signature and last finish can take place, are come to terms of settlement, at the Crown-Prince's return; and it is known, in political circles, what the Kaiser's Polish-Election damages will probably amount to. Here are, in substance, the only conditions that could be got for him:

'1°. Baby Carlos, crowned in Naples, cannot be pulled out again: 'Naples, the Two Sicilies, are gone without return. That is the first 'loss; please Heaven it be the worst! On the other hand, Baby Carlos 'will, as some faint compensation, surrender to your Imperial Majesty 'his Parma and Piacenza apanages; and you shall get back your Lom-'bardy,—all but a scantling which we fling to the Sardinian Majesty; 'who is a good deal huffed, having had possession of the Milanese these 'two years past, in terms of his bargain with Fleury. Pacific Fleury 'says to him: "Bargain cannot be kept, your Majesty; please to quit 'the Milanese again, and put-up with this scantling."

'2°. The Crown of Poland, August III. has got it, by Russian bom-'bardings and other measures: Crown shall stay with August,—all the 'rather as there would be no dispossessing him, at this stage. He was 'your Imperial Majesty's Candidate; let him be the winner there, for 'your Imperial Majesty's comfort.

'3°. And then as to poor Stanislaus? Well, let Stanislaus be Titular 'Majesty of Poland for life;—which indeed will do little for him:— 'but in addition, we propose, That, the Dukedom of Lorraine being now 'in our hands, Majesty Stanislaus have the life-rent of Lorraine to subsist 'upon; and—and that Lorraine fall to us of France on his decease!— '"Lorraine?" exclaim the Kaiser, and the Reich, and the Kaiser's in-'tended Son-in-law Franz Duke of Lorraine. There is indeed a loss and 'a disgrace; a heavy item in the Election damages!

'4°. As to Duke Franz, there is a remedy. The old Duke of Florence, 'last of the Medici, is about to die childless: let the now Duke of 'Lorraine, your Imperial Majesty's intended Son-in-law, have Florence 'instead.—And so it had to be settled. "Lorraine? To Stanislaus, to 'France?" exclaimed the poor Kaiser, still more the poor Reich, and 'poor Duke Franz. This was the bitterest cut of all; but there was no 'getting past it. This too had to be allowed, this item for the Election

'breakages in Poland. And so France, after nibbling for several centuries, 'swallows Lorraine whole. Duke Franz attempted to stand out; remon- 'strated much, with Kaiser and Horrath, at Vienna, on this unheard-of 'proposal: but they told him it was irremediable; told him at last (one 'Bartenstein, a famed Aulic Official, told him), "No Lorraine, no Arch- 'duchess, your Serenity!"—and Franz had to comply. Lorraine is 'gone; cunning Fleury has swallowed it whole. "That was what he 'meant in picking this quarrel!" said Teutschland mournfully. Fleury 'was very pacific, candid in aspect to the Sea-Powers and others; and 'did not crow afflictively, did not say what he had meant.

'5°. One immense consolation for the Kaiser, if for no other, is: 'France guarantees the Pragmatic Sanction,—though with very great 'difficulty; spending a couple of years, chiefly on this latter point as was 'thought.[16] How it kept said guarantee, will be seen in the sequel.'

And these were the damages the poor Kaiser had to pay for meddling in Polish Elections; for galloping thither in chase of his Shadows. No such account of broken windows was ever presented to a man before. This may be considered as the consummation of the Kaiser's Shadow-Hunt; or at least its igniting and exploding point. His Duel with the Termagant has at last ended; in total defeat to him on every point. Shadow-Hunt does not end; though it is now mostly vanished; exploded in fire. Shadow-Hunt is now gone all to Pragmatic Sanction, as it were: that now is the one thing left in Nature for a Kaiser; and that he will love, and chase, as the summary of all things. From this point he steadily goes down, and at a rapid rate;—getting into disastrous Turk Wars, with as little preparation for War or Fact as a life-long Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes; Eugene gone from him, and nothing but Seckendorfs to manage for him;—and sinks to a low pitch indeed. We will leave him here; shall hope to see but little more of him.

In the summer of 1736, in consequence of these arrangements, —which were completed so far, though difficulties on Pragmatic Sanction and other points retarded the final signature for many months longer,—the Titular Majesty Stanislaus girt himself together for departure towards his new Dominion or Life-rent; quitted Königsberg; traversed Prussian Poland, safe this time, 'under escort of Lieutenant-General von Katte' (our poor Katte of Cüstrin's Father) 'and fifty cuirassiers;' reached Berlin in the middle of May, under flowerier aspects than usual. He travelled

[16] Treaty on *it* not signed till 18th November 1738 (Schöll, ii. 246).

under the title of 'Count' Something, and alighted at the French Ambassador's in Berlin: but Friedrich Wilhelm treated him like a real Majesty, almost like a real Brother; had him over to the Palace; rushed out to meet him there, I forget how many steps beyond the proper limits; and was hospitality itself and munificence itself;—and, in fact, that night and all the other nights, 'they smoked above thirty pipes together,' for one item. May 21st, 1736,[17] Ex-Majesty Stanislaus went on his way again; towards France,—towards Meudon, a quiet Royal House in France,—till Lunéville, Nanci, and their Lorraine Palaces are quite ready. There, in these latter, he at length does find resting-place, poor innocent insipid mortal, after such tossings to and fro: and M. de Voltaire, and others of mark, having sometimes enlivened the insipid Court there, Titular King Stanislaus has still a kind of remembrance among mankind.

Of his Prussian Majesty we said that, though the Berlin populations reported him well again, it was not so. The truth is, his Majesty was never well again. From this point, age only forty-seven, he continues broken in bodily constitution; clogged more and more with physical impediments; and his History, personal and political withal, is as that of an old man, finishing his day. To the last he pulls steadily, neglecting no business, suffering nothing to go wrong. Building operations go on at Berlin; pushed more than ever, in these years, by the rigorous Derschau, who has got that in charge. No man of money or rank in Berlin but Derschau is upon him, with heavier and heavier compulsion to build: which is felt to be tyrannous; and occasions an ever-deepening grumble among the moneyed classes. At Potsdam his Majesty himself is the Builder; and gives the Houses away to persons of merit.[18]

Nor is the Army less an object, perhaps almost more. Nay, at one time, old Kur-Pfalz being reckoned in a dying condition, Friedrich Wilhelm is about ranking his men, prepared to fight for his rights in Jülich and Berg; Kaiser having openly gone over, and joined with France against his Majesty in that matter. However, the old Kur-Pfalz did not die, and there came nothing

[17] Förster (i. 227), following loose Pöllnitz (ii. 478), dates it 1735: a more considerable error, if looked into, than is usual in Herr Förster; who is not an ill-informed nor inexact man;—though, alas, in respect of method (that is to say, *want* of visible method, indication, or human arrangement), probably the most confused of all the Germans!

[18] Pöllnitz, ii. 469.

of fight in Friedrich Wilhelm's time. But his History, on the political side, is henceforth mainly a commentary to him on that "word" he heard in Priort, "which was as if you had turned a dagger in my heart!" With the Kaiser he is fallen out: there arise unfriendly passages between them, sometimes sarcastic on Friedrich Wilhelm's part, in reference to this very War now ended. Thus, when complaint rose about the Prussian misbehaviours on their late marches (misbehaviours notable in Countries where their recruiting operations had been troubled), the Kaiser took a high severe tone, not assuaging, rather aggravating the matter; and, for his own share, winded-up by a strict prohibition of Prussian recruiting in any and every part of the Imperial Dominions. Which Friedrich Wilhelm took extremely ill. This is from a letter of his to the Crown-Prince, and after the first gust of wrath had spent itself: 'It is a clear disadvantage, this prohibition of 'recruiting in the Kaiser's Countries. That is our thanks for the 'Ten Thousand men sent him, and for all the deference I have 'shown the Kaiser at all times; and by this you may see that it 'would be of no use if one even sacrificed oneself to him. So long 'as they need us, they continue to flatter; but no sooner is the 'strait thought to be over, and help not wanted, than they pull-'off the mask, and have not the least acknowledgment. The 'considerations that will occur to you on this matter may put it 'in your power to be prepared against similar occasions in time 'coming.'[19]

Thus, again, in regard to the winter-quarters of the Ziethen Hussars. Prussian Majesty, we recollect, had sent a Supernumerary Squadron to the last Campaign on the Rhine. They were learning their business, Friedrich Wilhelm knew; but also were fighting for the Kaiser,—that was what the Kaiser knew about them. Somewhat to his surprise, in the course of next year, Friedrich Wilhelm received, from the Vienna War-Office, a little Bill of 10,284 florins (1,028*l.* 8*s.*) charged to *him* for the winter-quarters of these Hussars. He at once paid the little Bill, with only this observation: 'Heartily glad that I can help the Imperial '*Ærarium* with that 1,028*l.* 8*s.* With the sincerest wishes for 'hundred-thousandfold increase to it in said *Ærarium;* otherwise 'it won't go very far!'[20]

At a later period, in the course of his disastrous Turk War

[19] 6th February 1736: *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, p 102.
[20] Letter to Seckendorf (*Senior*): Förster, ii. 150.

the Kaiser, famishing for money, set about borrowing a million gulden (100,000*l.*) from the Banking House Splittgerber and Daun at Berlin. Splittgerber and Daun had not the money, could not raise it: "Advance us that sum, in their name, your Majesty," proposes the Vienna Court: "There shall be three-per-cent bonus, interest six per cent, and security beyond all question!" To which fine offer his Majesty answers, addressing Seckendorf Junior: 'Touching the proposal of my giving the 'Bankers Splittgerber and Daun a lift, with a million gulden, 'to assist in that loan of theirs,—said proposal, as I am not a 'merchant accustomed to deal in profits and percentages, cannot 'in that form take effect. Out of old friendship, however, I am, 'on Theiro Imperial Majesty's request, extremely ready to pay down, once and away (*à fond perdu*), a couple of million gulden, 'provided the Imperial Majesty will grant me *the conditions* known 'to your Uncle' (*fulfilment* of that now oldish Jülich-and-Berg promise, namely!), 'which are *fair*. In such case the thing shall 'be rapidly completed!' [21]

In a word, Friedrich Wilhelm falls-out with the Kaiser more and more; experiences more and more what a Kaiser this has been towards him. Queen Sophie has fallen silent in the History Books; both the Majesties may look remorsefully, but perhaps best in silence, over the breakages and wrecks this Kaiser has brought upon them. Friedrich Wilhelm does not meanly hate the Kaiser: good man, he sometimes pities him; sometimes, we perceive, has a touch of authentic contempt for him. But his thoughts, in that quarter, premature old age aggravating them, are generally of a tragic nature, not to be spoken without tears; and the tears have a flash at the bottom of them, when he looks round on Fritz and says, "There is one, though, that will avenge me!" Friedrich Wilhelm, to the last a broad strong phenomenon, keeps wending downward, homeward, from this point; the Kaiser too, we perceive, is rapidly consummating his enormous Spectre-Hunts and Duels with Termagants, and before long will be at rest. We have well-nigh done with both these Majesties.

The Crown-Prince, by his judicious obedient procedures in these Four Years at Ruppin, at a distance from Papa, has, as it were, completed his *Apprenticeship;* and, especially by this last Inspection-Journey into Preussen, may be said to have delivered his

[21] Förster, ii. 151 (without *date* there).

Proof-Essay with a distinguished success. He is now out of his Apprenticeship; entitled to take-up his Indentures, whenever need shall be. The rugged old Master cannot but declare him competent, qualified to try his own hand without supervision:—after all those unheard-of confusions, like to set the shop on fire at one time, it is a blessedly successful Apprenticeship! Let him now, theoretically at least, in the realms of Art, Literature, Spiritual Improvement, do his *Wanderjahre*, over at Reinsberg, still in the old region,—still well apart from Papa, who agrees best *not* in immediate contact;—and be happy in the new Domesticities, and larger opportunities, provided for him there; till a certain *time* come, which none of us are in haste for.

BOOK X.

AT REINSBERG.

1736—1740.

CHAPTER I.

MANSION OF REINSBERG.

On the Crown-Prince's Marriage, three years ago, when the *Amt* or Government-District *Ruppin*, with its incomings, was assigned to him for revenue, we heard withal of a residence getting ready. Hint had fallen from the Prince, that Reinsberg, an old Country-seat, standing with its Domain round it in that little Territory of Ruppin, and probably purchaseable as was understood, might be pleasant, were it once his and well put in repair. Which hint the kind paternal Majesty instantly proceeded to act upon. He straightway gave orders for the purchase of Reinsberg; concluded said purchase, on fair terms, after some months bargaining;[1] —and set his best Architect, one Kemeter, to work, in concert with the Crown-Prince, to new-build and enlarge the decayed Schloss of Reinsberg into such a Mansion as the young Royal Highness and his Wife would like.

Kemeter has been busy, all this while; a solid, elegant, yet frugal builder: and now the main body of the Mansion is complete, or nearly so, the wings and adjuncts going steadily forward; Mansion so far ready that the Royal Highnesses can take-up their abode in it. Which they do, this Autumn, 1736; and fairly commence Joint Housekeeping, in a permanent manner. Hitherto it has been intermittent only: hitherto the Crown-Princess has resided in their Berlin Mansion, or in her own Country-house at Schönhausen; Husband not habitually with her, except when on leave of absence from Ruppin, in Carnival time or for shorter periods. At Ruppin his life has been rather that of a bachelor, or husband abroad on business, up to this time. But now at Reinsberg they do kindle the sacred hearth together; '6th August 1736' the date of that important event. They have got their Court about them, dames and cavaliers more than we expected;

[1] 23d October 1733, order given,—16th March 1734, purchase completed (Preuss, i. 75).

they have arranged the furnitures of their existence here on fit scale, and set-up their Lares and Penates on a thrifty footing. Majesty and Queen come out on a visit to them next month;[2]—raising the sacred hearth into its first considerable blaze, and crowning the operation in a human manner.

And so there has a new epoch arisen for the Crown-Prince and his Consort. A new and much-improved one. It lasted into the fourth year; rather improving all the way: and only Kingship, which, if a higher sphere, was a far less pleasant one, put an end to it. Friedrich's happiest time was this at Reinsberg; the little Four Years of Hope, Composure, realisable Idealism: an actual snatch of something like the Idyllic, appointed him in a life-pilgrimage consisting otherwise of realisms oftenest contradictory enough, and sometimes of very grim complexion. He is master of his work, he is adjusted to the practical conditions set him; conditions once complied with, daily work done, he lives to the Muses, to the spiritual improvements, to the social enjoyments; and has, though not without flaws of ill-weather,—from the Tobacco-Parliament perhaps rather less than formerly, and from the Finance-quarter perhaps rather more,—a sunny time. His innocent insipidity of a Wife, too, appears to have been happy. She had the charm of youth, of good looks; a wholesome perfect loyalty of character withal; and did not 'take to pouting,' as was once apprehended of her, but pleasantly gave and received of what was going. This poor Crown-Princess, afterwards Queen, has been heard, in her old age, reverting, in a touching transient way, to the glad days she had at Reinsberg. Complaint openly was never heard from her, in any kind of days; but these doubtless were the best of her life.

Reinsberg, we said, is in the *Amt* Ruppin; naturally under the Crown-Prince's government at present: the little Town or Village of Reinsberg stands about ten miles north of the Town Ruppin;—not quite a third-part as big as Ruppin is in our time, and much more pleasantly situated. The country about is of comfortable, not unpicturesque character; to be distinguished almost as beautiful, in that region of sand and moor. Lakes abound in it; tilled fields; heights called "hills;" and wood of fair growth,—one reads of 'beech-avenues,' of 'high linden-avenues:'—a country rather of the ornamented sort, before the Prince with his improvements settled there. Many lakes and lakelets in it, as usual hereabouts;

[2] 4th September 1736 (Preuss, i. 75).

the loitering waters straggle, all over that region, into meshes of lakes. Reinsberg itself, Village and Schloss, stands on the edge of a pleasant Lake, last of a mesh of such: the *summary*, or outfall, of which, already here a good strong brook or stream, is called the *Rhein*, Rhyn or Rein; and gives name to the little place. We heard of the Rein at Ruppin: it is there counted as a kind of river; still more, twenty miles farther down, where it falls into the Havel, on its way to the Elbe. The waters, I think, are drab-coloured, not peat-brown: and here, at the source, or outfall from that mesh of lakes, where Reinsberg is, the country seems to be about the best;—sufficient, in picturesqueness and otherwise, to satisfy a reasonable man.

The little Town is very old; but, till the Crown-Prince settled there, had no peculiar vitality in it. I think there are now some potteries, glass-manufactories: Friedrich Wilhelm, just while the Crown-Prince was removing thither, settled a first Glass-work there; which took good root, and rose to eminence in the crystal, Bohemian-crystal, white-glass, cut-glass, and other commoner lines, in the Crown-Prince's time.[3]

Reinsberg stands on the east or southeast side of its pretty Lake: Lake is called "the *Grinerick See*" (as all those remote Lakes have their names); Mansion is between the Town and Lake. A Mansion fronting, we may say, four ways; for it is of quadrangular form, with a wet moat from the Lake begirdling it, and has a spacious court for interior: but the principal entrance is from the Town side; for the rest, the Building is ashlar on all sides, front and rear. Stands there, handsomely abutting on the Lake with two Towers, a Tower at each angle, which it has on that lakeward side; and looks, over Reinsberg, and its steeple rising amid friendly umbrage which hides the housetops, towards the rising sun. Townward there is room for a spacious esplanade; and then for the stables, outbuildings, well masked; which still farther shut-off the Town. To this day, Reinsberg stands with the air of a solid respectable Edifice; still massive, rain-tight, though long since deserted by the Princeships,—by Friedrich nearly six-score years ago, and nearly three-score by Prince Henri, a Brother of Friedrich's, who afterwards had it. Last accounts I got were, of talk there had risen of planting an extensive *Normal-School* there; which promising plan had been laid aside again for the time.

[3] *Beschreibung des Lustschlosses &c. zu Reinsberg* (Berlin, 1788): Author, a 'Lieutenant Hennert,' thoroughly acquainted with his subject.

The old Schloss, residence of the Bredows and other feudal people for a long while, had good solid masonry in it, and around it orchards, potherb gardens; which Friedrich Wilhelm's Architects took good care to extend and improve, not to throw away: the result of their art is what we see, a beautiful Country-House, what might be called a Country-Palace with all its adjuncts;—and at a rate of expense which would fill English readers, of this time, with amazement. Much is admirable to us as we study Reinsberg, what it had been, what it became, and how it was made; but nothing more so than the small modicum of money it cost. To our wondering thought, it seems as if the shilling, in those parts, were equal to the guinea in these; and the reason, if we ask it, is by no means flattering altogether. "Change in the value of money?" Alas, reader, no; that is not above the fourth part of the phenomenon. Three-fourths of the phenomenon are change in the methods of administering money,—difference between managing it with wisdom and veracity on both sides, and managing it with unwisdom and mendacity on both sides. Which is very great indeed; and infinitely sadder than any one, in these times, will believe!—But we cannot dwell on this consideration. Let the reader take it with him, as a constant accompaniment in whatever work of Friedrich Wilhelm's or of Friedrich his Son's, he now or at any other time may be contemplating. Impious waste, which means disorder and dishonesty, and loss of much other than money to all parties,—disgusting aspect of human creatures, master and servant, working together as if they were not human,—will be spared him in those foreign departments; and in an English heart thoughts will arise, perhaps, of a wholesome tendency, though very sad, as times are.

It would but weary the reader to describe this Crown-Prince Mansion; which, by desperate study of our abstruse materials, it is possible to do with auctioneer minuteness. There are engraved *Views* of Reinsberg and its Environs; which used to lie conspicuous in the portfolios of collectors,—which I have not seen.[4] Of the House itself, engraved Frontages (*Façades*), Groundplans, are more accessible; and along with them, descriptions which are little descriptive,—wearisomely detailed, and as it were dark by excess of light (auctioneer light) thrown on them. The reader sees, in general, a fine symmetrical Block of Buildings, standing in rectangular shape, in the above locality:—about two hundred

[4] See Hennert, just cited, for the titles of them.

English feet, each, the two longer sides measure, the Townward and the Lakeward, on their outer front: about a hundred and thirty, each, the two shorter; or a hundred and fifty, taking-in their Towers just spoken of. The fourth or Lakeward side, however, which is one of the longer pair, consists mainly of 'Colonnade;' spacious Colonnade 'with vases and statues;' catching-up the outskirts of said Towers, and handsomely uniting everything.

Beyond doubt, a dignified, substantial pile of stonework; all of good proportions. Architecture everywhere of cheerfully serious, solidly graceful character; all of sterling ashlar; the due *risalites* (projecting spaces) with their attics and statues atop, the due architraves, cornices and corbels,—in short the due opulence of ornament being introduced, and only the due. Genuine sculptors, genuine painters, artists have been busy; and in fact all the suitable fine arts, and all the necessary solid ones, have worked together, with a noticeable fidelity, comfortable to the very beholder to this day. General height is about forty feet; two stories of ample proportions: the Towers overlooking them are sixty feet in height. Extent of outer frontage, if you go all round, and omit the Colonnade, will be five hundred feet and more: this, with the rearward face, is a thousand feet of room frontage:—fancy the extent of lodging space. For 'all the kitchens and appurtenances are underground;' the 'left front' (which is a new part of the Edifice) rising comfortably over these. Windows I did not count; but they must go high up into the Hundreds. No end to lodging space. Nay in a detached side-edifice subsequently built, called Cavalier House, I read of there being, for one item, 'fifty lodging rooms,' and for another 'a theatre.' And if an English Duke of Trumps were to look at the bills for all that,—his astonishment would be extreme, and perhaps in a degree painful and salutary to him.

In one of these Towers the Crown-Prince has his Library: a beautiful apartment; nothing wanting to it that the arts could furnish, 'ceiling done by Pesne' with allegorical geniuses and what not; looks out on mere sky, mere earth and water in an ornamental state: silent as in Elysium. It is there we are to fancy the Correspondence written, the Poetries and literary industries going on. There, or stepping down for a turn in the open air, or sauntering meditatively under the Colonnade with its statues and vases (where weather is no object), one commands the Lake, with its little tufted Islands, 'Remus Island' much famed among

them, and 'high beech-woods' on the farther side. The Lake is very pretty, all say; lying between you and the sunset;—with perhaps some other lakelet, or solitary pool in the wilderness, many miles away, 'revealing itself as a cup of molten gold,' at that interesting moment. What the Book-Collection was, in the interior, I know not except by mere guess.

The Crown-Princess's Apartment, too, which remained unaltered at the last accounts had of it,[5] is very fine;—take the anteroom for specimen: 'This fine room,' some twenty feet height of ceiling, 'has six windows; three of them, in the main front, looking 'towards the Town, the other three towards the Interior Court. 'The light from these windows is heightened by mirrors covering 'all the piers (*Schäfte*, interspaces of the walls), to an uncommonly 'splendid pitch; and shows the painting of the ceiling, which 'again is by the famous Pesne, to much perfection. The Artist 'himself, too, has managed to lay-on his colours there so softly, 'and with such delicate skill, that the light-beams seem to prolong 'themselves in the painted clouds and air, as if it were the real 'sky you had overhead.' There in that cloud-region 'Mars is being 'disarmed by the Love-Goddesses, and they are sporting with his 'weapons. He stretches out his arm towards the Goddess, who 'looks upon him with fond glances. Cupids are spreading-out 'a draping.' There is Pesne's luxurious performance in the ceiling.—'Weapon-festoons, in basso-relievo, gilt, adorn the walls 'of this room; and two Pictures, also by Pesne, which represent, 'in life size, the late King and Queen' (our good friends Friedrich Wilhelm and his Sophie), 'are worthy of attention. Over each of 'the doors, you find in low-relief the Profiles of Hannibal, Pompey, 'Scipio, Cæsar, introduced as Medallions.'

All this is very fine: but all this is little to another ceiling, in some big Saloon elsewhere, Music-saloon, I think: Black Night, making off, with all her sickly dews, at one end of the ceiling; and at the other end, the Steeds of Phœbus bursting forth, and the glittering shafts of Day,—with Cupids, Love-goddesses, War-gods, not omitting Bacchus and his vines, all getting beautifully awake in consequence. A very fine room indeed;—used as a Music-Saloon, or I know not what,—and the ceiling of it almost an ideal, say the connoisseurs.

Endless gardens, pavilions, grottos, hermitages, orangeries, artificial ruins, parks and pleasances surround this favoured spot and

[5] From Hennert, namely, in 1778.

its Schloss; nothing wanting in it that a Prince's establishment needs,—except indeed it be hounds, for which this Prince never had the least demand.

Except the old Ruppin duties, which imply continual journeyings thither, distance only a morning's ride; except these, and occasional commissions from Papa, Friedrich is left master of his time and pursuits in this new Mansion. There are visits to Potsdam, periodical appearances at Berlin; some Correspondence to keep the Tobacco-Parliament in tune. But Friedrich's taste is for the Literatures, Philosophies: a young Prince bent seriously to cultivate his mind; to attain some clear knowledge of this world, so all-important to him. And he does seriously read, study and reflect a good deal; his main recreations, seemingly, are Music, and the converse of well-informed friendly men. In Music we find him particularly rich. Daily, at a fixed hour of the afternoon, there is concert held; the reader has seen in what kind of room: and if the Artists entertained here for that function were enumerated (high names, not yet forgotten in the Musical world), it would still more astonish readers. I count them to the number of Twenty or Nineteen; and mention only that 'the two Brothers Graun' and 'the two Brothers Benda' were of the lot; suppressing four other Fiddlers of eminence, and 'a Pianist who is known to everybody.'[6] The Prince has a fine sensibility to Music: does himself, with thrilling adagios on the flute, join in these harmonious acts; and, no doubt, if rightly vigilant against the Nonsenses, gets profit, now and henceforth, from this part of his resources.

He has visits, calls to make, on distinguished persons within reach; he has much Correspondence, of a Literary or Social nature. For instance, there is Suhm the Saxon Envoy translating *Wolf's Philosophy* into French for him; sending it in fascicles; with endless Letters to and from, upon it,—which were then highly interesting, but are now dead to every reader. The Crown-Prince has got a Post-Office established at Reinsberg; leathern functionary of some sort comes lumbering round, southward, 'from the Mecklenburg quarter twice a week, and goes by Fehrbellin,' for the benefit of his Correspondences. Of his calls in the neighbourhood, we mean to show the reader one sample, before long; and only one.

[6] Hennert, p. 21.

There are Lists given us of the Prince's 'Court' at Reinsberg; and one reads, and again reads, the dreariest unmemorable accounts of them; but cannot, with all one's industry, attain any definite understanding of what they were employed in, day after day, at Reinsberg:—still more are their salaries and maintenance a mystery to us, in that frugal establishment. There is Wolden for Hofmarschall, our old Cüstrin friend; there is Colonel Senning, old Marlborough Colonel with the wooden leg, who taught Friedrich his drillings and artillery-practices in boyhood, a fine sagacious old gentleman this latter. There is a M. Jordan, Ex-Preacher, an ingenious Prussian-Frenchman, still young, who acts as 'Reader and Librarian;' of whom we shall hear a good deal more. 'Intendant' is Captain (Ex-Captain) Knobelsdorf; a very sensible accomplished man, whom we saw once at Baireuth; who has been to Italy since, and is now returned with beautiful talents for Architecture: it is he that now undertakes the completing of Reinsberg,[7] which he will skilfully accomplish in the course of the next three years. Twenty Musicians on wind or string; Painters, Antoine Pesne but one of them; Sculptors, Glume and others of eminence; and Hof-Cavaliers, to we know not what extent:—How was such a Court kept up, in harmonious free dignity, and no halt in its finances, or mean pinch of any kind visible? The Prince did get in debt; but not deep, and it was mainly for the tall recruits he had to purchase. His money-accounts are by no means fully known to me: but I should question if his expenditure (such is my guess) ever reached 3,000*l.* a year; and am obliged to reflect more and more, as the ancient Cato did, what an admirable revenue frugality is!

Many of the Cavaliers, I find, for one thing, were of the Regiment Goltz; that was one evident economy. 'Rittmeister von Chasot,' as the Books call him: readers saw that Chasot flying to Prince Eugene, and know him since the Siege of Philipsburg. He is not yet Rittmeister, or Captain of Horse, as he became; but is of the Ruppin Garrison; Hof-Cavalier; 'attended Friedrich on his late Prussian journey;' and is much a favourite, when he can be spared from Ruppin. Captain Wylich, afterwards a General of mark; the Lieutenant Buddenbrock who did the parson-charivari at Ruppin, but is now reformed from those practices: all these are of Goltz. Colonel Keyserling, not of Goltz, nor in active military duty here, is a friend of very old

[7] Hennert, p. 29.

standing; was officially named as 'Companion' to the Prince, a long while back; and got into trouble on his account in the disastrous Ante-Cüstrin or Flight Epoch: one of the Prince's first acts, when he got pardoned after Cüstrin, was to beg for the pardon of this Keyserling; and now he has him here, and is very fond of him. A Courlander, of good family, this Keyserling; of good gifts too,—which, it was once thought, would be practically sublime; for he carried off all manner of college prizes, and was the Admirable-Crichton of Königsberg University and the Graduates there. But in the end they proved to be gifts of the vocal sort rather: and have led only to what we see. A man, I should guess, rather of buoyant vivacity than of depth or strength in intellect or otherwise. Excessively buoyant, ingenious; full of wit, kindly exuberance; a loyal-hearted, gay-tempered man, and much a favourite in society as well as with the Prince. If we were to dwell on Reinsberg, Keyserling would come prominently forward.

Major von Stille, ultimately Major-General von Stille, I should also mention: near twenty years older than the Prince; a wise thoughtful soldier (went, by permission, to the Siege of Dantzig lately, to improve himself); a man capable of rugged service, when the time comes. His military writings were once in considerable esteem with professional men; and still impress a lay reader with favourable notions towards Stille, as a man of real worth and sense.[8]

Of Monsieur Jordan and the Literary Set.

There is, of course, a Chaplain in the Establishment: a Reverend 'M. Deschamps;' who preaches to them all,—in French no doubt. Friedrich never hears Deschamps: Friedrich is always over at Ruppin on Sundays; and there 'himself reads a sermon to the Garrison,' as part of the day's duties. Reads finely, in a melodious feeling manner, says Formey, who can judge: 'even in his old days, he would incidentally,' when some Emeritus Parson, like Formey, chanced to be with him, 'roll out choice passages from Bossuet, from Massillon,' in a voice and with a look, which would have been perfection in the pulpit, thinks Formey.[9]

[8] *Campagnes du Roi de Prusse;*—a posthumous Book; *anterior* to the Seven-Years War.

[9] *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen* (2de édition, Paris, 1797), i. 37.

M. Jordan, though he was called '*Lecteur* (Reader),' did not read to him, I can perceive; but took charge of the Books; busied himself honestly to be useful in all manner of literary or quasi-literary ways. He was, as his name indicates, from the French-refugee department: a recent acquisition, much valued at Reinsberg. As he makes a figure afterwards, we had better mark him a little.

Jordan's parents were wealthy religious persons, in trade at Berlin; this Jordan (Charles Etienne, age now thirty-six) was their eldest son. It seems they had destined him from birth, consulting their own pious feelings merely, to be a Preacher of the Gospel; the other sons, all of them reckoned clever too, were brought-up to secular employments. And preach he, this poor Charles Etienne, accordingly did; what best Gospel he had; in an honest manner, all say,—though never with other than a kind of reluctance on the part of Nature, forced out of her course. He had wedded, been clergyman in two successive country places; when his wife died, leaving him one little daughter, and a heart much overset by that event. Friends, wealthy Brothers probably, had pushed him out into the free air, in these circumstances: "Take a Tour; Holland, England; feel the winds blowing, see the sun shining, as in times past: it will do you good!"

Jordan, in the course of his Tour, came to composure on several points. He found that, by frugality, by wise management of some peculium already his, his little Daughter and he might have quietness at Berlin, and the necessary food and raiment;—and, on the whole, that he would altogether cease preaching, and settle down there, among his Books, in a frugal manner. Which he did;—and was living so, when the Prince, searching for that kind of person, got tidings of him. And here he is at Reinsberg; bustling about, in a brisk, modestly frank and cheerful manner: well liked by everybody; by his Master very well and ever better, who grew into real regard, esteem and even friendship for him, and has much Correspondence, of a freer kind than is common to him, with little Jordan, so long as they lived together. Jordan's death, ten years hence, was probably the one considerable pain he had ever given his neighbours, in this the ultimate section of his life.

I find him described, at Reinsberg, as a small nimble figure, of Southern-French aspect; black, uncommonly bright eyes; and

a general aspect of adroitness, modesty, sense, sincerity; good prognostics, which on acquaintance with the man were pleasantly fulfilled.

For the sake of these considerations, I fished-out, from the Old-Book Catalogues and sea of forgetfulness, some of the poor Books he wrote; especially a *Voyage Littéraire*,[10] Journal of that first Sanitary Excursion or Tour he took, to get the clouds blown from his mind. A *Literary Voyage* which awakens a kind of tragic feeling; being itself dead, and treating of matters which are all gone dead. So many immortal writers, Dutch chiefly, whom Jordan is enabled to report as having effloresced, or being soon to effloresce, in such and such forms, of Books important to the learned: leafy, blossomy Forest of Literature, waving glorious in the then sunlight to Jordan;—and it lies all now, to Jordan and us, not withered only, but abolished; compressed into a film of indiscriminate *peat*. Consider what that *peat* is made of, O celebrated or uncelebrated reader, and take a moral from Jordan's Book! Other merit, except indeed clearness and commendable brevity, the *Voyage Littéraire* or other little Books of Jordan's have not now. A few of his Letters to Friedrich, which exist, are the only writings with the least life left in them, and this an accidental life, not momentous to him or us. Dryasdust informs me, 'Abbé Jordan, alone of the Crown-Prince's cavaliers, sleeps 'in the Town of Reinsberg, not in the Schloss:' and if I ask, Why?—there is no answer. Probably his poor little Daughterkin was beside him there?—

We have to say of Friedrich's Associates, that generally they were of intelligent type, each of them master of something or other, and capable of rational discourse upon that at least. Integrity, loyalty of character, was indispensable; good humour, wit if it could be had, were much in request. There was no man of shining distinction there; but they were the best that could be had, and that is saying all. Friedrich cannot be said, either as Prince or as King, to have been superlatively successful in his choice of associates. With one single exception, to be noticed shortly, there is not one of them whom we should now remember except for Friedrich's sake;—uniformly they are men whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner. One man of shining parts he had, and one only; no man ever of really high

[10] *Histoire d'un Voyage Littéraire fait, en* MDCCXXXIII, *en France, en Angleterre et en Hollande* (2de édition, à La Haye, 1736).

and great mind. The latter sort are not so easy to get; rarely producible on the soil of this Earth! Nor is it certain how Friedrich might have managed with one of this sort, or he with Friedrich; —though Friedrich unquestionably would have tried, had the chance offered. For he loved intellect as few men on the throne, or off it, ever did; and the little he could gather of it round him often seems to me a fact tragical rather than otherwise.

With the outer Berlin social world, acting and reacting, Friedrich has his connexions, which obscurely emerge on us now and then. Literary Eminences, who are generally of Theological vesture; any follower of Philosophy, especially if he be of refined manners withal, or known in fashionable life, is sure to attract him; and gains ample recognition at Reinsberg or on Town-visits. But the Berlin Theological or Literary world at that time, still more the Berlin Social, like a sunk extinct object, continues very dim in those old records; and to say truth, what features we have of it do not invite to miraculous efforts for farther acquaintance. Venerable Beausobre, with his *History of the Manicheans*,[11] and other learned things,—we heard of him long since, in Toland and the Republican Queen's time, as a light of the world. He is now fourscore, grown white as snow; very serene, polite, with a smack of French noblesse in him, perhaps a smack of affectation traceable too. The Crown-Prince, on one of his Berlin visits, wished to see this Beausobre; got a meeting appointed, in somebody's rooms 'in the French College,' and waited for the venerable man. Venerable man entered, loftily serene as a martyr Preacher of the Word, something of an ancient Seigneur de Beausobre in him, too; for the rest, soft as sunset, and really with fine radiances, in a somewhat twisted state, in that good old mind of his. "What have you been reading lately, M. de Beausobre?" said the Prince, to begin conversation. "Ah, Monseigneur, I have just risen from "reading the sublimest piece of writing that exists."—"And "what?" The exordium of St. John's Gospel: *In the Beginning "was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was—*" Which somewhat took the Prince by surprise, as Formey reports;

[11] *Histoire critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme:* wrote also *Remarques &c. sur le Nouveau Testament*, which were once famous; *Histoire de la Réformation;* &c. &c. He is Beausobre *Senior;* there were two Sons (one of them born in second wedlock, after Papa was 70), who were likewise given to writing —See Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 33-39.

though he rallied straightway, and got good conversation out of the old gentleman. To whom, we perceive, he writes once or twice,[12]—a copy of his own verses to correct, on one occasion,—and is very respectful and considerate.

Formey tells us of another French sage, personally known to the Prince since Boyhood; for he used to be about the Palace, doing something. This is one La Croze; Professor of, I think, "Philosophy" in the French College: sublime monster of Erudition, at that time; forgotten now, I fear, by everybody. Swag-bellied, short of wind; liable to rages, to utterances of a coarse nature; a decidedly ugly, monstrous and rather stupid kind of man. Knew twenty languages, in a coarse inexact way. Attempted deep kinds of discourse, in the lecture-room and elsewhere; but usually broke-off into endless welters of anecdote, not always of cleanly nature; and after every two or three words, a desperate sigh, not for sorrow, but on account of flabbiness and fat. Formey gives a portraiture of him; not worth copying farther. The same Formey, standing one day somewhere on the streets of Berlin, was himself, he cannot doubt, *seen* by the Crown-Prince in passing; 'who asked M. Jordan, who that was,' and got answer:—is not that a comfortable fact? Nothing farther came of it;—respectable Ex-Parson Formey, though ever ready with his pen, being indeed of very vapid nature, not wanted at Reinsberg, as we can guess.

There is M. Achard, too, another Preacher, supreme of his sort, in the then Berlin circles; to whom or from whom a Letter or two exist. Letters worthless, if it were not for one dim indication: That, on inquiry, the Crown-Prince had been consulting this supreme Achard on the difficulties of Orthodoxy;[13] and had given him texts, or a text, to preach from. Supreme Achard did not abolish the difficulties for his inquiring Prince,—who complains respectfully that 'his faith is weak,' and leaves us dark as to particulars. This Achard passage is almost the only hint we have of what might have been an important chapter: Friedrich's Religious History at Reinsberg. The expression 'weak faith' I take to be meant not in mockery, but in ingenuous regret and solicitude; much painful fermentation, probably, on the religious question in those Reinsberg years! But the old '*Gnadenwahl*' business, the Free-Grace controversy, had taught him to be cautious

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 121-126. Dates are all of 1737; the last of Beausobre's years.

[13] Ibid., xvi. pp. 112-117: date, March-June 1736.

as to what he uttered on those points. The fermentation, therefore, had to go on under cover; what the result of it was, is notorious enough; though the steps of the process are not in any point known.

Enough now of such details. Outwardly or inwardly, there is no History, or almost none, to be had of this Reinsberg Period; the extensive records of it consisting, as usual, mainly of chaotic nugatory matter, opaque to the mind of readers. There is copious correspondence of the Crown-Prince, with at least dates to it for most part: but this, which should be the main resource, proves likewise a poor one; the Crown-Prince's Letters, now or afterwards, being almost never of a deep or intimate quality; and seldom turning on events or facts at all, and then not always on facts interesting, on facts clearly apprehensible to us in that extinct element.

The Thing, we know always, *is* there; but vision of the Thing is only to be had faintly, intermittently. Dim inane twilight, with here and there a transient *spark* falling some-whither in it; —you do at last, by desperate persistence, get to discern outlines, features:—"The Thing cannot *always* have been No-thing," you reflect! Outlines, features:—and perhaps, after all, those are mostly what the reader wants on this occasion.

CHAPTER II.

OF VOLTAIRE AND THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCES.

ONE of Friedrich's grand purposes at Reinsberg, to himself privately the grandest there, which he follows with constant loyalty and ardour, is that of scaling the heights of the Muses' Hill withal; of attaining mastership, discipleship, in Art and Philosophy;—or in candour let us call it, what it truly was, that of enlightening and fortifying himself with clear knowledge, clear belief, on all sides; and acquiring some spiritual panoply in which to front the coming practicalities of life. This, he feels well, will be a noble use of his seclusion in those still places; and it must be owned, he struggles and endeavours towards this, with great perseverance,

by all the methods in his power, here, or wherever afterwards he might be.

Here at Reinsberg, one of his readiest methods, his pleasantest if not his usefulest, is that of getting into correspondence with the chief spirits of his time. Which accordingly he forthwith sets about, after getting into Reinsberg, and continues, as we shall see, with much assiduity. Rollin, Fontenelle, and other French lights of the then firmament,—his Letters to them exist; and could be given in some quantity: but it is better not. They are intrinsically the common Letters on such occasions: "O sublime demigod of literature, how small are princely distinctions to such a glory as thine; thou who enterest within the veil of the temple, and issuest with thy face shining!"—To which the response is: "Hm, think you so, most happy, gracious, illustrious Prince, with every convenience round you, and such prospects ahead? Well, thank you, at any rate,—and, as the Irish say, more power to your Honour's Glory!" This really is nearly all that said Sets of Letters contain; and except perhaps the Voltaire Set, none of them give symptoms of much capacity to contain more.

Certainly there was no want of Literary Men discernible from Reinsberg at that time; and the young Prince corresponds with a good many of them; temporal potentate saluting spiritual, from the distance,—in a way highly interesting to the then parties, but now without interest, except of the reflex kind, to any creature. A very cold and empty portion, this, of the Friedrich Correspondence; standing there to testify what his admiration was for literary talent, or the great reputation of such; but in itself uninstructive utterly, and of freezing influence on the now living mind. Most of those French lights of the then firmament are gone out. Forgotten altogether; or recognised, like Rollin and others, for polished dullards, university bigwigs, and longwinded commonplace persons, deserving nothing but oblivion. To Montesquieu,—not yet called "Baron de Montesquieu" with *Esprit des Lois*, but "M. de Secondat" with (Anonymous) *Lettres Persanes*, and already known to the world for a person of sharp audacious eyesight,—it does not appear that Friedrich addressed any Letter, now or afterwards. No notice of Montesquieu; nor of some others, the absence of whom is a little unexpected. Probably it was want of knowledge mainly; for his appetite was not fastidious at this time. And certainly he did hit the centre of the mark, and get into the very kernel of French literature, when, in 1736, hardly yet established

in his new quarters, he addressed himself to the shining figure known to us as "Arouet Junior" long since, and now called *M. de Voltaire;* which latter is still a name notable in Friedrich's History and that of Mankind. Friedrich's first Letter, challenging Voltaire to correspondence, dates itself 8th August 1736; and Voltaire's Answer,—the Reinsberg Household still only in its second month,—was probably the brightest event which had yet befallen there.

On various accounts it will behove us to look a good deal more strictly into this Voltaire; and, as his relations to Friedrich and to the world are so multiplex, endeavour to disengage the real likeness of the man from the circumambient noise and confusion which in his instance continue very great. 'Voltaire was the 'spiritual complement of Friedrich,' says Sauerteig once: 'what 'little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these 'Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, 'we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. Other 'fruit we have not from it to speak of, at this day. Voltaire, and 'what *can* be faithfully done on the Voltaire Creed; "Realised 'Voltairism;"—admit it, reader, not in a too triumphant humour, '—is not that pretty much the net historical product of the 'Eighteenth Century? The rest of its history either pure som- 'nambulism; or a mere Controversy, to the effect, "Realised 'Voltairism? How soon shall it be realised, then? Not at once, 'surely!" So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by 'accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two 'Original Men of their Century; the chief and in a sense the sole 'products of their Century. They alone remain to us as still 'living results from it,—such as they are. And the rest, truly, '*ought* to depart and vanish (as they are now doing); being mere 'ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers 'of acceptable hearsay; and related merely to the butteries and 'wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities 'at all, as these Two were.'—With more of the like sort from 'Sauerteig.

M. de Voltaire, who used to be M. François-Marie Arouet, was at this time about forty,[1] and had gone through various fortunes;

[1] Born 20th February 1694; the younger of two sons: Father, 'François 'Arouet, a Notary of the Châtelet, ultimately Treasurer of the Chamber of Accounts;' Mother, 'Marguerite d'Aumart, of a noble family of Poitou.'

a man, now and henceforth, in a high degree conspicuous, and questionable to his fellow-creatures. Clear knowledge of him ought, at this stage, to be common; but unexpectedly it is not. What endless writing and biographying there has been about this man; in which one still reads, with a kind of lazy satisfaction, due to the subject, and to the French genius in that department! But the man himself, and his environment and practical aspects, what the actual physiognomy of his life and of him can have been, is dark from beginning to ending; and much is left in an ambiguous undecipherable condition to us. A proper History of Voltaire, in which should be discoverable, luminous to human creatures, what he was, what element he lived in, what work he did: this is still a problem for the genius of France!—

His Father's name is known to us; the name of his Father's profession, too, but not clearly the nature of it; still less his Father's character, economic circumstances, physiognomy spiritual or social: not the least possibility granted you of forming an image, however faint, of that notable man and household, which distinguished itself to all the earth by producing little François into the light of this sun. Of Madame Arouet, who, or what, or how she was, nothing whatever is known. A human reader, pestered continually with the Madame-Denises, Abbé-Mignots and enigmatic nieces and nephews, would have wished to know, at least, what children, besides François, Madame Arouet had: once for all, How many children? Name them, with year of birth, year of death, according to the church-registers: they all, at any rate, had that degree of history! No; even that has not been done. Beneficent correspondents of my own make answer, after some research, No register of the Arouets anywhere to be had. The very name VOLTAIRE, if you ask whence came it? there is no answer, or worse than none.—The fit "History" of this man, which might be one of the shining Epics of his Century, and the lucid summary and soul of any *History* France then had, but which would require almost a French demigod to do it, is still a great way off, if on the road at all! For present purposes, we select what follows from a well-known hand:

'*Youth of Voltaire* (1694-1725).—French Biographers have left the 'Arouet Household very dark for us; meanwhile we can perceive, or 'guess, that it was moderately well in economic respects; that François 'was the second of the Two Sons; and that old Arouet, a steady,

'practical and perhaps rather sharp-tempered old gentleman, of official 'legal habits and position, "Notary of the Châtelet" and something 'else, had destined him for the Law Profession; as was natural enough 'to a son of M. Arouet, who had himself succeeded well in Law, and 'could there, best of all, open roads for a clever second son. François 'accordingly sat "in chambers," as we call it; and his fellow-clerks 'much loved him,—the most amusing fellow in the world. Sat in 'chambers, even became an advocate; but did not in the least take to 'advocateship;—took to poetry, and other airy dangerous courses, specu- 'lative, practical; causing family explosions and rebukes, which were 'without effect on him. A young fool, bent on sportful pursuits instead 'of serious; more and more shuddering at Law. To the surprise and 'indignation of M. Arouet Senior. Law, with its wigs and sheepskins, 'pointing towards high honours and deep flesh-pots, had no charms for 'the young fool; he could not be made to like Law.

'Whereupon arose explosions, as we hint; family explosions on the 'part of M. Arouet Senior; such that friends had to interfere, and it 'was uncertain what would come of it. One judicious friend, "M. 'Caumartin," took the young fellow home to his house in the country 'for a time;—and there, incidentally, brought him acquainted with old 'gentlemen deep in the traditions of Henri Quatre and the cognate topics; 'which much inflamed the young fellow, and produced big schemes in 'the head of him.

'M. Arouet Senior stood strong for Law; but it was becoming daily 'more impossible. Madrigals, dramas (not without actresses), satirical 'wit, airy verse, and all manner of adventurous speculation, were what 'this young man went upon; and was getting more and more loved for; 'introduced, even, to the superior circles, and recognised there as one 'of the brightest young fellows ever seen. Which tended, of course, to 'confirm him in his folly, and open other outlooks and harbours of refuge 'than the paternal one.

'Such things, strange to M. Arouet Senior, were in vogue then; 'wicked Regent d'Orléans having succeeded sublime Louis XIV., and 'set strange fashions to the Quality. Not likely to profit this fool 'François, thought M. Arouet Senior; and was much confirmed in his 'notion, when a rhymed Lampoon against the Government having come 'out (*Les j'ai vu*, as they call it[2]), and become the rage, as a clever thing 'of the kind will, it was imputed to the brightest young fellow in France, 'M. Arouet's Son. Who, in fact, was not the Author; but was not 'believed on his denial; and saw himself, in spite of his high con-

[2] 'I have seen (*j'ai vu*)' this ignominy occur, 'I have seen, that other,—to the amount of a dozen or two;—' and am not yet twenty.' Copy of it, and guess as to authorship, in *Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 321.

'nexions, ruthlessly lodged in the Bastille in consequence. "Let him sit," 'thought M. Arouet Senior, "and come to his senses there!" He sat 'for eighteen months (age still little above twenty); but privately 'employed his time, not in repentance, or in serious legal studies, but in 'writing a Poem on his Henri Quatre. "Epic Poem," no less; *La Ligue*, 'as he then called it; which it was his hope the whole world would one 'day fall in love with;—as it did. Nay, in two years more, he had 'done a Play, *Œdipe* the renowned name of it; which "ran for forty-'eight nights" (18th November 1718, the first of them); and was enough 'to turn any head of such age. Law may be considered hopeless, even 'by M. Arouet Senior.

'Try him in the Diplomatic line; break these bad habits and con-'nexions, thought M. Arouet, at one time; and sent him to the French 'Ambassador in Holland,—on good behaviour, as it were, and by way 'of temporary banishment. But neither did this answer. On the 'contrary, the young fellow got into scrapes again; got into amatory 'intrigues,—young lady visiting you in men's clothes, young lady's mother 'inveigling, and I know not what;—so that the Ambassador was glad 'to send him home again unmarried; marked, as it were, "Glass, with 'care!" And the young lady's mother printed his Letters, not the least 'worth reading:—and the old M. Arouet seems now to have flung-up his 'head; to have settled some small allowance on him, with peremptory 'no-hope of more, and said, "Go your own way, then, foolish junior: 'the elder shall be my son." M. Arouet disappears at this point, or 'nearly so, from the history of his son François; and I think must have 'died in not many years. Poor old M. Arouet closed his old eyes 'without the least conception what a prodigious ever-memorable thing 'he had done unknowingly, in sending this François into the world, to 'kindle such universal "dry dungheap of a rotten world," and set it 'blazing! François, his Father's synonym, came to be representative 'of the family, after all; the elder Brother also having died before long. 'Except certain confused niece-and-nephew personages, progeny of the 'sisters, François has no more trouble or solacement from the paternal 'household. François meanwhile is his Father's synonym, and signs 'Arouet Junior, "François Arouet l. j. (*le jeune*)."

'"All of us Princes, then, or Poets!" said he, one night at supper, 'looking to right and left: the brightest fellow in the world, well fit 'to be Phœbus Apollo of such circles; and great things now ahead of 'him. Dissolute Regent d'Orléans, politest, most debauched of men, 'and very witty, holds the helm; near him Dubois the Devil's Cardinal, 'and so many bright spirits. All the Luciferous Spiritualism there is 'in France is lifting anchor, under these auspices, joyfully towards new 'latitudes and Isles of the Blest. What may not François hope to 'become? "Hmph!" answers M. Arouet Senior, steadily, so long as he

'lives. Here are one or two subsequent phases, epochs or turning-points, 'of the young gentleman's career.

'*Phasis First* (1725-1728).—The accomplished Duc de Sulli (Year '1725, day not recorded), is giving in his hôtel a dinner, such as usual; 'and a bright witty company is assembled;—the brightest young fellow in 'France sure to be there; and with his electric coruscations illuminating 'everything, and keeping the table in a roar. To the delight of most; 'not to that of a certain splenetic ill-given Duc de Rohan; grandee of 'high rank, great haughtiness, and very ill-behaviour in the world; who 'feels impatient at the notice taken of a mere civic individual, Arouet 'Junior. "*Quel est donc ce jeune homme qui parle si haut*, Who is this 'young man that talks so loud, then?" exclaims the proud splenetic 'Duke. "Monseigneur," flashes the young man back upon him in an 'electric manner, "It is one who does not drag a big name about with 'him; but who secures respect for the name he has!" Figure that, in 'the penetrating grandly clangorous voice (*voix sombre et majestueuse*), 'and the momentary flash of eyes that attended it. Duc de Rohan rose, 'in a sulphurous frame of mind; and went his ways. What date? You 'ask the idle French Biographer in vain;—see only, after more and more 'inspection, that the incident is true; and with labour date it, summer 'of the Year 1725. Treaty of Utrecht itself, though all the Newspapers 'and Own Correspondents were so interested in it, was perhaps but a 'foolish matter to date in comparison!

'About a week after, M. Arouet Junior was again dining with the 'Duc de Sulli, and a fine company as before. A servant whispers him, 'That somebody has called, and wants him below. "Cannot come," 'answers Arouet; "how can I, so engaged?" Servant returns after a 'minute or two: "Pardon, Monsieur; I am to say, it is to do an act of 'beneficence that you are wanted below!" Arouet lays down his knife 'and fork; descends instantly to see what act it is. A carriage is in the 'court, and hackney-coach near it: "Would Monsieur have the extreme 'goodness to come to the door of the carriage, in a case of necessity?" 'At the door of the carriage, hands seize the collar of him, hold him as 'in a vice; diabolic visage of Duc de Rohan is visible inside, who utters, 'looking to the hackney-coach, some "*Voilà*, Now then!" Whereupon 'the hackney-coach opens, gives out three porters, or hired bullies, with 'the due implements: scandalous actuality of horsewhipping descends on 'the back of poor Arouet, who shrieks and execrates to no purpose, 'nobody being near. "That will do," says Rohan at last, and the 'gallant ducal party drive off; young Arouet, with torn frills and deranged 'hair, rushing up-stairs again, in such a mood as is easy to fancy. Every-'body is sorry, inconsolable, everybody shocked; nobody volunteers to 'help in avenging. "Monseigneur de Sulli, is not such atrocity done to

'one of your guests, an insult to yourself?" asks Arouet. "Well, yes 'perhaps, but"—Monseigneur de Sulli shrugs his shoulders, and proposes 'nothing. Arouet withdrew, of course in a most blazing condition, to 'consider what he could, on his own strength, do in this conjuncture.

'His Biographer Duvernet says, he decided on doing two things: 'learning English and the small-sword exercise.[3] He retired to the 'country for six months, and perfected himself in these two branches. 'Being perfect, he challenged Duc de Rohan in the proper manner; 'applying ingenious compulsives withal, to secure acceptance of the 'challenge. Rohan accepted, not without some difficulty, and com- 'pulsion at the Theatre or otherwise:—accepted, but withal confessed 'to his wife. The result was, no measuring of swords took place; and 'Rohan only blighted by public opinion, or incapable of farther blight 'that way, went at large; a convenient *Lettre de Cachet* having put 'Arouet again in the Bastille. Where for six months Arouet lodged a 'second time, the innocent not the guilty; making, we can well suppose, 'innumerable reflections on the phenomena of human life. Imprison- 'ment once over, he hastily quitted for England; shaking the dust of 'ungrateful France off his feet,—resolved to change his unhappy name, 'for one thing.

'Smelfungus, denouncing the torpid fatuity of Voltaire's Biographers, 'says he never met with one Frenchman, even of the Literary classes, 'who could tell him whence this name VOLTAIRE originated. "A *petite* '*terre*, small family estate," they said; and sent him hunting through 'Topographies, far and wide, to no purpose. Others answered "Volterra 'in Italy, some connexion with Volterra,"—and seemed even to know 'that this was but fatuity. "In ever-talking, ever-printing Paris, is it as 'in Timbuctoo, then, which neither prints nor has anything to print?" 'exclaims poor Smelfungus! He tells us at last, the name *Voltaire* 'is a mere Anagram of *Arouet l. j.*—you try it; A.R.O.U.E.T.L.J. = 'V.O.L.T.A.I.R.E; and perceive at once, with obligations to Smelfungus, 'that he has settled this small matter for you, and that you can be silent 'upon it forever thenceforth.

'The anagram VOLTAIRE, gloomily settled in the Bastille in this 'manner, can be reckoned a very famous wide-sounding outer result of 'the Rohan impertinence and blackguardism; but it is not worth naming

[3] *La Vie de Voltaire*, par M** (à Genève, 1786), pp. 55-57; or pp. 60-63, in his *second* form of the Book. The 'M**' is an Abbé Duvernet; of no great mark otherwise. He got into Revolution trouble afterwards, but escaped with his head; and republished his Book, swollen-out somewhat by new 'Anecdotes' and republican bluster, in this second instance; signing himself T. J. D. V- - - (Paris, 1797). A vague but not dark or mendacious little Book; with traces of real *eyesight* in it,—by one who had personally known Voltaire, or at least seen and heard him.

'beside the inner intrinsic result, of banishing Voltaire to England at 'this point of his course. England was full of Constitutionality and 'Freethinking; Tolands, Collinses, Wollastons, Bolingbrokes, still living; 'very free indeed. England, one is astonished to see, has its royal-'republican ways of doing; something Roman in it, from Peerage down 'to Plebs; strange and curious to the eye of M. de Voltaire. Sciences 'flourishing; Newton still alive, white with fourscore years, the vener-'able hoary man; Locke's Gospel of Common Sense in full vogue, or 'even done into verse, by incomparable Mr. Pope, for the cultivated 'upper classes. In science, in religion, in politics, what a surprising '"liberty" allowed or taken! Never was a freer turn of thinking. And '(what to M. de Voltaire is a pleasant feature) it is Freethinking with 'ruffles to its shirt and rings on its fingers;—never yet, the least, 'dreaming of the shirtless or *sansculottic* state that lies ahead for it! 'That is the palmy condition of English Liberty, when M. de Voltaire 'arrives there.

'In a man just out of the Bastille on those terms, there is a mind 'driven by hard suffering into seriousness, and provoked by indignant 'comparisons and remembrances. As if you had elaborately ploughed 'and pulverised the mind of this Voltaire to receive with its utmost 'avidity, and strength of fertility, whatever seed England may have for 'it. That was a notable conjuncture of a man with circumstances. The 'question, Is this man to grow-up a Court Poet; to do legitimate dramas, 'lampoons, witty verses, and wild spiritual and practical magnificences, 'the like never seen; Princes and Princesses recognising him as plainly 'divine, and keeping him tied by enchantments to that poor trade as his 'task in life? is answered in the negative. No: and it is not quite to 'decorate and comfort your "dry dungheap" of a world, or the fortunate 'cocks that scratch on it, that the man Voltaire is here; but to shoot 'lightnings into it, and set it ablaze one day! That was an important 'alternative; truly of world-importance to the poor generations that now 'are; and it was settled, in good part, by this voyage to England, as one 'may surmise. Such is sometimes the use of a dissolute Rohan in this 'world; for the gods make implements of all manner of things.

'M. de Voltaire (for we now drop the Arouet altogether, and never 'hear of it more) came to England—when? Quitted England—when? 'Sorrow on all fatuous Biographers, who spend their time not in laying 'permanent foundation-stones, but in fencing with the wind!—I at 'last find indisputably, it was in 1726 that he came to England:[4] and 'he himself tells us that he quitted it 'in 1728.' Spent, therefore, 'some two years there in all,—last year of George I.'s reign, and first

[4] Got out of the Bastille, with orders to leave France, '29th April' of that year (*Œuvres de Voltaire*, i. 40 n.).

'of George II.'s. But mere inanity and darkness visible reign, in all 'his Biographies, over this period of his life, which was above all others 'worth investigating: seek not to know it; no man has inquired into 'it, probably no competent man now ever will. By hints in certain 'Letters of the period, we learn that he lodged, or at one time lodged, 'in "Maiden Lane, Covent Garden;" one of those old Houses that 'yet stand in Maiden Lane: for which small fact let us be thankful. 'His own Letters of the period are dated now and then from "Wands- 'worth." Allusions there are to Bolingbroke; but the Wandsworth is 'not Bolingbroke's mansion, which stood in Battersea; the Wandsworth 'was one Edward Fawkener's; a man somewhat admirable to young 'Voltaire, but extinct now, or nearly so, in human memory. He had 'been a Turkey Merchant, it would seem, and nevertheless was admitted 'to speak his word in intellectual, even in political circles; which was 'wonderful to young Voltaire. This Fawkener, I think, became Sir 'Edward Fawkener, and some kind of "Secretary to the Duke of Cumber- 'land:"—I judge it to be the same Fawkener; a man highly unmemor- 'able now, were it not for the young Frenchman he was hospitable to. 'Fawkener's and Bolingbroke's are perhaps the only names that turn-up 'in Voltaire's *Letters* of this English Period: over which generally there 'reigns, in the French Biographies, inane darkness, with an intimation, 'half involuntary, that it *should* have been made luminous, and would if 'perfectly easy.

'We know, from other sources, that he had acquaintance with many 'men in England, with all manner of important men: Notes to Pope in 'Voltaire-English, visit of Voltaire to Congreve, Notes even to such as 'Lady Sundon in the interior of the Palace, are known of. The brightest 'young fellow in the world did not want for introduction to the highest 'quarters, in that time of political alliance, and extensive private acquaint- 'ance, between his Country and ours. And all this he was the man to 'improve, both in the trivial and the deep sense. His bow to the divine 'Princess Caroline and suite, could it fail in graceful reverence or what 'else was needed? Dextrous right words in the right places, winged 'with *esprit* so-called: that was the man's supreme talent, in which he 'had no match, to the last. A most brilliant, swift, far-glancing young 'man, disposed to make himself generally agreeable. For the rest, his 'wonder, we can see, was kept awake; wonder readily inclining, in his 'circumstances, towards admiration. The stereotype figure of the 'Englishman, always the same, which turns-up in Voltaire's *Works*, is 'worth noting in this respect. A rugged surly kind of fellow, much- 'enduring, not intrinsically bad; splenetic without complaint, standing 'oddly inexpugnable in that natural stoicism of his; taciturn, yet with 'strange flashes of speech in him now and then, something which goes 'beyond laughter and articulate logic, and is the taciturn elixir of these

'two, what they call "humour" in their dialect: this is pretty much the 'reverse of Voltaire's own self, and therefore all the welcomer to him; 'delineated always with a kind of mockery, but with evident love. What 'excellences are in England, thought Voltaire; no Bastille in it, for one 'thing! Newton's Philosophy annihilated the vortexes of Descartes for 'him; Locke's Toleration is very grand (especially if all is uncertain, and 'you are in the minority); then Collins, Wollaston and Company,—no 'vile Jesuits here, strong in their mendacious malodorous stupidity, des- 'picablest yet most dangerous of creatures, to check freedom of thought! 'Illustrious Mr. Pope, of the *Essay on Man*, surely he is admirable; as 'are Pericles Bolingbroke, and many others. Even Bolingbroke's high- 'lackered brass is gold to this young French friend of his.—Through all 'which admirations and exaggerations the progress of the young man, 'toward certain very serious attainments and achievements, is conceivable 'enough.

'One other man, who ought to be mentioned in the Biographies, I find 'Voltaire to have made acquaintance with, in England: a German M. 'Fabrice, one of several Brothers called Fabrice or Fabricius,—concerning 'whom, how he had been at Bender, and how Voltaire picked *Charles 'Douze* from the memory of him, there was already mention. The same 'Fabrice who held poor George I. in his arms while they drove, galloping, 'to Osnabrück, that night, *in extremis*:—not needing mention again. 'The following is more to the point.

'Voltaire, among his multifarious studies while in England, did not 'forget that of economics: his Poem *La Ligue*,—surreptitiously printed, 'three years since, under that title (one Desfontaines, a hungry Ex-Jesuit, 'the perpetrator),[5]—he now took in hand for his own benefit; washed 'it clean of its blots; christened it *Henriade*, under which name it is 'still known over all the world;—and printed it; published it here, 'by subscription, in 1726; one of the first things he undertook. Very 'splendid subscription; headed by Princess Caroline, and much favoured 'by the opulent of quality. Which yielded an unknown but very 'considerable sum of thousands sterling, and grounded not only the 'world-renown but the domestic finance of M. de Voltaire. For the 'fame of the "new epic," as this *Henriade* was called, soon spread into 'all lands. And such fame, and other agencies on his behalf, having 'opened the way home for Voltaire, he took this sum of Thousands 'Sterling along with him; laid it out judiciously in some city lottery, 'or profitable scrip then going at Paris, which at once doubled the 'amount: after which he invested it in Corn-trade, Army Clothing, 'Barbary-trade, Commissariat Bacon-trade, all manner of well-chosen 'trades,—being one of the shrewdest financiers on record;—and never

[5] 1723, *Vie*, par T. J. D. V. (that is, 'M**' in the *second* form), p. 59.

'from that day wanted abundance of money, for one thing. Which he 'judged to be extremely expedient for a literary man, especially in times 'of Jesuit and other tribulation. "You have only to watch," he would 'say, "what scrips, public loans, investments in the field of agio, are 'offered; if you exert any judgment, it is easy to gain there: do not the 'stupidest of mortals gain there, by intensely attending to it?"

'Voltaire got almost nothing by his Books, which he generally had 'to disavow, and denounce as surreptitious supposititious scandals, when 'some sharp-set Bookseller, in whose way he had laid the savoury article 'as bait, chose to risk his ears for the profit of snatching and publishing 'it. Next to nothing by his Books; but by his fine finance-talent 'otherwise, he had become possessed of ample moneys. Which were 'so cunningly disposed, too, that he had resources in every Country; 'and no conceivable combination of confiscating Jesuits and dark fanatic 'Official Persons could throw him out of a livelihood, whithersoever he 'might be forced to run. A man that looks facts in the face; which 'is creditable of him. The vulgar call it avarice and the like, as their 'way is: but M. de Voltaire is convinced that effects will follow causes; 'and that it well beseems a lonely Ishmaelite, hunting his way through 'the howling wildernesses and confused ravenous populations of this 'world, to have money in his pocket. He died with a revenue of some '7,000*l.* a year, probably as good as 20,000*l.* at present; the richest 'literary man ever heard of hitherto, as well as the remarkablest in 'some other respects. But we have to mark the second phasis of his 'life' (in which Friedrich now sees him), 'and how it grew out of this 'first one.

'*Phasis Second* (1728-1733).—Returning home as if quietly triumphant, 'with such a talent in him, and such a sanction put upon it and him 'by a neighbouring Nation, and by all the world, Voltaire was warmly 'received, in his old aristocratic circle, by cultivated France generally; 'and now in 1728, in his thirty-second year, might begin to have definite 'outlooks of a sufficiently royal kind, in Literature and otherwise. Nor 'is he slow, far from it, to advance, to conquer and enjoy. He writes 'successful literature, falls in love with women of quality; encourages 'the indigent and humble; eclipses, and in case of need tramples down, 'the too proud. He elegises poor Adrienne Lecouvreur, the Actress,— 'our poor friend the Comte de Saxe's female friend; who loyally emptied 'out her whole purse for him, 30,000*l.* in one sum, that he might try 'for Courland, and whether he could fall in love with her of the Swollen 'Cheek there; which proved impossible. Elegises Adrienne, we say, 'and even buries her under cloud of night: ready to protect unfortunate 'females of merit. Especially theatrical females; having much to do in

'the theatre, which we perceive to be the pulpit or real preaching-place 'of cultivated France in those years. All manner of verse, all manner 'of prose, he dashes-off with surprising speed and grace: showers of light 'spray for the moment; and always some current of graver enterprise, '*Siècle de Louis Quatorze* or the like, going on beneath it. For he is a 'most diligent, swift, unresting man; and studies and learns amazingly 'in such a rackety existence. Victorious enough in some senses; defeat, 'in Literature, never visited him. His Plays, coming thick on the heels 'of one another, rapid brilliant pieces, are brilliantly received by the 'unofficial world; and ought to dethrone dull Crébillon, and the sleepy 'potentates of Poetry that now are. Which in fact is their result with 'the public; but not yet in the highest courtly places;—a defect much 'to be condemned and lamented.

'Numerous enemies arise, as is natural, of an envious venomous descrip- 'tion; this is another ever-widening shadow in the sunshine. In fact 'we perceive he has, besides the inner obstacles and griefs, two classes 'of outward ones: There are Lions on his path and also Dogs. Lions 'are the Ex-Bishop of Mirepoix, and certain other dark Holy Fathers, 'or potent orthodox Official Persons. These, though Voltaire does not 'yet declare his heterodoxy (which, indeed, is but the *ortho*doxy of the 'cultivated private circles), perceive well enough, even by the *Henriade*, 'and its talk of "tolerance," horror of "fanaticism" and the like, what 'this one's *'doxy* is; and how dangerous he, not a mere mute man of 'quality, but a talking spirit with winged words, may be;—and they 'much annoy and terrify him, by their roaring in the distance. Which 'roaring cannot, of course, convince; and since it is not permitted to kill, 'can only provoke a talking spirit into still deeper strains of heterodoxy 'for his own private behoof. These are the Lions on his path: beasts 'conscious to themselves of good intentions; but manifesting from 'Voltaire's point of view, it must be owned, a physiognomy unlovely 'to a degree. "Light is superior to darkness, I should think," meditates 'Voltaire; "power of thought to the want of power! The *Ane de* '*Mirepoix* (Ass of Mirepoix),[6] pretending to use me in this manner, is 'it other, in the court of Rhadamanthus, than transcendent Stupidity, 'with transcendent Insolence superadded?" Voltaire grows more and 'more heterodox; and is ripening towards dangerous utterances, though 'he strives to hold in.

'The Dogs upon his path, again, are all the disloyal envious persons

[6] Poor joke of Voltaire's, continually applied to this Bishop, or Ex-Bishop, —who was thought, generally, a rather tenebrific man for appointment to the *Feuille des Bénéfices* (charge of nominating Bishops, keeping King's conscience, &c.); and who, in that capacity, signed himself *Anc.* (by no means '*Ane*,' but '*Ancien*, Whilom') *de Mirepoix*,—to the enragement of Voltaire often enough.

'of the Writing Class, whom his success has offended; and, more 'generally, all the dishonest hungry persons who can gain a morsel 'by biting him: and their name is legion. It must be owned, about 'as ugly a Doggery ("*infâme Canaille*" he might well reckon them) as 'has, before or since, infested the path of a man. They are not hired 'and set on, as angry suspicion might suggest; but they are covertly 'somewhat patronised by the Mirepoix, or orthodox Official class. 'Scandalous Ex-Jesuit Desfontaines, Thersites Fréron,—these are but 'types of an endless Doggery; whose names and works should be blotted 'out; whose one claim to memory is, that the riding man so often 'angrily sprang down, and tried horsewhipping them into silence. A 'vain attempt. The individual hound flies howling, abjectly petitioning 'and promising; but the rest bark all with new comfort, and even *he* 'starts again straightway. It is bad travelling in those woods, with 'such Lions and such Dogs. And then the sparsely scattered *Human* 'Creatures (so we may call them in contrast, persons of Quality for 'most part) are not always what they should be. The grand mansions 'you arrive at, in this waste-howling solitude, prove sometimes essentially 'Robber-towers;—and there may be Armida Palaces, and divine-looking 'Armidas, where your ultimate fate is still worse.

"*Que le monde est rempli d'enchanteurs, je ne dis rien d'enchanteresses!*"

'To think of it, the solitary Ishmaelite journeying, never so well mounted, 'through such a wilderness: with lions, dogs, human robbers and Armidas 'all about him; himself lonely, friendless under the stars:—one could 'pity him withal, though that is not the feeling he solicits; nor gets 'hitherto, even at this impartial distance.

'One of the beautiful creatures of Quality,—we hope, not an Armida, '—who came athwart Voltaire, in these times, was a Madame du 'Châtelet; distinguished from all the others by a love of mathematics 'and the pure sciences, were it nothing else. She was still young, under 'thirty; the literary man still under forty. With her Husband, to whom 'she had brought a child, or couple of children, there was no formal 'quarrel; but they were living apart, neither much heeding the other, 'as was by no means a case without example at that time; Monsieur 'soldiering, and philandering about, in garrison or elsewhere; Madame, 'in a like humour, doing the best for herself in the high circle of society, 'to which he and she belonged. Most wearisome barren circles to a 'person of thought, as both she and M. de Voltaire emphatically admitted 'to one another, on first making acquaintance. But is there no help?

'Madame had tried the pure sciences and philosophies, in Books: 'but how much more charming, when they come to you as a Human 'Philosopher; handsome, magnanimous, and the wittiest man in the

'world! Young Madame was not regularly beautiful; but she was very 'piquant, radiant, adventurous; understood other things than the pure 'sciences, and could be abundantly coquettish and engaging. I have 'known her scuttle-off, on an evening, with a couple of adventurous 'young wives of Quality, to the remote lodging of the witty M. de 'Voltaire, and make his dim evening radiant to him.[7] Then again, in 'public crowds, I have seen them; obliged to dismount to the peril of 'Madame's diamonds, there being a jam of carriages, and no getting 'forward for half the day. In short, they are becoming more and more 'intimate, to the extremest degree; and, scorning the world, thank 'Heaven that they are mutually indispensable. Cannot we get away from 'this scurvy wasp's-nest of a Paris, thought they, and live to ourselves 'and our books?

'Madame was of high quality, one of the Breteuils; but was poor 'in comparison, and her Husband the like. An old Château of theirs, 'named Cirey, stands in a pleasant enough little valley in Champagne; 'but so dilapidated, gaunt and vacant, nobody can live in it. Voltaire, 'who is by this time a man of ample moneys, furnishes the requisite 'cash; Madame and he, in sweet symphony, concert the plans: Cirey is 'repaired, at least parts of it are, into a boudoir of the gods, regardless 'of expense; nothing ever seen so tasteful, so magnificent; and the two 'withdraw thither to study, in peace, what sciences, pure and other, they 'have a mind to. They are recognised as lovers, by the Parisian public, 'with little audible censure from anybody there,—with none at all from 'the easy Husband; who occasionally even visits Cirey, if he be passing 'that way; and is content to take matters as he finds them, without 'looking below the surface.[8] For the Ten Commandments are at a 'singular pass in cultivated France at this epoch. Such illicit-idyllic 'form of life has been the form of Voltaire's since 1733,'—for some three years now, when Friedrich and we first made acquaintance with him. 'It lasted above a dozen years more: an illicit marriage after its sort, 'and subject only to the liabilities of such. Perhaps we may look in 'upon the Cirey Household, ourselves, at some future time; and'—This Editor hopes not!

'Madame admits that for the first ten years it was, on the whole,

[7] One of Voltaire's Letters.

[8] See (whoever is curious) Madame de Grafigny, *Vie Privée de Voltaire et de Madame du Châtelet* (Paris, 1820). A six months of actual Letters written by poor Grafigny, while sheltering at Cirey, Winter and Spring 1738-1739; straitened there in various respects,—extremely ill-off for fuel, among other things. Rugged practical Letters, shadowing-out to us, unconsciously oftenest, and like a very mirror, the splendid and the sordid, the seamy side and the smooth, of Life at Cirey, in her experience of it. Published, fourscore years after, under the above title.

'sublime; a perfect Eden on Earth, though stormy now and then.[9] 'After ten years, it began to grow decidedly dimmer; and in the course 'of few years more, it became undeniably evident that M. de Voltaire '"did not love me as formerly:"—in fact, if Madame could have seen 'it, M. de Voltaire was growing old, losing his teeth, and the like; and 'did not care for anything as formerly! Which was a dreadful discovery, 'and gave rise to results by and by.

'In this retreat at Cirey, varied with flying visits to Paris, and kept 'awake by multifarious Correspondences, the quantity of Literature done 'by the two was great and miscellaneous. By Madame, chiefly in the 'region of the pure sciences, in Newtonian Dissertations, competitions 'for Prizes, and the like: really sound and ingenious Pieces, entirely 'forgotten long since. By Voltaire, in serious Tragedies, Histories, in 'light Sketches and deep Dissertations:—mockery getting ever wilder 'with him; the satirical vein, in prose and verse, amazingly copious, and 'growing more and more heterodox, as we can perceive. His troubles 'from the ecclesiastical or Lion kind in the Literary forest, still more 'from the rabid Doggery in it, are manifold, incessant. And it is 'pleasantly notable,—during these first ten years,—with what desperate 'intensity, vigilance and fierceness, Madame watches over all his interests 'and liabilities and casualties great and small; leaping with her whole 'force into M. de Voltaire's scale of the balance, careless of antecedences 'and consequences alike; flying, with the spirit of an angry brood-hen, 'at the face of mastiffs, in defence of any feather that is M. de Voltaire's. 'To which Voltaire replies, as he well may, with eloquent gratitude; 'with Verses to the divine Emilie, with Gifts to her, verses and gifts the 'prettiest in the world;—and industriously celebrates the divine Emilie 'to herself and all third parties.

'An ardent, aerial, gracefully predominant, and in the end somewhat 'termagant female figure, this divine Emilie. Her temper, radiant rather 'than bland, was none of the patientest on occasion; nor was M. de 'Voltaire the least of a Job, if you came athwart him the wrong way. 'I have heard, their domestic symphony was liable to furious flaws,— 'let us hope at great distances apart:—that "plates," in presence of the 'lackeys, actual crockery or metal, have been known to fly from end to 'end of the dinner-table; nay they mention "knives" (though only in 'the way of oratorical action); and Voltaire has been heard to exclaim, 'the sombre and majestic voice of him risen to a very high pitch: "*Ne* 'me regardez tant de ces yeux hagards et louches, Don't fix those haggard 'sidelong eyes on me in that way!"—mere shrillness of pale rage pre- 'siding over the scene. But we hope it was only once in the quarter, or

[9] *Lettres Inédites de Madame la Marquise du Chastelet; auxquelles on a joint une Dissertation* (&c. of hers): Paris, 1806.

'seldomer: after which the element would be clearer for some time. A 'lonesome literary man, who has got a Brood Phœnix to preside over 'him, and fly at the face of gods and men for him in that manner, ought 'to be grateful.

'Perhaps we shall one day glance, personally, as it were, into Cirey 'with our readers;'—Not with this Editor or his! 'It will turn out 'beyond the reader's expectation. Tolerable illicit resting-place, so far 'as the illicit can be tolerable, for a lonesome Man of Letters, who goes 'into the illicit. Helpfulness, affection, or the flattering image of such, 'are by no means wanting: squalls of infirm temper are not more frequent 'than in the most licit establishments of a similar sort. Madame, about 'this time, has a swift Palfrey, "*Rossignol* (Nightingale)" the name of 'him; and gallops fairy-like through the winding valleys; being an 'ardent rider, and well-looking on horseback. Voltaire's study is inlaid 'with—the Grafigny knows all what:—mere china tiles, gilt sculptures, 'marble slabs, and the supreme of taste and expense: study fit for the 'Phœbus Apollo of France, so far as Madame could contrive it. Takes 'coffee with Madame, in the Gallery, about noon. And his bedroom, 'I expressly discern,[10] looks out upon a running brook, the murmur of 'which is pleasant to one.'

Enough, enough. We can perceive what kind of Voltaire it was to whom the Crown-Prince now addressed himself; and how luminous an object, shining afar out of the solitudes of Champagne upon the ardent young man, still so capable of admiration. Model Epic, *Henriade;* model History, *Charles Douze;* sublime Tragedies, *César*, *Alzire* and others, which readers still know though with less enthusiasm, are blooming fresh in Friedrich's memory and heart; such Literature as man never saw before; and in the background Friedrich has inarticulately a feeling as if, in this man, there were something grander than all Literatures: a Reform of human Thought itself; a new "Gospel," good-tidings or God's-Message, by this man;—which Friedrich does not suspect, as the world with horror does, to be a new *Ba'spel*, or Devil's-Message of bad-tidings! A sublime enough Voltaire; radiant enough, over at Cirey yonder. To all lands, a visible Phœbus Apollo, climbing the eastern steeps; with arrows of celestial "new light" in his quiver; capable of stretching many a big foul Python, belly uppermost, in its native mud, and ridding the poor world of her Nightmares and Mud-Serpents in some measure, we may hope!—

And so there begins, from this point, a lively Correspondence

[10] *Letters of Voltaire.*

between Friedrich and Voltaire; which, with some interruptions of a notable sort, continued during their mutual Life; and is a conspicuous feature in the Biographies of both. The world talked much of it, and still talks; and has now at last got it all collected, and elucidated into a dimly legible form for studious readers.[11] It is by no means the diabolically wicked Correspondence it was thought to be; the reverse, indeed, on both sides;—but it has unfortunately become a very dull one, to the actual generation of mankind. Not without intrinsic merit; on the contrary (if you read intensely, and bring the extinct alive again), it sparkles notably with epistolary grace and vivacity; and, on any terms, it has still passages of biographical and other interest: but the substance of it, then so new and shining, has fallen absolutely commonplace, the property of all the world, since then; and is now very wearisome to the reader. No doctrine or opinion in it that you have not heard, with clear belief or clear disbelief, a hundred times, and could wish rather not to hear again. The common fate of philosophical originalities in this world. As a Biographical Document, it is worth a very strict perusal, if you are interested that way in either Friedrich or Voltaire: finely significant hints and traits, though often almost evanescent, so slight are they, abound in this Correspondence; frankness, veracity under graceful forms, being the rule of it, strange to say! As an illustration of Two memorable Characters, and of their Century; showing on what terms the sage Plato of the Eighteenth Century and his Tyrant Dionysius correspond, and what their manners are to one another, it may long have a kind of interest to mankind: otherwise it has not much left.

In Friedrich's History it was, no doubt, an important fact, that there lived a Voltaire along with him, twenty years his senior. With another Theory of the Universe than the Voltaire one, how much *other* had Friedrich too been! But the Theory called by Voltaire's name was not properly of Voltaire's creating, but only of his uttering and publishing; it lay ready for everybody's finding, and could not well have been altogether missed by such a one as Friedrich. So that perhaps we exaggerate the effects of Voltaire on him, though undoubtedly they were considerable. Considerable; but not derived from this express correspondence, which seldom turns on didactic points at all; derived rather from Voltaire's

[11] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxi. xxii. xxiii., Berlin, 1853); who supersedes the lazy French Editors in this matter.

Printed *Works*, where they lay derivable to all the world. Certain enough it is, Voltaire was at this time, and continued all his days, Friedrich's chief Thinker in the world; unofficially, the chief Preacher, Prophet and Priest of this Working King;—no better off for a spiritual Trismegistus was poor Friedrich in the world! On the practical side, Friedrich soon outgrew him,—perhaps had already outgrown, having far more veracity of character, and an intellect far better built in the silent parts of it, and trained too by hard experiences to know shadow from substance;—outgrew him, and gradually learned to look down upon him, occasionally with much contempt, in regard to the practical. But in all changes of humour towards Voltaire, Friedrich, we observe, considers him as plainly supreme in speculative intellect; and has no doubt but, for thinking and speaking, Nature never made such another. Which may be taken as a notable feature of Friedrich's History; and gives rise to passages between Voltaire and him, which will make much noise in time coming.

Here, meanwhile, faithfully presented though in condensed form, is the starting of the Correspondence: First Letter of it, and first Response. Two Pieces which were once bright as the summer sunrise on both sides, but are now fallen very dim; and have much needed condensation, and abridgment by omission of the unessential,—so lengthy are they, so extinct and almost dreary to us! Sublime 'Wolf' and his 'Philosophy,' how he was hunted out of Halle with it, long since; and now shines from Marburg, his 'Philosophy' and he supreme among mankind: this, and other extinct points, the reader's fancy will endeavour to rekindle in some slight measure:

To M. de Voltaire, at Cirey (From the Crown-Prince).

'Berlin, 8th August 1736.

'Monsieur,—Although I have not the satisfaction of knowing you 'personally, you are not the less known to me through your Works. 'They are treasures of the mind, if I may so express myself; and they 'reveal to the reader new beauties at every fresh perusal. I think I have 'recognised in them the character of their ingenious Author, who does 'honour to our age and to human nature. If ever the dispute on the 'comparative merits of the Moderns and the Ancients should be revived, 'the modern great men will owe it to you, and to you only, that the scale 'is turned in their favour. With the excellent quality of Poet you join 'innumerable others more or less related to it. Never did Poet before

'put Metaphysics into rhythmic cadence: to you the honour was reserved 'of doing it first.

'This taste for Philosophy manifested in your writings, induces me to 'send you a translated Copy of the *Accusation and Defence of M. Wolf*, 'the most celebrated Philosopher of our days; who, for having carried 'light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irre-'ligion and atheism. Such is the destiny of great men; their superior 'genius exposes them to the poisoned arrows of calumny and envy. I 'am about getting a Translation made of the *Treatise on God, the Soul, 'and the World*,'—Translation done by an Excellency Suhm, as has been hinted,—'from the pen of the same Author. I will send it you when it 'is finished; and I am sure that the force of evidence in all his proposi-'tions, and their close geometrical sequence, will strike you.

'The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves 'to the Arts and Sciences, makes me hope that you will not exclude me 'from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions: '—it is so I would call your intercourse by Correspondence of Letters; 'which cannot be other than profitable to every thinking being. * *

* * 'beauties without number in your works. Your *Henriade* delights 'me. The tragedy of *César* shows us sustained characters; the sentiments 'in it are magnificent and grand, and one feels that Brutus is either a 'Roman, or else an Englishman (*ou un Romain ou un Anglais*). Your '*Alzire*, to the graces of novelty adds' * *

'Monsieur, there is nothing I wish so much as to possess all your 'Writings,' even those not printed hitherto. 'Pray, Monsieur, do 'communicate them to me without reserve. If there be amongst your 'Manuscripts any that you wish to conceal from the eyes of the public, I 'engage to keep them in the profoundest secrecy. I am unluckily aware, 'that the faith of Princes is an object of little respect in our days; never-'theless I hope you will make an exception from the general rule in my 'favour. I should think myself richer in the possession of your Works 'than in that of all the transient goods of Fortune. These the same chance 'grants and takes away: your Works one can make one's own by means 'of memory, so that they last us whilst it lasts. Knowing how weak my 'own memory is, I am in the highest degree select in what I trust to it.

'If Poetry were what it was before your appearance, a strumming of 'wearisome idyls, insipid eclogues, tuneful nothings, I should renounce it 'forever:' but in your hands it becomes ennobled; a melodious 'course 'of morals; worthy of the admiration and the study of cultivated minds '(*des honnêtes gens*). You'—in fine, 'you inspire the ambition to follow 'in your footsteps. But I, how often have I said to myself: "*Malheureux*, 'throw down a burden which is above thy strength! One cannot imitate 'Voltaire, without being Voltaire!"

'It is in such moments that I have felt how small are those advantages 'of birth, those vapours of grandeur, with which vanity would solace us! 'They amount to little, properly to nothing (*pour mieux dire, à rien*). 'Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties 'that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the part of Princes to 'recompense his noble toils. Ah, would Glory but make use of me to 'crown your successes! My only fear would be, lest this Country, little 'fertile in laurels, proved unable to furnish enough of them.

'If my destiny refuse me the happiness of being able to possess you, 'may I, at least, hope one day to see the man whom I have admired so 'long now from afar; and to assure you, by word of mouth, that I am,— 'With all the esteem and consideration due to those who, following the 'torch of truth for guide, consecrate their labours to the Public,— 'Monsieur, your affectionate friend,

'FRÉDÉRIC, P. R. of Prussia.'[12]

By what route or conveyance this Letter went, I cannot say. In general, it is to be observed, these Friedrich-Voltaire Letters, —liable perhaps to be considered contraband at *both* ends of their course,—do not go by the Post; but by French-Prussian Ministers, by Hamburg Merchants, and other safe subterranean channels. Voltaire, with enthusiasm, and no doubt promptly, answers within three weeks:

To the Crown-Prince, at Reinsberg (From Voltaire).

'Cirey, 26th August 1736.

'Monseigneur,—A man must be void of all feeling who were not 'infinitely moved by the Letter which your Royal Highness has deigned 'to honour me with. My self-love is only too much flattered by it: but 'my love of Mankind, which I have always nourished in my heart, and 'which, I venture to say, forms the basis of my character, has given me 'a very much purer pleasure,—to see that there is, now in the world, 'a Prince who thinks as a man; a *Philosopher* Prince, who will make 'men happy.

'Permit me to say, there is not a man on the earth but owes thanks 'for the care you take to cultivate by sound philosophy a soul that is 'born for command. Good kings there never were except those that 'had begun by seeking to instruct themselves; by knowing good men 'from bad; by loving what was true, by detesting persecution and super- 'stition. No Prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back 'the golden age into his Countries! And why do so few Princes seek

[12] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 6.

'this glory? You feel it, Monseigneur, it is because they all think more 'of their Royalty than of Mankind. Precisely the reverse is your case: '—and, unless, one day, the tumult of business and the wickedness of 'men alter so divine a character, you will be worshipped by your People, 'and loved by the whole world. Philosophers, worthy of the name, 'will flock to your States; thinkers will crowd round that throne, as 'the skilfulest artisans do to the city where their art is in request. The 'illustrious Queen Christina quitted her kingdom to go in search of the 'Arts; reign you, Monseigneur, and the Arts will come to seek you.

'May you only never be disgusted with the Sciences by the quarrels 'of their Cultivators! A race of men no better than Courtiers; often 'enough as greedy, intriguing, false and cruel as these,' and still more ridiculous in the mischief they do. 'And how sad for mankind that the 'very Interpreters of Heaven's commandments, the Theologians, I mean, 'are sometimes the most dangerous of all! Professed messengers of the 'Divinity, yet men sometimes of obscure ideas and pernicious behaviour; 'their soul blown-out with mere darkness; full of gall and pride, in 'proportion as it is empty of truths. Every thinking being who is not 'of their opinion is an Atheist; and every King who does not favour 'them will be damned. Dangerous to the very throne; and yet intrin-'sically insignificant:' best way is, leave their big talk and them alone; speedy collapse will follow. * *

'I cannot sufficiently thank your Royal Highness for the gift of that 'little Book about Monsieur Wolf. I respect Metaphysical ideas; rays 'of lightning they are in the midst of deep night. More, I think, is not 'to be hoped from Metaphysics. It does not seem likely that the First-'principles of things will ever be known. The mice that nestle in some 'little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eternal, or 'who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the 'Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, 'told his secret to one of us. If anybody could pretend to guess correctly, 'it is M. Wolf.' Beautiful in your Royal Highness to protect such a man. And how beautiful it will be, to send me his chief Book, as you have the kindness to promise! 'The Heir of a Monarchy, from his 'palace, attending to the wants of a recluse far off! Condescend to 'afford me the pleasure of that Book, Monseigneur. * *

'What your Royal Highness thinks of poetry is just: verses that do 'not teach men new and touching truths, do not deserve to be read.' As to my own poor verses—But, after all, 'that *Henriade* is the writing of 'an Honest Man: fit, in that sense, that it find grace with a Philosopher 'Prince.

'I will obey your commands as to sending those unpublished Pieces. 'You shall be my public, Monseigneur; your criticisms will be my 'reward: it is a price few Sovereigns can pay. I am sure of your

'secrecy: your virtue and your intellect must be in proportion. I should 'indeed consider it a precious happiness to come and pay my court to 'your Royal Highness! One travels to Rome to see paintings and ruins: 'a Prince such as you is a much more singular object; worthier of a 'long journey! But the friendship' (divine Emilie's) 'which keeps me 'in this retirement does not permit my leaving it. No doubt you think 'with Julian, that great and much-calumniated man, who said, "Friends 'should always be preferred to Kings."

'In whatever corner of the world I may end my life, be assured, 'Monseigneur, my wishes will continually be for you,—that is to say, 'for a whole People's happiness. My heart will rank itself among your 'subjects; your glory will ever be dear to me. I shall wish, May you 'always be like yourself, and may other Kings be like you!—I am, with 'profound respect, your Royal Highness's most humble

'VOLTAIRE.'[13]

The Correspondence, once kindled, went on apace; and soon burst forth, finding nourishment all round, into a shining little household fire, pleasant to the hands and hearts of both parties. Consent of opinions on important matters is not wanting; nor is emphasis in declaring the same. The mutual admiration, which is high,—high and intrinsic on Friedrich's side; and on Voltaire's, high if in part *ex*trinsic,—by no means wants for emphasis of statement: superlatives, tempered by the best art, pass and repass. Friedrich, reading Voltaire's immortal Manuscripts, confesses with a blush, before long, that he himself is a poor Apprentice that way. Voltaire, at sight of the Princely Productions, is full of admiration, of encouragement; does a little in correcting, solecisms of grammar chiefly; a little, by no means much. But it is a growing branch of employment; now and henceforth almost the one reality of function Voltaire can find for himself in this beautiful Correspondence. For, "Oh what a Crown-Prince, ripening forward to be the delight of human nature, and realise the dream of sages, Philosophy upon the Throne!" And on the other side, "Oh what a Phœbus Apollo, mounting the eastern sky, chasing the Nightmares,—sowing the Earth with Orient pearl, to begin with!"—In which fine duet, it must be said, the Prince is perceptibly the truer singer; singing within compass, and from the heart; while the Phœbus shows himself acquainted with art, and warbles in seductive quavers, now and then beyond the pitch of his voice. We must own also, Friedrich proves little seducible;

[13] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxi. 10.

shows himself laudably indifferent to such siren-singing;—perhaps more used to flattery, and knowing by experience how little meal is to be made of chaff. Voltaire, in an ungrateful France, naturally plumes himself a good deal on such recognition by a Foreign Rising Sun; and, of the two, though so many years the elder, is much more like losing head a little.

Elegant gifts are dispatched to Cirey; gold-amber trinkets for Madame, perhaps an amber inkholder for Monsieur: priceless at Cirey as the gifts of the very gods. By and by, a messenger goes express: the witty Colonel Keyserling, witty but experienced, whom we once named at Reinsberg; he is to go and see with his eyes, since his Master cannot. What a messenger there; ambassador from star to star! Keyserling's report at Reinsberg is not given; but we have Grafigny's, which is probably the more impartial. Keyserling's embassy was in the end of next year;[14] and there is plenty of airy writing about it and him, in these Letters.

Friedrich has translated the name *Keyserling* (diminutive of *Kaiser*) into "Cæsarion;"—and I should have said, he plays much upon names and also upon things, at Reinsberg, in that style; and has a good deal of airy symbolism, and cloudwork ingeniously painted round the solidities of his life there. Especially a "Bayard Order," as he calls it: Twelve of his selectest Friends made into a Chivalry Brotherhood, the names of whom are all changed, "Cæsarion" one of them; with dainty devices, and mimetic procedures of the due sort. Which are not wholly mummery; but have a spice of reality, to flavour them to a serious young heart. For the selection was rigorous, superior merit and behaviour a strict condition; and indeed several of these Bayard Chevaliers proved notable practical Champions in time coming;—for example Captain Fouquet, of whom we have heard before, in the dark Cüstrin days. This is a mentionable feature of the Reinsberg life, and of the young Prince's character there: pleasant to know of, from this distance; but not now worth knowing more in detail.

The Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence contains much incense; due whiffs of it, from Reinsberg side, to the "divine Emilie," Voltaire's quasi better-half or worse-half; who responds always in her divinest manner to Reinsberg, eager for more acquaintance there. The Du Châtelets had a Lawsuit in Brabant; very inveterate, perhaps a hundred years old or more; with the 'House

[14] 3d November 1737 (as we gather from the Correspondence).

of Honsbrouck:'[15] this, not to speak of other causes, flights from French peril and the like, often brought Voltaire and his Dame into those parts; and gave rise to occasional hopes of meeting with Friedrich; which could not take effect. In more practical style, Voltaire solicits of him: "Could not your Royal Highness perhaps graciously-speak to some of those Judicial Bigwigs in Brabant, and flap them up a little!" Which Friedrich, I think, did, by some good means. Happily, by one means or other, Voltaire got the Lawsuit ended,—1740, we might guess, but the time is not specified;—and Friedrich had a new claim, had there been need of new, to be regarded with worship by Madame.[16] But the proposed meeting with Madame could never take effect; not even when Friedrich's hands were free. Nay I notice at last, Friedrich had privately determined it never should; Madame evidently an inconvenient element to him. A young man not wanting in private power of eyesight; and able to distinguish chaff from meal! Voltaire and he will meet; meet, and also part; and there will be passages between them:—and the reader will again hear of this Correspondence of theirs, where it has a biographical interest. We are to conceive it, at present, as a principal light of life to the young heart at Reinsberg; a cheerful new fire, almost an altar-fire, irradiating the common dusk for him there.

Of another Correspondence, beautifully irradiative for the young heart, we must say almost nothing: the Correspondence with Suhm. Suhm the Saxon Minister, whom we have occasionally heard of, is an old Friend of the Crown-Prince's, dear and helpful to him: it is he who is now doing those *Translations* of *Wolf*, of which Voltaire lately saw specimen; translating *Wolf* at large, for the young man's behoof. The young man, restless to know the best Philosophy going, had tried reading of Wolf's chief Book; found it too abstruse, in Wolf's German: wherefore Suhm translates; sends it to him in limpid French; fascicle by fascicle, with commentaries; young man doing his best to understand and admire,—gratefully, not too successfully, we can perceive. That is the staple of the famous *Suhm Correspondence;* staple which nobody could now bear to be concerned with.

Suhm is also helpful in finance difficulties, which are pretty

[15] *Lettres Inédites de Voltaire* (Paris, 1826), p. 9.

[16] Record of all this, left, like innumerable other things there, in an intrinsically dark condition, lies in Voltaire's *Letters*,—not much worth hunting-up into clear daylight, the process being so difficult to a stranger.

frequent; works-out subventions, loans under a handsome form, from the Czarina's and other Courts. Which is an operation of the utmost delicacy; perilous, should it be heard of at Potsdam. Wherefore Suhm and the Prince have a covert language for it: and affect still to be speaking of 'Publishers' and 'new Volumes,' when they mean Lenders and Bank-Draughts. All these loans, I will hope, were accurately paid one day, as that from George II. was, in 'rouleaus of new gold.' We need not doubt the wholesome charm and blessing of so intimate a Correspondence to the Crown-Prince; and indeed his real love of the amiable Suhm, as Suhm's of him, comes beautifully to light in these Letters: but otherwise they are not now to be read without weariness, even dreariness, and have become a biographical reminiscence merely.

Concerning Graf von Manteufel, a third Literary Correspondent, and the only other considerable one, here, from a German Commentator on this matter, is a Clipping that will suffice:

'Manteufel was Saxon by birth, long a Minister of August the Strong, 'but quarrelled with August, owing to some frail female it is said, and 'had withdrawn to Berlin a few years ago. He shines there among the 'fashionable philosophical classes; underhand, perhaps does a little in 'the volunteer political line withal; being a very busy pushing gentle-'man. Tall of stature, "perfectly handsome at the age of sixty;" [17] great 'partisan of Wolf and the Philosophies, awake to the Orthodoxies too. 'Writes flowing elegant French, in a softly trenchant, somewhat too all-'knowing style. High manners traceable in him; but nothing of the 'noble loyalty, natural politeness and pious lucency of Suhm. One of his 'Letters to Friedrich has this slightly impertinent passage;—Friedrich, 'just getting settled in Reinsberg, having transiently mentioned "the 'quantity of fair sex" that had come about him there:

'"*Berlin, 26th August* 1736 (To the Crown-Prince). * * I am well 'persuaded your Royal Highness will regulate all that to perfection, and 'so manage that your fair-sex will be charmed to find themselves with 'you at Reinsberg, and you charmed to have them there. But permit 'me, your Royal Highness, to repeat in this place, what I one day took 'the liberty of saying here at Berlin: Nothing in the world would better 'suit the present interests of your Royal Highness and of us all, than 'some Heir of your Royal Highness's making! Perhaps the tranquil 'convenience with which your Royal Highness at Reinsberg can now 'attend to that object, will be of better effect than all those hasty and 'transitory visits at Berlin were. At least I wish it with the best of my

[17] Formey, *Souvenirs d'un Citoyen*, i. 39-45.

'heart. I beg pardon, Monseigneur, for intruding thus into everything 'which concerns your Royal Highness;"—In truth, I am a rather 'impudent busybodyish fellow, with superabundant dashing manner, 'speculation, utterance; and shall get myself ordered out of the Country, 'by my present correspondent, by and by.—"Being ever," with the due 'enthusiasm,

'"MANTEUFEL."' [18]

'To which Friedrich's Answer is of a kind to put a gag in the foul 'mouth of certain extraordinary Pamphleteerings, that were once very 'copious in the world; and, in particular, to set at rest the Herr Dr. 'Zimmermann, and his poor puddle of calumnies and credulities, got 'together in that weak pursuit of physiology under obscene circum-'stances;—

'Which is the one good result I have gathered from the 'Manteufel Correspondence,' continues our German friend; whom I vote with !—Or if the English reader never saw those Zimmermann or other dog-like Pamphleteerings and surmisings, let this Excerpt be mysterious and superfluous to the thankful English reader.

On the whole, we conceive to ourselves the abundant nature of Friedrich's Correspondence, literary and other; and what kind of event the transit of that Post functionary 'from Fehrbellin northwards,' with his leathern bags, 'twice a-week,' may have been at Reinsberg, in those years.

CHAPTER III.

CROWN-PRINCE MAKES A MORNING CALL.

THURSDAY 25th October 1736, the Crown-Prince, with Lieutenant Buddenbrock and an attendant or two, drove over into Mecklenburg, to a Village and serene Schloss called Mirow, intending a small act of neighbourly civility there; on which perhaps

[18] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxv. 487;—Friedrich's Answer is, Reinsberg, 23d September (Ib. 489).

an English reader of our time will consent to accompany him. It is but some ten or twelve miles off, in a northerly direction; Reinsberg being close on the frontier there. A pleasant enough morning's-drive, with the October sun shining on the silent heaths, on the many-coloured woods and you.

Mirow is an Apanage for one of the Mecklenburg-Strelitz junior branches: Mecklenburg-Strelitz being itself a junior compared to the Mecklenburg-Schwerin of which, and its infatuated Duke, we have heard so much in times past. Mirow and even Strelitz are not in a very shining state,—but indeed, we shall see them, as it were, with eyes. And the English reader is to note especially those Mirow people, as perhaps of some small interest to him, if he knew it. The Crown-Prince reports to Papa, in a satirical vein, not ungenially, and with much more freedom than is usual in those Reinsberg letters of his:

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince).

'Reinsberg, 26th October 1736.

* * 'Yesterday I went across to Mirow. To give my Most All-'gracious Father an idea of the place, I cannot liken it to anything 'higher than Gross-Kreutz' (term of comparison lost upon us; say *Garrat*, at a venture, or the *Clachan of Aberfoyle*): 'the one house in 'it, that can be called a house, is not so good as the Parson's there. I 'made straight for the Schloss; which is pretty much like the Garden-'house in Bornim: only there is a rampart round it; and an old Tower, 'considerably in ruins, serves as a Gateway to the House.

'Coming on the Drawbridge, I perceived an old stocking-knitter 'disguised as Grenadier, with his cap, cartridge-box and musket laid 'to a side, that they might not hinder him in his knitting-work. As I 'advanced, he asked, "Whence I came, and whitherward I was going?" 'I answered, that "I came from the Posthouse, and was going over 'this Bridge:" whereupon the Grenadier, quite in a passion, ran to the 'Tower; where he opened a door and called out the Corporal. The 'Corporal seemed to have hardly been out of bed; and in his great 'haste, had not taken time to put-on his shoes, nor quite button his 'breeches; with much flurry he asked us, "Where we were for, and 'how we came to treat the Sentry in that manner?" Without answering 'him at all, we went our way towards the Schloss.

'Never in my life should I have taken this for a Schloss, had it 'not been that there were two glass lamps fixed at the door-posts, and 'the figures of two Cranes standing in front of them, by way of Guards. 'We made-up to the House; and after knocking almost half an hour

'to no purpose, there peered out at last an exceedingly old woman, 'who looked as if she might have nursed the Prince of Mirow's father. 'The poor woman, at sight of strangers, was so terrified, she slammed 'the door to in our faces. We knocked again; and seeing there could 'nothing be made of it, we went round to the stables; where a fellow 'told us, "The young Prince with his Consort was gone to Neu-Strelitz, 'a couple of miles off" (ten miles English); "and the Duchess his 'Mother, who lives here, had given him, to make the better figure, all 'her people along with him; keeping nobody but the old woman to 'herself."

'It was still early; so I thought I could not do better than profit 'by the opportunity, and have a look at Neu-Strelitz. We took post-'horses; and got thither about noon. Neu-Strelitz is properly a Village; 'with only one street in it, where Chamberlains, Office-Clerks, Domestics 'all lodge, and where there is an Inn. I cannot better describe it to my 'Most All-gracious Father than by that street in Gumbinnen where you 'go up to the Townhall,—except that no house here is whitewashed. 'The Schloss is fine, and lies on a lake, with a big garden; pretty much 'like Reinsberg in situation.

'The first question I asked here was for the Prince of Mirow: but 'they told me he had just driven off again to a place called Kanow; 'which is only a couple of miles English from Mirow, where we had 'been. Buddenbrock, who is acquainted with Neu-Strelitz, got me, 'from a chamberlain, something to eat; and in the mean while that 'Böhme came in, who was Adjutant in my Most All-gracious Father's 'Regiment' (not of Goltz, but King's presumably): 'Böhme did not 'know me till I hinted to him who I was. He told me, "The Duke 'of Strelitz was an excellent seamster;" fit to be Tailor to your Majesty 'in a manner, had not Fate been cruel, "and that he made beautiful 'dressing-gowns (*cassaquins*) with his needle." This made me curious 'to see him: so we had ourselves presented as Foreigners; and it went 'off so well that nobody recognised me. I cannot better describe the 'Duke than by saying he is like old Stahl' (famed old medical man at Berlin, dead last year, physiognomy not known to actual readers), 'in 'a blonde Abbé's-periwig. He is extremely silly (*blöde*); his Hofrath 'Altrock tells him, as it were, everything he has to say.' About fifty, this poor Duke; shrunk into needlework, for a quiet life, amid such tumults from Schwerin and elsewhere.

'Having taken leave, we drove right off to Kanow; and got thither 'about six. It is a mere Village; and the Prince's Pleasure-House '(*Lusthaus*) here is nothing better than an ordinary Hunting-Lodge, 'such as any Forest-keeper has. I alighted at the Miller's; and had 'myself announced' at the *Lusthaus* 'by his maid: upon which the 'Major-Domo (*Haus-Hofmeister*) came over to the Mill, and compli-

'mented me; with whom I proceeded to the Residenz,'—that is, back again to Mirow, 'where the whole Mirow Family were assembled. The 'Mother is a Princess of Schwartzburg, and still the cleverest of them 'all,'—still under sixty; good old Mother, intent that her poor Son should appear to advantage, when visiting the more opulent Serenities. 'His Aunt also,' mother's sister, 'was there. The Lady Spouse is small; 'a Niece to the Prince of Hildburghausen, who is in the Kaiser's service: 'she was in the family-way; but (*aber*) seemed otherwise to be a very 'good Princess.

'The first thing they entertained me with was, the sad misfortune 'come upon their best Cook; who, with the cart that was bringing the 'provisions, had overset, and broken his arm; so that the provisions 'had all gone to nothing. Privately I have had inquiries made; there 'was not a word of truth in the story. At last we went to table; and, 'sure enough, it looked as if the Cook and his provisions had come to 'some mishap; for certainly in the Three Crowns at Potsdam' (worst inn, one may guess, in the satirical vein), 'there is better eating than 'here.

'At table there was talk of nothing but of all the German Princes 'who are not right in their wits (*nicht recht klug*),'—as Mirow himself, your Majesty knows, is reputed to be! 'There was Weimar,[1] Gotha, 'Waldeck, Hoym, and the whole lot of them, brought upon the carpet: '—and after our good Host had got considerably drunk, we rose,— 'and he lovingly promised me that "he and his whole Family would 'come and visit Reinsberg." Come he certainly will; but how I shall 'get rid of him, God knows.

'I most submissively beg pardon of my Most All-gracious Father for 'this long Letter; and'—we will terminate here.[2]

Dilapidated Mirow and its inmates, portrayed in this satirical way, except as a view of Serene Highnesses fallen into Sleepy Hollow, excites little notice in the indolent mind; and that little, rather pleasantly contemptuous than really profitable. But one fact ought to kindle momentary interest in English readers: the young foolish Herr, in this dilapidated place, is no other than our "Old Queen Charlotte's" Father that is to be,—a kind of

[1] Wilhelmina's acquaintance; wedded, not without difficulty, to a superfluous Baireuth Sister-in-law by Wilhelmina (*Mémoires de Wilhelmina*, ii. 185-194): Grandfather of Goethe's Friend;—is nothing like fairly out of his wits; only has a flea (as we may say) dancing occasionally in the ear of him. Perhaps it is so with the rest of these Serenities, here fallen upon evil tongues?

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 104-106.

Ancestor of ours, though we little guessed it! English readers will scan him with new curiosity, when he pays that return visit at Reinsberg. Which he does within the fortnight.

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince).

'Reinsberg, 8th November 1736.

* * 'that my Most All-gracious Father has had the graciousness 'to send us some Swans. My Wife also has been exceedingly delighted 'at the fine Present sent her.' * * 'General Prætorius,' Danish Envoy, with whose Court there is some tiff of quarrel, 'came hither yesterday to 'take leave of us; he seems very unwilling to quit Prussia.

'This morning, about three o'clock, my people woke me, with word 'that there was a Stafette come with Letters,'—from your Majesty or Heaven knows whom! 'I spring up in all haste; and opening the 'Letter,—find it is from the Prince of Mirow; who informs me that '"he will be here today at noon." I have got all things in readiness 'to receive him, as if he were the Kaiser in person; and I hope there 'will be material for some amusement to my Most All-gracious Father, 'by next post.'—Next post is half-a-week hence:

'*To his Prussian Majesty* (From the Crown-Prince).

'Reinsberg, 11th November.

* * 'The Prince of Mirow's visit was so curious, I must give my 'Most All-gracious Father a particular report of it. In my last I men- 'tioned how General Prætorius had come to us: he was in the room, 'when I entered with the Prince of Mirow; at sight of him Prætorius 'exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by everybody, "*Voilà le Prince 'Cajuca!*"[3] Not one of us could help laughing; and I had my own 'trouble to turn it so that he did not get angry.

'Scarcely was the Prince got in, when they came to tell me, for his 'worse luck, that Prince Heinrich,' the Ill Margraf, 'was come;—who 'accordingly trotted him out, in such a way that we thought we should 'all have died with laughing. Incessant praises were given him, espe- 'cially for his fine clothes, his fine air, and his uncommon agility in 'dancing. And indeed I thought the dancing would never end.

'In the afternoon, to spoil his fine coat,'—a contrivance of the Ill Margraf's, I should think,—'we stept out to shoot at target in the rain: 'he would not speak of it, but one could observe he was in much 'anxiety about the coat. In the evening, he got a glass or two in his 'head, and grew extremely merry; said at last, "He was sorry that, 'for divers state-reasons and businesses of moment, he must of necessity

[3] Nickname out of some Romance, fallen extinct long since.

'return home;"—which, however, he put-off till about two in the 'morning. I think, next day he would not remember very much of it.

'Prince Heinrich is gone to his Regiment again;' Prætorius too is off; —and we end with the proper *Kow-tow*.[4]

These Strelitzers, we said, are juniors to infatuated Schwerin; and poor Mirow is again junior to Strelitz: plainly one of the least opulent of Residences. At present, it is Dowager Apanage (*Wittwen-Sitz*) to the Widow of the late Strelitz of blessed memory: here, with her one Child, a boy now grown to what manhood we see, has the Serene Dowager lived, these twenty-eight years past; a Schwartzburg by birth, 'the cleverest head among them all.' Twenty-eight years in dilapidated Mirow: so long has that Tailoring Duke, her eldest *stepson* (child of a prior wife) been Supreme Head of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; employed with his needle, or we know not how,—collapsed plainly into tailoring at this date. There was but one other Son; this clever Lady's, twenty years junior,—"Prince of Mirow" whom we now see. Karl Ludwig Friedrich is the name of this one; age now twenty-eight gone. He, ever since the third month of him, when the poor Serene Father died ('May 1708'), has been at Mirow with Mamma; getting what education there was,—not too successfully, as would appear. Eight years ago, 'in 1726,' Mamma sent him off upon his travels; to Geneva, Italy, France: he looked in upon Vienna, too; got a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the Kaiser's Service, but did not like it; soon gave it up; and returned home to vegetate, perhaps to seek a wife,—having prospects of succession in Strelitz. For the Serene Half-Brother proves to have no children: were *his* tailoring once finished in the world, our Prince of Mirow is Duke in Chief. On this basis he wedded last year: the little Wife has already brought him one child, a Daughter; and has (as Friedrich notices) another under way, if it prosper. No lack of Daughters, nor of Sons by and by: eight years hence came the little Charlotte,—subsequently Mother of England: much to her and our astonishment.[5]

The poor man did not live to be Duke of Strelitz; he died, 1752, in little Charlotte's eighth year; Tailor Duke *surviving*

[4] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvii. part 3d, p. 109.

[5] Born (at Mirow), 19th May 1744; married (London), 8th September 1761; died, 18th November 1818 (Michaelis, ii. 445, 446; Hübner, t. 195; Œrtel, pp. 43, 22).

him a few months. Little Charlotte's Brother did then succeed, and lasted till 1794; after whom a second Brother, father of the now Serene Strelitzes;—who also is genealogically notable. For from him there came another still more famous Queen: Louisa of Prussia; beautiful to look upon, as "Aunt Charlotte" was not, in a high degree; and who showed herself a Heroine in Napoleon's time, as Aunt Charlotte never was called to do. Both Aunt and Niece were women of sense, of probity, propriety; fairly beyond the average of Queens. And as to their early poverty, ridiculous to this gold-nugget generation, I rather guess it may have done them benefits which the gold-nugget generation, in its Queens and otherwise, stands far more in want of than it thinks.

But enough of this Prince of Mirow, whom Friedrich has accidentally unearthed for us. Indeed there is no farther history of him, for or against. He evidently was not thought to have invented gunpowder, by the public. And yet who knows but, in his very simplicity, there lay something far beyond the Ill Margraf to whom he was so quizzable? Poor downpressed brother mortal; somnambulating so pacifically in Sleepy Hollow yonder, and making no complaint!

He continued, though soon with less enthusiasm, and in the end very rarely, a visitor of Friedrich's during this Reinsberg time. Patriotic English readers may as well take the few remaining vestiges too, before quite dismissing him to Sleepy Hollow. Here they are, swept accurately together, from that Correspondence of Friedrich with Papa:

'*Reinsberg*, 18*th November* 1736. * * report most submissively that 'the Prince of Mirow has again been here, with his Mother, Wife, Aunt, 'Hofdames, Cavaliers and entire Household; so that I thought it was 'the Flight out of Egypt' (Exodus of the Jews). 'I begin to have a 'fear of those good people, as they assured me they would have such 'pleasure in coming often!'

'*Reinsberg*, 1*st February* 1737.' Let us give it in the Original too, as a specimen of German spelling:

'*Der Printz von Mihrau ist vohr einigen thagen hier gewessen und* 'haben wier einige Wasser schwermer in der See ihm zu Ehren gesmissen, 'seine frau ist mit einer thoten Printzesin nieder geKomen.—Der Gene- 'ral schulenburg ist heute hier gekommen und wirdt morgen'—That is to say:

'The Prince of Mirow was here a few days ago; and we let-off, in 'honour of him, a few water-rockets over the Lake: his Wife has been 'brought to bed of a dead Princess. General Schulenburg' (with a small *s*) 'came hither today; and tomorrow will' * *

'*Reinsberg, 28th March* 1737. * * Prince von Mirow was here 'yesterday; and tried shooting at the popinjay with us; he cannot see 'rightly, and shoots always with help of an opera-glass.'

'*Ruppin, 20th October* 1737. The Prince of Mirow was with us last 'Friday; and babbled much in his high way; among other things, white- 'lied to us, that the Kaiserinn gave him a certain porcelain snuff-box he 'was handling; but on being questioned more tightly, he confessed to 'me he had bought it in Vienna.'[6]

And so let him somnambulate yonder, till the two Queens, like winged Psyches, one after the other, manage to emerge from him.

Friedrich's Letters to his Father are described by some Prussian Editors as 'very attractive, *sehr anziehende Briefe;*' which, to a Foreign reader, seems a strange account of them. Letters very hard to understand completely; and rather insignificant when understood. They turn on Gifts sent to and sent from, 'swans,' 'hams,' with the unspeakable thanks for them; on recruits of so many inches; on the visitors that have been; they assure us that 'there is no sickness in the regiment,' or tell expressly how much: —wholly small facts; nothing of speculation, and of ceremonial pipeclay a great deal. We know already under what nightmare conditions Friedrich wrote to his Father! The attitude of the Crown Prince, sincerely reverent and filial, though obliged to appear ineffably so, and on the whole struggling under such mountains of encumbrance, yet loyally maintaining his equilibrium, does at last acquire, in these Letters, silently a kind of beauty to the best class of readers. But that is nearly their sole merit. By far the most human of them, that on the first visit to Mirow, the reader has now seen; and may thank us much that we show him no more of them.[7]

[6] *Briefe an Vater*, p. 71 (*caret* in *Œuvres*); pp. 85-114.—See Ib., 6th November 1737, for faint trace of a visit; and 25th September 1739, for another still fainter, the last there is.

[7] *Friedrich des Grossen Briefe an seinen Vater* (Berlin, 1838). Reduced in size, by suitable omissions; and properly spelt; but with little other elucidation for a stranger: in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 3d, pp. 1-123 (Berlin, 1856).

CHAPTER IV.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

WHILE these Mirow visits are about their best, and much else at Reinsberg is in comfortable progress, Friedrich's first year there just ending, there come accounts from England of quarrels broken out between the Britannic Majesty and his Prince of Wales. Discrepancies risen now to a height; and getting into the very Newspapers;—the Rising Sun too little under the control of the Setting, in that unquiet Country!

Prince Fred of England did not get to the Rhine Campaign, as we saw: he got some increase of Revenue, a Household of his own; and finally a Wife, as he had requested: a Sachsen-Gotha Princess; who, peerless Wilhelmina being unattainable, was welcome to Prince Fred. She is in the family-way, this summer 1737, a very young lady still; result thought to be due—When? Result being potential Heir to the British Nation, there ought to have been good calculation of the time when! But apparently nobody had well turned his attention that way. Or if Fred and Spouse had, as is presumable, Fred had given no notice to the Paternal Majesty,—"Let Paternal Majesty, always so cross to me, look-out for himself in that matter." Certain it is, Fred and Spouse, in the beginning of August 1737, are out at Hampton Court; potential Heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court; the poor young Mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth,—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought,—instead of dashing-off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled-off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor Wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where nevertheless she was safely delivered that same night,—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I

will believe, to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment, —unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on Papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not, it was malice aforethought all of it. "Had the potential Heir of the British Nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!" thinks Papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very Newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it.

Papa, as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a visit, one visit to the poor young Mother, so soon as proper: coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace, in front of St. James's; and there knelt down on the street, in his fine silk breeches, careless of the mud, to "beg a Mother's blessing," and show what a son he was, he for his part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed tenor; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either. I fear, this kneeling in the mud tells against Prince Fred; but in truth I do not know, nor even much care.[1] What a noise in England about nothing at all!—What a noisy Country, your Prussian Majesty! Foolish 'rising sun' not restrainable there by the setting or shining one; opposition parties bowling him about among the constellations, like a very mad object!—

But in a month or two, there comes worse news out of England; falling heavy on the heart of Prussian Majesty: news that Queen Caroline herself is dead.[2] Died as she had lived, with much constancy of mind, with a graceful modest courage and endurance; sinking quietly under the load of private miseries long quietly kept hidden, but now become too heavy, and for which the appointed rest was now here. Little George blubbered a good deal; fidgeted and flustered a good deal: much put about, poor foolish little soul. The dying Caroline recommended *him* to Walpole; advised his Majesty to marry again. "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses* (No, I'll have mistresses)!" sobbed his Majesty passionately. "*Ah, mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas* (that does not hinder)!" answered she, from long experience of the case. There is something stoically tragic in the history of Caroline with her flighty vapouring little King:

[1] Lord Hervey, *Memoirs of George the Second*, ii. 362-370, 409.

[2] 'Sunday evening, 1st December (20th Nov.) 1737.' Ib. pp. 510-539.

seldom had foolish husband so wise a wife. "Dead!" thought Friedrich Wilhelm, looking back through the whirlwinds of life, into sunny young scenes far enough away: "Dead!"—Walpole continued to manage the little King; but not for long; England itself rising in objection. Jenkins's Ear, I understand, is lying in cotton; and there are mad inflammable strata in that Nation, capable of exploding at a great rate.

From the Eastern regions our Newspapers are very full of events: War with the Turk going on there; Russia and Austria both doing their best against the Turk. The Russians had hardly finished their Polish-Election fighting, when they decided to have a stroke at the Turk,—Turk always an especial eye-sorrow to them, since that "Treaty of the Pruth," and Czar Peter's sad rebuff there:—Münnich marched direct out of Poland through the Ukraine, with his eye on the Crimea and furious business in that quarter. This is his second Campaign there, this of 1737; and furious business has not failed. Last year he stormed the Lines of Perecop, tore open the Crimea; took Azoph, he or Lacy under him; took many things: this year he had laid his plans for Oczakow;—takes Oczakow,—fiery event, blazing in all the Newspapers, at Reinsberg and elsewhere. Concerning which will the reader accept this condensed testimony by an eye-witness?

'*Oczakow*, 13*th July* 1737. Day before yesterday, Feldmarschall 'Münnich got to Oczakow, as he had planned,'—strong Turkish Town in the nook between the Black Sea and the estuary of the Dnieper;— 'with intention to besiege it. Siege-train, stores of every sort, which 'he had set afloat upon the Dnieper in time enough, were to have been 'ready for him at Oczakow. But the flotilla had been detained by 'shallows, by waterfalls; not a boat was come, nor could anybody say 'when they were coming. Meanwhile nothing is to be had here; the 'very face of the earth the Turks have burnt: not a blade of grass for 'cavalry within eight miles, nor a stick of wood for engineers; not a 'hole for covert, and the ground so hard you cannot raise redoubts on it: 'Münnich perceives he must attempt, nevertheless.

'On his right, by the seashore, Münnich finds some remains of gardens, 'palisades; scrapes together some vestige of shelter there (five thousand, 'or even ten thousand pioneers working desperately all that first night, '11th July, with only half success); and on the morrow commences 'firing with what artillery he has. Much out-fired by the Turks inside; '—his enterprise as good as desperate, unless the Dnieper flotilla come 'soon. July 12th, all day the firing continues, and all night; Turks

'extremely furious: about an hour before daybreak, we notice burning 'in the interior, "Some wooden house kindled by us, town got on fire 'yonder,"—and, praise to Heaven, they do not seem to succeed in 'quenching it again. Münnich turns out, in various divisions; intent 'on trying something, had he the least engineer furniture;—hopes 'desperately there may be promise for him in that internal burning still 'visible.

'In the centre of Münnich's line is one General Keith, a deliberate 'stalwart Scotch gentleman, whom we shall know better; Münnich him-'self is to the right: Could not one try it by scalade; keep the internal 'burning free to spread, at any rate? "Advance within musket-shot, 'General Keith!" orders Münnich's Aide-de-Camp cantering up. "I 'have been this good while within it," answers Keith, pointing to his 'dead men. Aide-de-Camp canters up a second time: "Advance within 'half musket-shot, General Keith, and quit any covert you have!" Keith 'does so; sends, with his respects to Feldmarschall Münnich, his remon-'strance against such a waste of human life. Aide-de-Camp canters up 'a third time: "Feldmarschall Münnich is for trying a scalade; hopes 'General Keith will do his best to coöperate!" "Forward, then!" answers 'Keith; advances close to the glacis; finds a wet ditch twelve feet 'broad, and has not a stick of engineer furniture. Keith waits there two 'hours; his men, under fire all the while, trying this and that to get 'across; Münnich's scalade going off ineffectual in like manner:—till 'at length Keith's men, and all men, tire of such a business, and roll 'back in great confusion out of shot-range. Münnich gives himself up 'for lost. And indeed, says Mannstein, had the Turks sallied out in 'pursuit at that moment, they might have chased us back to Russia. 'But the Turks did not sally. And the internal conflagration is not 'quenched, far from it;—and about nine A.M. their Powder-Magazine, 'conflagration reaching it, roared aloft into the air, and killed seven 'thousand of them.'[3]

So that Oczakow was taken, sure enough; terms, life only: and every remaining Turk packs-off from it, some 'twenty thousand inhabitants young and old' for one sad item.—A very blazing semi-absurd event, to be read of in Prussian military circles,—where General Keith will be better known one day.

Russian War with the Turk: that means withal, by old Treaties, aid of thirty thousand men from the Kaiser to Russia. Kaiser, so ruined lately, how can he send thirty thousand, and keep them recruited, in such distant expedition? Kaiser, much meditating, is advised it will be better to go frankly into the Turk on his own

[3] Mannstein, pp. 151-156.

score, and try for slices of profit from him in this game. Kaiser declares war against the Turk; and what is still more interesting to Friedrich Wilhelm and the Berlin Circles, Seckendorf is named General of it. Feldzeugmeister now Feldmarschall Seckendorf, envy may say what it will, he has marched this season into the Lower-Donau Countries,—going to besiege Widdin, they say,—at the head of a big Army (on paper, almost a hundred and fifty thousand, light troops and heavy)—virtually Commander-in-Chief; though nominally our fine young friend Franz of Lorraine bears the title of Commander, whom Seckendorf is to dry-nurse in the way sometimes practised. Going to besiege Widdin, they say. So has the poor Kaiser been advised. His wise old Eugene is now gone;[4] I fear his advisers,—a youngish Feldzeugmeister, Prince of Hildburghausen, the chief favourite among them,—are none of the wisest. All Protestants, we observe, these favourite Hildburghausens, Schmettaus, Seckendorfs of his; and Vienna is an orthodox papal Court;—and there is a Hofkriegsrath (Supreme Council of War), which has ruined many a General, poking too meddlesomely into his affairs! On the whole, Seckendorf will have his difficulties. Here is a scene, on the Lower Donau, different enough from that at Oczakow, not far from contemporaneous with it. The Austrian Army is at Kolitz, a march or two beyond Belgrad:

'*Kolitz*, 2*d July* 1737. This day, the Army not being on march, but 'allowed to rest itself, Grand Duke Franz went into the woods to hunt. 'Hunting up and down, he lost himself; did not return at evening; and, 'as the night closed in and no Generalissimo visible, the Generalissimo '*ad Latus* (such the title they had contrived for Seckendorf) was in much 'alarm. Generalissimo *ad Latus* ordered out his whole force of drummers, 'trumpeters: To fling themselves, postwise, deeper and deeper into the 'woods all round; to drum there, and blow, in ever-widening circle, in 'prescribed notes, and with all energy, till the Grand Duke were found. 'Grand Duke being found, Seckendorf remonstrated, rebuked; a thought 'too earnestly, some say, his temper being flurried,'—voice snuffling somewhat in alt, with lisp to help:—'so that the Grand Duke took offence; 'flung-off in a huff: and always looked askance on the Feldmarschall 'from that time;'[5]—quitting him altogether before long; and marching with Khevenhüller, Wallis, Hildburghausen, or any of the subordinate

[4] Died 30th April 1736.

[5] See *Lebensgeschichte des Grafen von Schmettau* (by his Son: Berlin, 1806), i. 27.

Generals rather. Probably Widden will not go the road of Oczakow, nor the Austrians prosper like the Russians, this summer.

Pöllnitz, in Tobacco-Parliament, and in certain Berlin circles foolishly agape about this new Feldmarschall, maintains always, Seckendorf will come to nothing; which his Majesty zealously contradicts,—his Majesty, and some short-sighted private individuals still favourable to Seckendorf.[6] Exactly one week after that singular drum-and-trumpet operation on Duke Franz, the Last of the Medici dies at Florence;[7] and Serene Franz, if he knew it, is Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, according to bargain: a matter important to himself chiefly, and to France, who, for Stanislaus and Lorraine's sake, has had to pay him some 200,000*l.* a-year during the brief intermediate state.

Of Berg and Jülich again; and of Luiscius with the One Razor.

These remote occurrences are of small interest to his Prussian Majesty, in comparison with the Pfalz affair, the Cleve-Jülich succession, which lies so near home. His Majesty is uncommonly anxious to have this matter settled, in peace, if possible. Kaiser and Reich, with the other Mediating Powers, go on mediating; but when will they decide? This year the old Bishop of Augsburg, one Brother of the older Kur-Pfalz Karl Philip, dies; nothing now between us and the event itself, but Karl Philip alone, who is verging towards eighty: the decision, to be peaceable, ought to be speedy! Friedrich Wilhelm, in January last, sent the expert Degenfeld, once of London, to old Karl Philip; and has him still there, with the most conciliatory offers: "Will leave your Sulzbachs a part, then; will be content with part, instead of the whole, which is mine if there be force in sealed parchment; will do anything for peace!" To which the old Kur-Pfalz, foolish old creature, is steadily deaf; answers vaguely, negatively always, in a polite manner; pushing his Majesty upon extremities painful to think of. "We hate war; but cannot quite do without justice, your Serenity," thinks Friedrich Wilhelm: "must it be the eighty thousand iron ramrods, then?" Obstinate Serenity continues deaf; and Friedrich Wilhelm's negotiations there at Mannheim, over in Holland, and through Holland with England, not to speak of Kaiser and Reich close at hand, become very intense; vehemently earnest, about this matter, for the next two

[6] Pöllnitz, *Memoiren*, ii. 497-502.

[7] 9th July (*Fastes de Louis XV.* p. 304).

years. The details of which, inexpressibly uninteresting, shall be spared the reader.

Summary is, these Mediating Powers will be of no help to his Majesty; not even the Dutch will, with whom he is specially in friendship: nay, in the third year it becomes fatally manifest, the chief Mediating Powers, Kaiser and France, listening rather to political convenience, than to the claims of justice, go direct in Kur-Pfalz's favour;—by formal treaty of their own,[8] France and the Kaiser settle, "That the Sulzbachers shall, as a preliminary, get provisional possession, on the now Serenity's decease; and shall continue undisturbed for two years, till Law decide between his Prussian Majesty and them." Two years; Law decide;—and we know what are the *nine-points* in a Law-case! This, at last, proved too much for his Majesty. Majesty's abstruse dubitations, meditations on such treatment by a Kaiser and others, did then, it appears, gloomily settle into fixed private purpose of trying it by the iron ramrods, when old Kur-Pfalz should die,—of marching with eighty thousand men into the Cleve Countries, and *so* welcoming any Sulzbach or other guests that might arrive. Happily old Kur-Pfalz did not die in his Majesty's time; survived his Majesty several years: so that the matter fell into other hands,—and was settled very well, near a century after.

Of certain wranglings with the little Town of Herstal,—Prussian Town (part of the Orange Heritage, once *King Pepin's* Town, if that were any matter now) in the Bishop of Liége's neighbourhood, Town highly insignificant otherwise,—we shall say nothing here, as they will fall to be treated, and be settled, at an after stage. Friedrich Wilhelm was much grieved by the contumacies of that paltry little Herstal; and by the Bishop of Liége's highflown procedures in countenancing them;—especially in a recruiting case that had fallen out there, and brought matters to a head.[9] The Kaiser too was afflictively high in countenancing the Bishop;—for which both Kaiser and Bishop got due payment in time. But his Prussian Majesty would not kindle the world for such a paltriness; and so left it hanging in a vexatious condition. Such things, it is remarked, weigh heavier on his now infirm Majesty than they were

[8] 'Versailles, 13th January 1739' (Olrich, *Geschichte der Schlesischen Kriege*, 1-13); Mauvillon, ii. 405-446; &c.

[9] 'December 1738' is crisis of the recruiting case (*Helden-Geschichte*, ii. 63); '17th February 1739,' Bishop's highflown appearance in it (ib. 67); Kaiser's in consequence, '10th April 1739.'

wont. He is more subject to fits of hypochondria, to talk of abdicating. "All gone wrong!" he would say, if any little flaw rose, about recruiting or the like. "One might go and live at Venice, were one rid of it!"[10] And his deep-stung clangorous growl against the Kaiser's treatment of him bursts out, from time to time; though he oftenest pities the Kaiser, too; seeing him at such a pass with his Turk War and otherwise.

It was in this Pfalz business that Herr Luiscius, the Prussian Minister in Holland, got into trouble; of whom there is a light dash of outline-portraiture by Voltaire, which has made him memorable to readers. This 'fat King of Prussia,' says Voltaire, was a dreadfully avaricious fellow, unbeautiful to a high degree in his proceedings with mankind:

'He had a Minister at the Hague called Luiscius; who certainly of all 'Ministers of Crowned Heads was the worst paid. This poor man, to warm 'himself, had made some trees be felled in the Garden of Honslardik, 'which belonged at that time to the House of Prussia; he thereupon 'received despatches from the King, intimating that a year of his salary 'was forfeited. Luiscius, in despair, cut his throat with probably the one 'razor he had (*seul rasoir qu'il eût*); an old valet came to his assistance, 'and unhappily saved his life. In after years, I found his Excellency at 'the Hague; and have occasionally given him an alms at the door of the '*Vieille Cour* (Old Court), a Palace belonging to the King of Prussia, 'where this poor Ambassador had lived a dozen years. It must be owned, 'Turkey is a republic in comparison to the despotism exercised by 'Friedrich Wilhelm.'[11]

Here truly is a witty sketch; consummately dashed off, as nobody but Voltaire could; 'round as Giotto's O,' done at one stroke. Of which the prose facts are only as follows. Luiscius, Prussian Resident, not distinguished by salary or otherwise, had, at one stage of these negotiations, been told, from headquarters, He might, in casual extra-official ways, if it seemed furthersome, give their High Mightinesses the hope, or notion, that his Majesty did not intend actual war about that Cleve-Jülich Succession,—being a pacific Majesty, and unwilling to involve his neighbours and mankind. Luiscius, instead of casual hint delicately dropped in some good way, had proceeded by direct declaration; frank

[10] Förster (place *lost*).

[11] *Œuvres de Voltaire* (*Vie Privée*, or what they now call *Mémoires*), ii. 15.

assurance to the High Mightinesses, That there would be no war. Which had never been quite his Majesty's meaning, and perhaps was now becoming rather the reverse of it. Disavowal of Luiscius had to ensue thereupon; who produced defensively his instruction from headquarters; but got only rebukes for such heavy-footed clumsy procedure, so unlike Diplomacy with its shoes of felt;—and, in brief, was turned out of the Diplomatic function, as unfit for it; and appointed to manage certain Orange Properties, fragments of the Orange Heritage which his Majesty still has in those Countries. This misadventure sank heavily on the spirits of Luiscius, otherwise none of the strongest-minded of men. Nor did he prosper in managing the Orange Properties: on the contrary, he again fell into mistakes; got soundly rebuked for injudicious conduct there, —'cutting trees,' planting trees, or whatever it was;—and this produced such an effect on Luiscius, that he made an attempt on his own throat, distracted mortal; and was only stopped by somebody rushing in. 'It was not the first time he had tried that feat,' says Pöllnitz, 'and been prevented; nor was it long till he made a 'new attempt, which was again frustrated: and always afterwards 'his relations kept him close in view:' Majesty writing comfortable forgiveness to the perturbed creature, and also 'settling a pension on him;' adequate, we can hope, and not excessive; 'which Luiscius 'continued to receive, at the Hague, so long as he lived.' These are the prose facts; not definitely dated to us, but perfectly clear otherwise.[12]

Voltaire, in his Dutch excursions, did sometimes, in after years, lodge in that old vacant Palace, called *Vieille Cour*, at the Hague; where he gracefully celebrates the decayed forsaken state of matters; dusky vast rooms with dim gilding; forgotten libraries 'veiled under the biggest spiderwebs in Europe;' for the rest, an uncommonly quiet place, convenient for a writing man, besides costing nothing. A son of this Luiscius, a good young lad, it also appears, was occasionally Voltaire's amanuensis there; him he did recommend zealously to the new King of Prussia, who was not deaf on the occasion. This, in the fire of satirical wit, is what we can transiently call 'giving alms to a Prussian Excellency;'—not now excellent, but pensioned and cracked; and the reader perceives, Luiscius had probably more than one razor, had not one been enough, when he did the rash act! Friedrich employed Luiscius

[12] Pöllnitz, ii. 495, 496;—the '*new* attempt' seems to have been 'June 1739' (*Gentleman's Magazine*, in mense, p. 331).

Junior, with no result that we hear of farther; and seems to have thought Luiscius Senior an absurd fellow, not worth mentioning again: 'ran away from the Cleve Country' (probably some mad-house there) 'above a year ago, I hear; and what is the matter where such a crackbrain end?'[13]

CHAPTER V.

VISIT AT LOO.

THE Pfalz question being in such a predicament, and Luiscius diplomatising upon it in such heavy-footed manner, his Majesty thinks a journey to Holland, to visit one's Kinsfolk there, and incidentally speak a word with the High Mightinesses upon Pfalz, would not be amiss. Such journey is decided on; Crown-Prince to accompany. Summer of 1738: a short visit, quite without fuss; to last only three days;—mere sequel to the Reviews held in those adjacent Cleve Countries; so that the Gazetteers may take no notice. All which was done accordingly: Crown-Prince's first sight of Holland; and one of the few reportable points of his Reinsberg life, and not quite without memorability to him and us.

On the 8th of July 1738, the Review Party got upon the road for Wesel: all through July, they did their reviewing in those Cleve Countries; and then struck across for the Palace of Loo in Geldern, where a Prince of Orange countable kinsman to his Prussian Majesty, and a Princess still more nearly connected,—English George's Daughter, own niece to his Prussian Majesty,—are in waiting for this distinguished honour. The Prince of Orange we have already seen, for a moment once; at the siege of Philipsburg four years ago, when the sale of Chasot's horses went off so well. "Nothing like selling horses when your company have dined well," whispered he to Chasot, at that time; since which date we have heard nothing of his Highness.

[13] Voltaire, *Œuvres* (Letter to Friedrich, 7th October 1740), lxxii. 261; and Friedrich's answer (wrong dated), ib. 265; Preuss, xxii. 33.

He is not a beautiful man; he has a crooked back, and features conformable; but is of prompt vivacious nature, and does not want for sense and good-humour. Paternal George, the gossips say, warned his Princess, when this marriage was talked of, "You will find him very ill-looking, though!" "And if I found him a baboon—!" answered she; being so heartily tired of St. James's. And in fact, for anything I have heard, they do well enough together. She is George II.'s eldest Princess;—next elder to our poor Amelia, who was once so interesting to us! What the Crown-Prince now thought of all that, I do not know; but the Books say, poor Amelia wore the willow, and specially wore the Prince's miniature on her breast all her days after, which were many. Grew corpulent, somewhat a huddle in appearance and equipment, 'eyelids like upper-*lips*,' for one item: but when life itself fled, the miniature was found in its old place, resting on the old heart after some sixty years. O Time, O Sons and Daughters of Time!—

His Majesty's reception at Loo was of the kind he liked,—cordial, honourable, unceremonious; and these were three pleasant days he had. Pleasant for the Crown-Prince too; as the whole Journey had rather been; Papa, with covert satisfaction, finding him a wise creature, after all, and "more serious" than formerly. "Hm, you don't know what things are in that Fritz!" his Majesty murmured sometimes, in these later years, with a fine light in his eyes.

Loo itself is a beautiful Palace: 'Loo, close by the Village 'Appeldoorn, is a stately brick edifice, built with architectural 'regularity; has finely decorated rooms, beautiful gardens, and 'round are superb alleys of oak and linden.'[1] There saunters pleasantly our Crown-Prince, for these three days;—and one glad incident I do perceive to have befallen him there: the arrival of a Letter from Voltaire. Letter much expected, which had followed him from Wesel; and which he answers here, in this brick Palace, among the superb avenues and gardens.[2]

No doubt a glad incident, irradiating, as with a sudden sunburst in gray weather, the commonplace of things. Here is news worth listening to; news as from the empyrean! Free interchange of poetries and proses, of heroic sentiments and opinions, between

[1] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, viii. 69.

[2] *Œuvres*, xxi. 203, the Letter, 'Cirey, June 1738;' Ib. 222, the Answer to it 'Loo, 6th August 1738.'

the Unique of Sages and the Paragon of Crown-Princes; how charming to both! Literary business, we perceive, is brisk on both hands; at Cirey the *Discours sur l'Homme* ('Sixth *Discours*' arrives in this packet at Loo, surely a deathless piece of singing); nor is Reinsberg idle: Reinsberg is copiously doing verse, such verse! and in prose, very earnestly, an "*Anti-Macchiavel;*" which soon afterwards filled all the then world, though it has now fallen so silent again. And at Paris, as Voltaire announces with a flourish, 'M. de Maupertuis's excellent Book, *Figure de la Terre*, is out;'[3] M. de Maupertuis, home from the Polar regions and from measuring the Earth there; the sublimest miracle in Paris society at present. Might build, new-build, an *Academy of Sciences* at Berlin for your Royal Highness, one day? suggests Voltaire, on this occasion: and Friedrich, as we shall see, takes the hint. One passage of the Crown-Prince's Answer is in these terms;—fixing this Loo Visit to its date for us, at any rate:

'*Loo in Holland, 6th August* 1739. * * I write from a place where 'there lived once a great man' (William III. of England, our Dutch William); 'which is now the Prince of Orange's House. The demon 'of Ambition sheds its unhappy poisons over his days. He might be 'the most fortunate of men; and he is devoured by chagrins in his 'beautiful Palace here, in the middle of his gardens and of a brilliant 'Court. It is pity in truth; for he is a Prince with no end of wit '(*infiniment d'esprit*), and has respectable qualities.' Not Stadtholder, unluckily; that is where the shoe pinches; the Dutch are on the Republican tack, and will not have a Stadtholder at present. No help for it in one's beautiful gardens and avenues of oak and linden.

'I have talked a great deal about Newton with the Princess,'—about Newton; never hinted at Amelia; not permissible!—'from Newton we 'passed to Leibnitz; and from Leibnitz to the late Queen of England,' Caroline lately gone, 'who, the Prince told me, was of Clarke's sentiment' on that important theological controversy now dead to mankind.—— And of Jenkins and his Ear did the Princess say nothing? That is now becoming a high phenomenon in England! But readers must wait a little.

Pity that we cannot give these two Letters in full; that no reader, almost, could be made to understand them, or to care

[3] Paris, 1738: Maupertuis's 'measurement of a degree,' in the utmost North, 1736-7 (to prove the Earth flattened there). Vivid Narrative; somewhat gesticulative, but duly brief. The only Book of that great Maupertuis which is now readable to human nature.

for them when understood. Such the cruelty of Time upon this Voltaire-Friedrich Correspondence, and some others; which were once so rosy, sunny, and are now fallen drearily extinct,—studiable by Editors only! In itself the Friedrich-Voltaire Correspondence, we can see, was charming; very blossomy at present: businesses increasing; mutual admiration now risen to a great height,—admiration sincere on both sides, most so on the Prince's, and extravagantly expressed on both sides, most so on Voltaire's.

Crown-Prince becomes a Freemason; and is harangued by Monsieur de Bielfeld.

His Majesty, we said, had three pleasant days at Loo; discoursing, as with friends, on public matters, or even on more private matters, in a frank unconstrained way. He is not to be called "Majesty" on this occasion; but the fact, at Loo, and by the leading Mightinesses of the Republic, who come copiously to compliment him there, is well remembered. Talk there was, with such leading Mightinesses, about the Jülich-and-Berg question, aim of this Journey: earnest enough private talk with some of them: but it availed nothing; and would not be worth reporting now to any creature, if we even knew it. In fact, the Journey itself remains mentionable chiefly by one very trifling circumstance; and then by another, not important either, which followed out of that. The trifling circumstance is,—That Friedrich, in the course of this Journey, became a Freemason: and the unimportant sequel was, That he made acquaintance with one Bielfeld, on the occasion; who afterwards wrote a Book about him, which was once much read, though never much worth reading, and is still citable, with precaution, now and then.[4] Trifling circumstance, of Freemasonry, as we read in Bielfeld and in many Books after him, befell in manner following.

Among the dinner-guests at Loo, one of those three days, was a Prince of Lippe-Bückeburg,—Prince of small territory, but of great speculation; whose territory lies on the Weser, leading to Dutch connexions; and whose speculations stretch over all the Universe, in a high fantastic style:—he was a dinner-guest; and one of the topics that came up was Freemasonry; a phantasmal kind of object, which had kindled itself, or rekindled, in those

[4] Monsieur le Baron de Bielfeld, *Lettres Familières et Autres*, 1763;—second edition, 2 vols. à Leide, 1767, is the one we use here.

years, in England first of all; and was now hovering about, a good deal, in Germany and other countries; pretending to be a new light of Heaven, and not a bog-meteor of phosphorated hydrogen, conspicuous in the murk of things. Bog-meteor, foolish putrescent will-o'-wisp, his Majesty promptly defined it to be: Tomfoolery and *Kinderspiel*, what else? Whereupon ingenious Bückeburg, who was himself a Mason, man of forty by this time, and had high things in him of the Quixotic type, ventured on defence; and was so respectful, eloquent, dextrous, ingenious, he quite captivated, if not his Majesty, at least the Crown-Prince, who was more enthusiastic for high things. Crown-Prince, after table, took his Durchlaucht of Bückeburg aside; talked farther on the subject, expressed his admiration, his conviction,—his wish to be admitted into such a Hero Fraternity. Nothing could be welcomer to Durchlaucht. And so, in all privacy, it was made-up between them, That Durchlaucht, summoning as many mystic Brothers out of Hamburg as were needful, should be in waiting with them, on the Crown-Prince's road homeward,—say at Brunswick, night before the Fair, where we are to be,—and there make the Crown-Prince a Mason.[5]

This is Bielfeld's account, repeated ever since; substantially correct, except that the scene was not Loo at all: dinner and dialogue, it now appears, took place in Durchlaucht's own neighbourhood, during the Cleve Review time; 'probably at Minden, 17th July;' and all was settled into fixed program before Loo came in sight.[6] Bielfeld's report of the subsequent procedure at Brunswick, as he saw it and was himself part of it, is liable to no mistakes, at least of the involuntary kind; and may, for anything we know, be correct in every particular.

He says (veiling it under discreet asterisks, which are now decipherable enough), The Durchlaucht of Lippe-Bückeburg had summoned six Brethren of the Hamburg Lodge; of whom we mention only a Graf von Kielmannsegge, a Baron von Oberg, both from Hanover, and Bielfeld himself, a Merchant's Son, of Hamburg;

[5] Bielfeld, i. 14-16; Preuss, i. 111; Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 41.

[6] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 201: Friedrich's Letter to this Durchlaucht, 'Comte de Schaumbourg-Lippe' he calls him; date, 'Moyland, 26th July 1738:' Moyland, a certain *Schloss*, or habitable Mansion, of his Majesty's, few miles to north of Mörs in the Cleve Country; where his Majesty used often to pause;—and where (what will be much more remarkable to readers) the Crown-Prince and Voltaire had their first meeting, two years hence.

these, with 'Kielmannsegge's Valet to act as Tiler,' Valet being also a Mason, and the rule equality of mankind,—were to have the honour of initiating the Crown-Prince. They arrived at the Western Gate of Brunswick on the 11th of August, as prearranged; Prussian Majesty not yet come, but coming punctually on the morrow. It is Fair-time; all manner of traders, pedlars, showmen rendezvousing; many neighbouring Nobility too, as was still the habit. "Such a bulk of light luggage?" said the Custom-house people at the Gate;—but were pacified by slipping them a ducat. Upon which we drove to 'Korn's Hôtel' (if anybody now knew it); and there patiently waited. No great things of a Hôtel, says Bielfeld; but can be put-up with;—worst feature is, we discover a Hanover acquaintance lodging close by, nothing but a wooden partition between us: How if he should overhear!—

Prussian Majesty and suite, under universal cannon salvos, arrived, Sunday the 12th; to stay till Wednesday (three days) with his august Son-in-law and Daughter here. Durchlaucht Lippe presents himself at Court, the rest of us not; privately settles with the Prince: "Tuesday night, eve of his Majesty's departure; that shall be the night: at Korn's Hôtel, late enough!" And there, accordingly, on the appointed night, 14th-15th August 1738, the light-luggage trunks have yielded their stage-properties; Jachin and Boaz are set up, and all things are ready; Tiler (Kielmannsegge's Valet) watching with drawn sword against the profane. As to our Hanover neighbour, on the other side the partition, says Bielfeld, we waited on him, this day after dinner, successively paying our respects; successively pledged him in so many bumpers, he is lying dead drunk hours ago, could not overhear a cannon-battery, he. And soon after midnight, the Crown-Prince glides in, a Captain Wartensleben accompanying, who is also a candidate; and the mysterious rites are accomplished on both of them, on the Crown-Prince first, without accident, and in the usual way.

Bielfeld could not enough admire the demeanour of this Prince, his clearness, sense, quiet brilliancy; and how he was so 'intrepid,' and 'possessed himself so gracefully in the most critical instants.' Extremely genial air, and so young, looks younger even than his years: handsome to a degree, though of short stature. Physiognomy, features, quite charming; fine auburn hair (*beau brun*), a negligent plenty of it; 'his large blue eyes have something at once severe, sweet and gracious.' Eligible Mason indeed. Had

better make dispatch at present, lest Papa be getting on the road before him!—Bielfeld delivered a small address, composed beforehand; with which the Prince seemed to be content. And so, with masonic grip, they made their adieus for the present; and the Crown-Prince and Wartensleben were back at their posts, ready for the road along with his Majesty.

His Majesty came on Sunday; goes on Wednesday, home now at a stretch; and, we hope, has had a good time of it here, these three days. Daughter Charlotte and her Serene Husband, well with their subjects, well with one another, are doing well; have already two little Children; a Boy the elder, of whom we have heard: Boy's name is Karl, age now three; sprightly, reckoned very clever, by the fond parents;—who has many things to do in the world, by and by; to attack the French Revolution, and be blown to pieces by it on the Field of Jena, for final thing! That is the fate of little Karl, who frolics about here, so sunshiny and ingenuous at present.

Karl's Grandmother, the Serene Dowager Duchess, Friedrich's own Mother-in-law, his Majesty and Friedrich would also of course see here. Fine Younger Sons of hers are coming forward; the reigning Duke beautifully careful about the furtherance of these Cadets of the House. Here is Prince Ferdinand, for instance; just getting ready for the Grand Tour; goes in a month hence:[7] a fine eupeptic loyal young fellow; who, in a twenty years more, will be Chatham's Generalissimo, and fight the French to some purpose. A Brother of his, the next elder, is now fighting the Turks for his Kaiser; does not like it at all, under such Seckendorfs and War-Ministries as there are. Then, elder still, eldest of all the Cadets, there is Anton Ulrich, over at Petersburg for some years past, with outlooks high enough: To wed the Mecklenburg Princess there (Daughter of the unutterable Duke), and be as good as Czar of all the Russias one day. Little to his profit, poor soul!—These, historically ascertainable, are the aspects of the Brunswick Court during those three days of Royal Visit, in Fair-time; and may serve to date the Masonic Transaction for us, which the Crown-Prince has just accomplished over at Korn's.

As for the Transaction itself, there is intrinsically no harm

[7] Mauvillon (*Fils*, son of him whom we cite otherwise), *Geschichte Ferdinands Herzogs von Braunschweig-Lüneburg* (Leipzig, 1794), i. 17-25.

in this initiation, we will hope: but it behoves to be kept well hidden from Papa. Papa's good opinion of the Prince has sensibly risen, in the course of this Journey, "so rational, serious, not dangling about among the women as formerly;"—and what a shock would this of Korn's Hôtel be, should Papa hear of it! Poor Papa, from officious talebearers he hears many things: is in distress about Voltaire, about Heterodoxies;—and summoned the Crown-Prince, by express, from Reinsberg, on one occasion lately, over to Potsdam, 'to take the Communion' there, by way of case-hardening against Voltaire and Heterodoxies! Think of it,human readers!—We will add the following stray particulars, more or less illustrative of the Masonic Transaction; and so end that trifling affair.

The Captain Wartensleben, fellow-recipient of the mysteries at Brunswick, is youngest son, by a second marriage, of old Feldmarschall Wartensleben, now deceased; and is consequently Uncle, Half-Uncle, of poor Lieutenant Katte, though some years younger than Katte would now have been. Tender memories hang by Wartensleben, in a silent way! He is Captain in the Potsdam Giants; somewhat an intimate, and not undeservedly so, of the Crown-Prince;—succeeds Wolden as Hofmarschall at Reinsberg, not many months after this; Wolden having died of an apoplectic stroke. Of Bielfeld comes a Book, slightly citable; from no other of the Brethren, or their Feat at Korn's, comes (we may say) anything whatever. The Crown-Prince prosecuted his Masonry, at Reinsberg or elsewhere, occasionally, for a year or two; but was never ardent in it; and very soon after his Accession, left off altogether: "Child's-play and *ignis fatuus* mainly!" A Royal Lodge was established at Berlin, of which the new King consented to be patron; but he never once entered the place; and only his Portrait (a welcomely good one, still to be found there) presided over the mysteries in that Establishment. Harmless 'fire,' but too 'fatuous;' mere flame-circles cut in the air, for infants, we know how!—

With Lippe-Bückeburg there ensued some Correspondence, high enough on his Serenity's side; but it soon languished on the Prince's side; and in private Poetry, within a two years of this Brunswick scene, we find Lippe used proverbially for a type-specimen of Fools.[8] A windy fantastic individual;—over-

[8] "Taciturne, Caton, avec mes bons parents,
Aussi fou que la Lippe avec les jeunes gens."
Œuvres, xi. 80 (*Discours sur la Fausseti*, written 1740).

whelmed in finance-difficulties too! Lippe continued writing; but 'only Secretaries now answered him' from Berlin. A son of his, son and successor, something of a Quixote too, but notable in Artillery-practice and otherwise, will turn-up at a future stage.

Nor is Bielfeld with his Book a thing of much moment to Friedrich or to us. Bielfeld too has a light airy vein of talk; loves Voltaire and the Philosophies in a light way;—knows the arts of Society, especially the art of flattering; and would fain make himself agreeable to the Crown-Prince, being anxious to rise in the world. His Father is a Hamburg Merchant, Hamburg 'Sealing-wax Manufacturer,' not ill-off for money: Son has been at schools, high schools, under tutors, posture-masters; swashes about on those terms, with French *esprit* in his mouth, and lace-ruffles at his wrists; still under thirty; showy enough, sharp enough; considerably a coxcomb, as is still evident. He did transiently get about Friedrich, as we shall see; and hoped to have sold his heart to good purpose there;—was, by and by, employed in slight functions; not found fit for grave ones. In the course of some years, he got a title of Baron; and sold his heart more advantageously, to some rich Widow or Fräulein; with whom he retired to Saxony, and there lived on an Estate he had purchased, a stranger to Prussia thenceforth.

His Book (*Lettres Familières et Autres*, all turning on Friedrich), which came out in 1763, at the height of Friedrich's fame, and was much read, is still freely cited by Historians as an Authority. But the reading of a few pages sufficiently intimate that these 'Letters' never can have gone through a terrestrial Post-office; that they are an afterthought, composed from vague memory and imagination, in that fine Saxon retreat;—a sorrowful ghost-like '*Travels of Anacharsis*,' instead of living words by an eye-witness! Not to be cited 'freely' at all, but sparingly and under conditions They abound in small errors, in misdates, mistakes; small fictions even, and impossible pretensions:—foolish mortal, to write down his bit of knowledge in that form! For the man, in spite of his lace-ruffles and gesticulations, has brisk eyesight of a superficial kind: he *could* have done us this little service (apparently his one mission in the world, for which Nature gave him bed and board here); and he, the lace-ruffles having gone into his soul, has been tempted into misdoing it!—Bielfeld and Bielfeld's Book, such as they are, appear to be the one conquest Friedrich got of

Freemasonry; no other result now traceable to us of that adventure in Korn's Hôtel, crowning event of the Journey to Loo.

Seckendorf gets lodged in Grätz.

Feldmarschall Seckendorf, after unheard-of wrestlings with the Turk War, and the Vienna War-Office (*Hofkriegsrath*), is sitting, for the last three weeks,—where thinks the reader?—in the Fortress of Grätz among the Hills of Styria; a State-Prisoner, not likely to get out soon! Seckendorf led forth, in 1737, "such an Army, for number, spirit and equipment," say the Vienna people, "as never marched against the Turk before;" and it must be owned, his ill success has been unparalleled. The blame was not altogether his; not chiefly his, except for his rash undertaking of the thing, on such terms as there were. But the truth is, that first scene we saw of him,—an Army all gone out trumpeting and drumming into the woods to *find* its Commander-in-Chief,—was an emblem of the Campaign in general. Excellent Army; but commanded by nobody in particular; commanded by a *Hofkriegsrath* at Vienna, by a Franz Duke of Tuscany, by Feldmarschall Seckendorf, and by subordinates who were disobedient to him: which accordingly, almost without help of the Turk and his disorderly ferocity, rubbed itself to pieces before long. Roamed about, now hither now thither, with plans laid and then with plans suddenly altered, Captain being Chaos mainly; in swampy countries, by overflowing rivers, in hunger, hot weather, forced marches; till it was marched gradually off its feet; and the clouds of chaotic Turks, who did finally show face, had a cheap pennyworth of it. Never was such a campaign seen as this of Seckendorf in 1737, said mankind. Except indeed that the present one, Campaign of 1738, in those parts, under a different hand, is still worse; and the Campaign of 1739, under still a different, will be worst of all!—Kaiser Karl and his Austrians do not prosper in this Turk War, as the Russians do,—who indeed have got a General equal to his task: Münnich, a famed master in the art of handling Turks and War-Ministries: real father of Russian Soldiering, say the Russians still.[9]

[9] See *Mannstein* for Münnich's plans with the Turk (methods and devices of steady Discipline in small numbers *versus* impetuous Ferocity in great); and Berenhorst (*Betrachtungen über die Kriegskunst*, Leipzig, 1796), a first-rate Authority, for examples and eulogies of them.

Campaign 1737, with clouds of chaotic Turks now sabering on the skirts of it, had not yet ended, when Seckendorf was called out of it; on polite pretexts, home to Vienna; and the command given to another. At the gates of Vienna, in the last days of October 1737, an Official Person, waiting for the Feldmarschall, was sorry to inform him, That he, Feldmarschall Seckendorf, was under arrest; arrest in his own house, in the *Kohlmarkt* (Cabbage-market so-called), a captain and twelve musketeers to watch over him with fixed bayonets there; strictly private, till the *Hofkriegsrath* had satisfied themselves in a point or two. "Hmph!" snuffled he; with brow blushing slate-colour, I should think, and gray eyes much alight. And ever since, for ten months or so, Seckendorf, sealed-up in the Cabbage-market, has been fencing for life with the *Hofkriegsrath;* who want satisfaction upon 'eighty-six' different 'points;' and make no end of chicaning to one's clear answers. And the Jesuits preach, too: "A Heretic, born enemy of Christ and his Kaiser; what is the use of questioning!" And the Heathen rage, and all men gnash their teeth, in this uncomfortable manner.

Answering done, there comes no verdict, much less any acquittal; the captain and twelve musketeers, three of them with fixed bayonets in one's very bedroom, continue. One evening, 21st July 1738, glorious news from the seat of War,—not *till* evening, as the Imperial Majesty was out hunting,—enters Vienna; blowing trumpets; shaking flags: "Grand Victory over the Turks!" so we call some poor skirmish there has been; and Vienna bursting all into three-times-three, the populace get very high. Populace rush to the Kohlmarkt: break the Seckendorf windows; intent to massacre the Seckendorf, had not fresh military come, who were obliged to fire and kill one or two. 'The house 'captain and his twelve musketeers, of themselves, did wonders; 'Seckendorf and all his domestics were in arms:' "*Jarni-bleu*" for the last time!—This is while the Crown-Prince is at Wesel; sound asleep, most likely; Loo, and the Masonic adventure, perhaps twinkling prophetically in his dreams.

At two next morning, an Official Gentleman informs Seckendorf, That he, for his part, must awaken, and go to Grätz. And in one hour more (3 A.M.), the Official Gentleman rolls off with him; drives all day; and delivers his Prisoner at Grätz:—'Not so much as a room ready there; Prisoner had to wait an hour in the carriage,' till some summary preparation were made. Wall-

neighbours of the poor Feldmarschall, in his Fortress here, were 'a *Gold-Cook* (swindling Alchemist), who had gone crazy; and an 'Irish Lieutenant, confined thirty-two years for some love-adventure, 'likewise pretty crazy; their noises in the night-time much dis-'turbed the Feldmarschall.'[10] One human thing there still is in his lot, the Feldmarschall's old Gräfinn. True old Dame, she, both in the Kohlmarkt and at Grätz, stands by him, 'imprisoned along with him' if it must be so; ministering, comforting, as only a true Wife can;—and hope has not quite taken wing.

Rough old Feldmarschall; now turned of sixty: never made such a Campaign before, as this of '37 followed by '38! There sits he; and will not trouble us any more during the present Kaiser's lifetime. Friedrich Wilhelm is amazed at these sudden cantings of Fortune's wheel, and grieves honestly as for an old friend: even the Crown-Prince finds Seckendorf punished unjustly; and is almost sorry for him, after all that has come and gone.

The Ear of Jenkins reëmerges.

We must add the following, distilled from the English Newspapers, though it is now almost four months after date:

'*London*, 1*st April* 1738. In the English House of Commons, 'much more in the English Public, there has been furious debating 'for a fortnight past: Committee of the whole House, examining 'witnesses, hearing counsel; subject, the Termagant of Spain, and her 'West-Indian procedures;—she, by her procedures somewhere, is always 'cutting-out work for mankind! How English and other strangers, 'fallen-in with in those seas, are treated by the Spaniards, readers have 'heard, nay have chanced to see; and it is a fact painfully known to all 'nations. Fact which England, for one nation, can no longer put-up 'with. Walpole and the Official Persons would fain smooth the matter; 'but the West-India Interest, the City, all Mercantile and Navigation 'Interests are in deal earnest: Committee of the whole House, "Pre-'sided by Alderman Perry," has not ears enough to hear the immensities 'of evidence offered; slow Public is gradually kindling to some sense of 'it. This had gone on for two weeks, when—what shall we say?—the '*Ear of Jenkins* reëmerged for the second time; and produced important 'effects!

'Where Jenkins had been all this while,—steadfastly navigating to

[10] *Seckendorfs Leben*, ii. 170-277. See *Schmettau*, pp. 27-59.

'and fro, steadfastly eating tough junk with a wetting of rum; not 'thinking too much of past labours, yet privately "always keeping his 'lost Ear in cotton" (with a kind of ursine piety, or other dumb feeling), '—no mortal now knows. But to all mortals it is evident he was home 'in London at this time; no doubt a noted member of Wapping society, 'the much-enduring Jenkins. And witnesses, probably not one but 'many, had mentioned him to this Committee, as a case eminently in 'point. Committee, as can still be read in its Rhadamanthine Journals, 'orders: "*Die Jovis*, 16° *Martii* 1737-8, That Captain Robert Jenkins 'do attend this House immediately;" and then more specially, "17° '*Martii*,"—captious objections having risen in Official quarters, as we 'guess,—"That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend upon Tuesday morning 'next."[11] Tuesday next is 21st March,—1st of April 1738 by our 'modern Calendar;—and on that day, not a doubt, Jenkins does attend; 'narrates that tremendous passage we already heard of, seven years ago, 'in the entrance of the Gulf of Florida; and produces his Ear wrapt 'in cotton:—setting all on flame (except the Official persons) at sight 'of it.'

Official persons, as their wont is in the pressure of debate, endeavoured to deny, to insinuate in their vile Newspapers, That Jenkins lost his Ear nearer home and not for nothing; as one still reads in the History Books.[12] Sheer calumnies, we now find. Jenkins's account was doubtless abundantly emphatic; but there is no ground to question the substantial truth of him and it. And so, after seven years of unnoticeable burning upon the thick skin of the English Public, the case of Jenkins accidentally burns through, and sets England bellowing; such a smart is there of it, —not to be soothed by Official wet-cloths; but getting worse and worse, for the nineteen months ensuing. And in short—But we will not anticipate!

[11] *Commons Journals*, xxiii. (in diebus). [12] Tindal (xx. 372), Coxe, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG; JOURNEY TO PREUSSEN.

THE Idyllium of Reinsberg,—of which, except in the way of sketchy suggestion, there can no history be given,—lasted less than four years; and is now coming to an end, unexpectedly soon. A pleasant Arcadian Summer in one's life;—though it has not wanted its occasional discords, flaws of ill weather in the general sunshine. Papa, always in uncertain health of late, is getting heavier of foot and of heart under his heavy burdens; and sometimes falls abstruse enough, liable to bewilderments from bad people and events: not much worth noticing here.[1] But the Crown-Prince has learned to deal with all this; all this is of transient nature; and a bright long future seems to lie ahead at Reinsberg;—brightened especially by the Literary Element; which, in this year of 1739, is brisker than it had ever been. Distinguished Visitors, of a literary turn, look in at Reinsberg; the Voltaire Correspondence is very lively; on Friedrich's part there is copious production, various enterprise, in the form of prose and verse; thoughts even of going to press with some of it: in short, the Literary Interest rises very prominent at Reinsberg in 1739. Biography is apt to forget the Literature there (having her reasons); but must at last take some notice of it, among the phenomena of the year.

To the young Prince himself, 'courting tranquillity,' as his door-lintel intimated,[2] and forbidden to be active except within limits, this of Literature was all along the great light of existence at Reinsberg; the supplement to all other employments or wants of employment there. To Friedrich himself, in those old days, a great and supreme interest; while again, to the modern Biographer of him, it has become dark and vacant; a thing to be shunned, not

[1] See Pöllnitz, ii. 509-515; Friedrich's Letter to Wilhelmina ('Berlin, 20th Jan. 1739:' in *Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, pp. 60-61); &c. &c.

[2] '*Frederico tranquillitatem colenti*' (Infrà, p. 280).

sought. So that the fact as it stood with Friedrich differs far from any description that can be given of the fact. Alas, we have said already, and the constant truth is, Friedrich's literatures, his distinguished literary visitors and enterprises, which were once brand-new and brilliant, have grown old as a garment, and are a sorrow rather than otherwise to existing mankind! Conscientious readers, who would represent to themselves the vanished scene at Reinsberg, in this point more especially, must make an effort.

As biographical documents, these Poetries and Proses of the young man give a very pretty testimony of him; but are not of value otherwise. In fact, they promise, if we look well into them, That here is probably a practical faculty and intellect of the highest kind; which again, on the speculative, especially on the poetical side, will never be considerable, nor has even tried to be so. This young soul does not deal in meditation at all, and his tendencies are the reverse of sentimental. Here is no introspection, morbid or other, no pathos or complaint, no melodious informing of the public what dreadful emotions you labour under: here, in rapid prompt form, indicating that it is truth and not fable, are generous aspirations for the world and yourself, generous pride, disdain of the ignoble, of the dark, mendacious;—here, in short, is a swift-handed, valiant, *steel*-bright kind of soul; very likely for a King's, if other things answer, and not likely for a Poet's. No doubt he could have made something of Literature too; could have written Books, and left some stamp of a veracious, more or less victorious intellect, in that strange province too. But then he must have applied himself to it, as he did to reigning: done in the cursory style, we see what it has come to.

It is certain, Friedrich's reputation suffers, at this day, from his writing. From his *not* having written nothing, he stands lower with the world. Which seems hard measure;—though perhaps it is the law of the case, after all. 'Nobody in these days,' says my poor Friend, 'has the least notion of the sinful waste there is 'in talk, whether by pen or tongue. Better probably that King 'Friedrich had written no Verses; nay I know not that David's 'Psalms did David's Kingship any good!' Which may be truer than it seems. Fine aspirations, generous convictions, purposes, —they are thought very fine: but it is good, on various accounts, to keep them rather silent; strictly unvocal, except on call of real business; so dangerous are they for becoming conscious of

themselves! Most things do not ripen at all except underground. And it is a sad but sure truth, that every time you *speak* of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of by-standers, there is the *less* chance of your ever making a fact of it in your poor life.—If Reinsberg, and its vacancy of great employment, was the cause of Friedrich's verse-writing, we will not praise Reinsberg on that head! But the truth is, Friedrich's verses came from him with uncommon fluency; and were not a deep matter, but a shallow one, in any sense. Not much more to him than speaking with a will; than fantasying on the flute in an animated strain. Ever and anon through his life, on small hint from without or on great, there was found a certain leakage of verses, which he was prompt to utter;—and the case at Reinsberg, or afterwards, is not so serious as we might imagine.

Pine's Horace; and the Anti-Macchiavel.

In late months Friedrich had conceived one notable project; which demands a word in this place. Did modern readers ever hear of 'John Pine, the celebrated English Engraver'? John Pine, a man of good scholarship, good skill with his burin, did 'Tapestries of the House of Lords,' and other things of a celebrated nature, famous at home and abroad: but his peculiar feat, which had commended him at Reinsberg, was an Edition of *Horace:* exquisite old *Flaccus* brought to perfection, as it were; all done with vignettes, classical borderings, symbolic marginal ornaments, in fine taste and accuracy, the Text itself engraved; all by the exquisite burin of Pine.[3] This Edition had come out last year, famous over the world; and was by and by, as rumour bore, to be followed by a *Virgil* done in the like exquisite manner.

The Pine *Horace,* part of the Pine *Virgil* too, still exist in the libraries of the curious; and are doubtless known to the proper parties, though much forgotten by others of us. To Friedrich, scanning the Pine phenomenon with interest then brand-new, it seemed an admirable tribute to classical genius; and the idea occurred to him, "Is not there, by Heaven's blessing, a living genius, classical like those antique Romans, and worthy of a like tribute?" Friedrich's idea was, That Voltaire being clearly the supreme of Poets, the *Henriade,* his supreme of Poems, ought to be engraved like *Flaccus;* text and all, with vignettes, tail-pieces,

[3] 'London, 1737' (*Biographie Universelle,* xxxiv. 465).

classical borderings beautifully symbolic and exact; by the exquisite burin of Pine. Which idea the young hero-worshipper, in spite of his finance-difficulties, had resolved to realise; and was even now busy with it, since his return from Loo. "Such beautiful enthusiasm," say some readers; "and in behalf of that particular demigod!" Alas, yes; to Friedrich he was the best demigod then going; and Friedrich never had any doubt about him.

For the rest, this heroic idea could not realise itself; and we are happy to have nothing more to do with Pine or the *Henriade.* Correspondences were entered into with Pine, and some pains taken: Pine's high prices were as nothing; but Pine was busy with his *Virgil;* probably, in fact, had little stomach for the *Henriade;* "could not for seven years to come enter upon it:" so that the matter had to die away; and nothing came of it but a small *Dissertation,* or Introductory Essay, which the Prince had got ready,—which is still to be found printed in Voltaire's Works[4] and in Friedrich's, if any body now cared much to read it. Preuss says it was finished, 'the 10th August 1739;' and that minute fact in Chronology, with the above tale of Hero-worship hanging to it, will suffice my readers and me.

But there is another literary project on hand, which did take effect;—much worthy of mention, this year; the whole world having risen into such a Chorus of *Te Deum* at sight of it next year. In this year falls, what at any rate was a great event to Friedrich, as literary man, the printing of his first Book, —assiduous writing of it with an eye to print. The Book is that 'celebrated *Anti-Macchiavel,*' ever-praiseworthy Refutation of Macchiavel's *Prince;* concerning which there are such immensities of Voltaire Correspondence, now become, like the Book itself, inane to all readers. This was the chosen soul's employment of Friedrich, the flower of life to him, at Reinsberg, through the year 1739. It did not actually get to press till Spring 1740; nor actually come out till Autumn,—by which time a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and circumstances: but we may as well say here what little is to be said of it for modern readers.

'The Crown-Prince, reading this bad Book of Macchiavel's, years 'ago, had been struck, as all honest souls, especially governors or ap- 'prentices to governing, must be, if they thought of reading such a 'thing, with its badness, its falsity, detestability; and came by degrees,

[4] *Œuvres,* xiii. 393-402.

'obliquely fishing-out Voltaire's opinion as he went along, on the notion 'of refuting Macchiavel; and did refute him, the best he could. Set 'down, namely, his own earnest contradiction to such ungrounded noxious 'doctrines; elaborating the same more and more into clear logical utterance, 'till it swelled into a little Volume; which, so excellent was it, so 'important to mankind, Voltaire and friends were clear for publishing. 'Published accordingly it was; goes through the press next Summer '(1740), under Voltaire's anxious superintendence:[5] for the Prince has 'at length consented; and Voltaire hands the Manuscript, with mystery 'yet with hints, to a Dutch Bookseller, one Van Duren at the Hague, 'who is eager enough to print such an article. Voltaire himself,—such 'his magnanimous friendship, especially if one have Dutch Lawsuits, or 'business of one's own, in those parts,—takes charge of correcting; lodges 'himself in the "Old Court" (Prussian Mansion, called *Vieille Cour*, at 'the Hague, where "Luiscius," figuratively speaking, may "get an alms" 'from us); and therefrom corrects, alters; corresponds with the Prince 'and Van Duren, at a great rate. Keeps correcting, altering, till Van 'Duren thinks he is spoiling it for sale;—and privately determines to 'preserve the original Manuscript, and have an edition of that, with only 'such corrections as seem good to Van Duren. A treasonous step on 'this mule of a Bookseller's part, thinks Voltaire; but mulishly persisted 'in by the man. Endless correspondence, to right and left, ensues; 'intolerably wearisome to every reader. And, in fine, there came out, in 'Autumn next,'—the Crown-Prince no longer a Crown-Prince by that time, but shining conspicuous under Higher Title,—'not one *Anti-'Macchiavel* only, but a couple or a trio of *Anti-Macchiavels;* as printed '"at the Hague;" as reprinted "at London" or elsewhere; the confused 'Bibliography of which has now fallen very insignificant. First there 'was the Voltaire text, Authorised Edition, "end of September 1740;" 'then came, in few weeks, the Van Duren one; then, probably, a third, 'combining the two, the variations given as foot-notes:—in short, I 'know not how many editions, translations, printings and reprintings; 'all the world being much taken up with such a message from the upper 'regions, and eager to read it in any form.

[5] Here, gathered from Friedrich's Letters to Voltaire, is the Chronology of the little Enterprise:

1738, *March* 21, *June* 17, "Macchiavel a baneful man," thinks Friedrich. "Ought to be refuted by somebody?" thinks he (date not known).

1739, *March* 22, Friedrich thinks of doing it himself. Has done it, *December* 4;—"a Book which ought to be printed," say Voltaire and the literary visitors.

1740, *April* 26, Book given up to Voltaire for printing. Printing finished; Book appears, 'end of *September*,' when a great change had occurred in Friedrich's title and position.

'As to Friedrich himself, who of course says nothing of the *Anti-*
'*Macchiavel* in public, he privately, to Voltaire, disowns all these editions;
'and intends to give a new one of his own, which shall be the right
'article; but never did it, having far other work cut-out for him in the
'months that came. But how zealous the world's humour was in that
'matter, no modern reader can conceive to himself. In the frightful
'Compilation called *Helden-Geschichte*, which we sometimes cite, there
'are, excerpted from the then "Bibliothèques" (*Nouvelle Bibliothèque*
'and another; shining Periodicals of the time, now gone quite dead),
'two "reviews" of the *Anti-Macchiavel*, which fill modern readers with
'amazement: such a *Domine dimittas* chanted over such an article!—
'These details, in any other than the Biographical point of view, are
'now infinitely unimportant.'

Truly, yes! The Crown-Prince's *Anti-Macchiavel*, final correct edition (in two forms, Voltaire's as corrected, and the Prince's own as written), stands now in clear type;[6] and, after all that jumble of printing and counter-printing, we can any of us read it in a few hours; but, alas, almost none of us with the least interest, or, as it were, with any profit whatever. So different is present tense from past, in all things, especially in things like these! It is sixscore years since the *Anti-Macchiavel* appeared. The spectacle of one who was himself a King (for the mysterious fact was well known to Van Duren and everybody) stepping forth to say with conviction, That Kingship was not a thing of attorney mendacity, to be done under the patronage of Beelzebub, but of human veracity, to be set about under quite Other patronage; and that, in fact, a King was the "born servant of his People" (*domestique* Friedrich once calls it), rather than otherwise: this, naturally enough, rose upon the then populations, unused to such language, like the dawn of a new day; and was welcomed with such applauses as are now incredible, after all that has come and gone! Alas, in these sixscore years, it has been found so easy to profess and speak, even with sincerity! The actual Hero-Kings were long used to be silent; and the Sham-Hero kind grow only the more desperate for us, the more they speak and profess!—This *Anti-Macchiavel* of Friedrich's is a clear distinct Treatise; confutes, or at least heartily contradicts, paragraph by paragraph, the incredible sophistries of Macchiavel. Nay it leaves us, if we sufficiently force our attention, with the comfortable sense that his Royal Highness is speaking with conviction, and honestly from the heart, in the affair: but that

[6] Preuss, *Œuvres de Frédéric*, viii. 61-163.

is all the conquest we get of it, in these days. Treatise fallen more extinct to existing mankind it would not be easy to name.

Perhaps indeed mankind is getting weary of the question altogether. Macchiavel himself one now reads only by compulsion. "What is the use of arguing with anybody that can believe in Macchiavel?" asks mankind, or might well ask; and, except for Editorial purposes, eschews any *Anti-Macchiavel;* impatient to be rid of bane and antidote both. Truly the world has had a pother with this little Nicolò Macchiavelli and his perverse little Book:—pity almost that a Friedrich Wilhelm, taking his rounds at that point of time, had not had the "refuting" of him; Friedrich Wilhelm's method would have been briefer than Friedrich's! But let us hope the thing is now, practically, about completed. And as to the other question, "Was the Signor Nicolò serious in this perverse little Book; or did he only do it ironically, with a serious inverse purpose?" we will leave that to be decided, any time convenient, by people who are much at leisure in the world!—

The printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel* was not intrinsically momentous in Friedrich's history; yet it might as well have been dispensed with. He had here drawn a fine program, and needlessly placarded it for the street populations: and afterwards there rose, as could not fail on their part, comparison between program and performance; scornful cry, chiefly from men of weak judgment, "Is this King an *Anti*-Macchiavel, then? Pfui!" Of which,—though Voltaire's voice, too, was heard in it, in angry moments,—we shall say nothing: the reader, looking for himself, will judge by and by. And herewith enough of the *Anti-Macchiavel.* Composition of *Anti-Macchiavel* and speculation of the Pine *Henriade* lasted, both of them, all through this Year 1739, and farther: from these two items, not to mention any other, readers can figure sufficiently how literary a year it was.

Friedrich in Preussen again; at the Stud of Trakehnen. A tragically great Event coming on.

In July this year the Crown-Prince went with Papa on the Prussian Review-journey.[7] Such attendance on Review-journeys, a mark of his being well with Papa, is now becoming usual; they are agreeable excursions, and cannot but be instructive as well. On this occasion, things went beautifully with him. Out in those

[7] 'Set out, 7th July' (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, 67 n.).

grassy Countries, in the bright Summer, once more he had an unusually fine time;—and two very special pleasures befell him. First was, a sight of the Emigrants, our Salzburgers and other, in their flourishing condition, over in Lithuania yonder. Delightful to see how the waste is blossoming up again; busy men, with their industries, their steady pious husbandries, making all things green and fruitful: horse-droves, cattle-herds, waving cornfields;—a very "*Schmalzgrube* (Butter-pit)" of those Northern parts, as it is since called.[8] The Crown-Prince's own words on this matter we will give; they are in a Letter of his to Voltaire, perhaps already known to some readers;—and we can observe he writes rather copiously from those localities at present, and in a cheerful humour with everybody.

'*Insterburg*, 27*th July* 1739 (Crown-Prince to Voltaire). * * Prussian 'Lithuania is a Country a hundred and twenty miles long, by from sixty 'to forty broad;[9] it was ravaged by Pestilence at the beginning of 'this Century; and they say Three-hundred Thousand people died of 'disease and famine.' Ravaged by Pestilence and the neglect of King Friedrich I.; till my Father, once his hands were free, made personal survey of it, and took it up, in earnest.

'Since that time,' say twenty years ago, 'there is no expense that the 'King has been afraid of, in order to succeed in his salutary views. He 'made, in the first place, regulations full of wisdom; he rebuilt wherever 'the Pestilence had desolated: thousands of families, from the ends of 'Europe,' Seventeen Thousand Salzburgers for the last item, 'were 'conducted hither; the Country repeopled itself; trade began to flourish 'again;—and now, in these fertile regions, abundance reigns more than 'it ever did.

'There are above half a million of inhabitants in Lithuania; there are 'more towns than there ever were, more flocks than formerly, more 'wealth and more productiveness than in any other part of Germany. 'And all this that I tell you of is due to the King alone; who not only 'gave the orders, but superintended the execution of them; it was he 'that devised the plans, and himself got them carried to fulfilment; and 'spared neither care nor pains, nor immense expenditures, nor promises 'nor recompenses, to secure happiness and life to this half million of 'thinking beings, who owe to him alone that they have possessions and 'felicity in the world.

'I hope this detail does not weary you. I depend on your humanity 'extending itself to your Lithuanian brethren, as well as to your French,

[8] Büsching, *Erdbeschreibung*, ii. 1049.

[9] 'Miles *English*,' we always mean, *unless* &c.

'English, German, or other,—all the more as, to my great astonishment, I 'passed through villages where you hear nothing spoken but French.— 'I have found something so heroic, in the generous and laborious way in 'which the King addressed himself to making this desert flourish with 'inhabitants and happy industries and fruits, that it seemed to me you 'would feel the same sentiments in learning the circumstances of such a 'reëstablishment.

'I daily expect news of you from Enghien' (in those Dutch-Lawsuit Countries). * * 'The divine Emilie; * * the Duke' (D'Aremberg, Austrian Soldier, of convivial turn,—remote Welsh-Uncle to a certain little Prince de Ligne, now spinning tops in those parts;[10] not otherwise interesting), 'whom Apollo contends for against Bacchus. * * Adieu. '*Ne m'oubliez pas, mon cher ami.*'[11]

This is one pleasant scene, to the Crown-Prince and us, in those grassy localities. And now we have to mention that, about a fortnight later, at Königsberg one day, in reference to a certain Royal Stud or Horse-breeding Establishment in those same Lithuanian regions, there had a still livelier satisfaction happened him; satisfaction of a personal and filial nature. The name of this Royal Stud, inestimable on such ground, is Trakehnen,—lies south of Tilsit, in an upper valley of the Pregel river;—very extensive Horse-Establishment, 'with seven farms under it,' say the Books, and all 'in the most perfect order,' they need hardly add, Friedrich Wilhelm being master of it. Well, the Royal Party was at Königsberg, so far on the road homewards again from those outlying parts, when Friedrich Wilhelm said one day to his Son, quite in a cursory manner, "I give thee that Stud of Trakehnen; thou must go back and look to it;"—which struck Fritz quite dumb at the moment.

For it is worth near upon 2,000*l* a year (12,000 thalers); a welcome new item in our impoverished budget; and it is an undeniable sign of Papa's good humour with us, which is more precious still. Fritz made his acknowledgments, eloquent with looks, eloquent with voice, on coming to himself; and is, in fact, very proud of his gift, and celebrates it to his Wihelmina, to Camas and others who have a right to know such a thing. Grand useful gift; and handed over by Papa grandly, in three business words, as if it had been a brace of game: "I give it thee, Fritz!" A thing not to be forgotten. 'At bottom Friedrich Wilhelm was not 'avaricious' (not a miser, only a man grandly abhorring waste, as

[10] Born 23d May 1735, this latter little Prince; lasted till 13th Dec. 1814 ("*danse, mais il ne marche pas*").

[11] *Œuvres*, xxi. 304, 305.

the poor vulgar cannot do), 'not avaricious,' says Pöllnitz once; 'he made munificent gifts, and never thought of them more.' This of Trakehnen,—perhaps there might be a whiff of coming Fate concerned in it withal: "I shall soon be dead, not able to give thee anything, poor Fritz!" To the Prince and us it is very beautiful; a fine effulgence of the inner man of Friedrich Wilhelm. The Prince returned to Trakehnen, on this glad errand; settled the business details there; and, after a few days, went home by a route of his own;—well satisfied with this Prussian-Review journey, as we may imagine.

One sad thing there was, though Friedrich did not yet know how sad, in this Review-journey: the new fit of illness that overtook his Majesty. From Pöllnitz, who was of the party, we have details on that head. In his Majesty's last bad illness, five years ago, when all seemed hopeless, it appears the surgeons had relieved him,—in fact recovered him, bringing off the bad humours in quantity,—by an incision in the foot or leg. In the course of the present fatigues, this old wound broke out again; which of course stood much in the way of his Majesty; and could not be neglected, as probably the causes of it were. A regimental surgeon, Pöllnitz says, was called in; who, in two days, healed the wound,—and declared all to be right again; though in fact, as we may judge, it was dangerously worse than before. 'All well 'here,' writes Friedrich; 'the King has been out of order, but is 'now entirely recovered (*tout à fait remis*).'[12]

Much reviewing and heavy business followed at Königsberg;—gift of Trakehnen, and departure of the Crown-Prince for Trakehnen, winding it up. Directly on the heel of which, his Majesty turned homewards, the Crown-Prince not to meet him till once at Berlin again. Majesty's first stage was at Pillau, where we have been. At Pillau, or next day at Dantzig, Pöllnitz observed a change in his Majesty's humour, which had been quite sunshiny all this journey hitherto. At Dantzig Pöllnitz first noticed it; but at every new stage it grew worse, evil accidents occurring to worsen it; and at Berlin it was worst of all;—and, alas, his poor Majesty never recovered his sunshine in this world again! Here is Pöllnitz's account of the journey homewards:

'Till now,' till Pillau and Dantzig, 'his Majesty had been in especially 'good humour; but in Dantzig his cheerfulness forsook him;—and it

[12] 'Königsberg, 30th July 1739,' to his Wife (*Œuvres*, xxvi. 6).

never came back. He arrived about ten at night in that City' (Wednesday 12th August or thereby); 'slept there; and was off again next 'morning at five. He drove only thirty miles this day; stopped in 'Lupow' (coast road through Pommern), 'with Herr von Grumkow' (the late Grumkow's Brother), 'Kammer President in this Pommern 'Province. From Lupow he went to a poor Village near Belgard, eighty 'miles farther;'—last village on the great road, Belgard lying to left a little, on a side road;—'and stayed there overnight.

'At Belgard, next morning, he reviewed the Dragoon Regiment von 'Platen; and was very ill-content with it. And nobody, with the least 'understanding of that business, but must own that never did Prussian 'Regiment manœuvre worse. Conscious themselves how bad it was, they 'lost head, and got into open confusion. The King did all that was 'possible to help them into order again. He withdrew thrice over, to 'give the Officers time to recover themselves; but it was all in vain. 'The King, contrary to wont, restrained himself amazingly, and would 'not show his displeasure in public. He got into his carriage, and 'drove away with the Fürst of Anhalt,' Old Dessauer, 'and Von Win-'terfeld,' Captain in the Giant Regiment, 'who is now Major-General 'von Winterfeld;'[13] not staying to dine with General von Platen, as was 'always his custom with Commandants whom he had reviewed. He 'bade Prince Wilhelm and the rest of us stay and dine; he himself 'drove away,'—towards the great road again, and some uncertain lodging there.

'We stayed accordingly; and did full justice to the good cheer,'—though poor Platen would certainly look flustered, one may fancy. 'But 'as the Prince was anxious to come up with his Majesty again, and 'knew not where he would meet him, we had to be very swift with the 'business.

'We found the King with Anhalt and Winterfeld, by and by; sitting 'in a village, in front of a barn, and eating a cold pie there, which the 'Fürst of Anhalt had chanced to have with him; his Majesty, owing 'to what he had seen on the parade-ground, was in the utmost ill-humour '(*höchst übler Laune*). Next day, Saturday, he went a hundred and 'fifty or two hundred miles; and arrived in Berlin at ten at night. 'Not expected there till the morrow; so that his rooms were locked,—'her Majesty being over in Monbijou, giving her children a Ball;'[14]—and we can fancy what a frame of mind there was!

Nobody, not at first even the Doctors, much heeded this new fit of illness; which went and came: "changed temper," deeper or

[13] Major-General since 1743, of high fame; fell in fight, 7th Sept. 1757.
[14] Pöllnitz, ii. 534-537.

less deep gloom of "bad humour," being the main phenomenon to bystanders. But the sad truth was, his Majesty never did recover his sunshine; from Pillau onwards he was slowly entering into the shadows of the total Last Eclipse; and his journeyings and reviewings in this world were all done. Ten months hence, Pöllnitz and others knew better what it had been!—

CHAPTER VII.

LAST YEAR OF REINSBERG: TRANSIT OF BALTIMORE AND OTHER PERSONS AND THINGS.

FRIEDRICH had not been long home again from Trakehnen and Preussen, when the routine of things at Reinsberg was illuminated by Visitors, of brilliant and learned quality; some of whom, a certain Signor Algarotti for one, require passing mention here. Algarotti, who became a permanent friend or satellite, very luminous to the Prince, and was much about him in coming years, first shone out upon the scene at this time, — coming unexpectedly, and from the Eastward as it chanced.

On his own score, Algarotti has become a wearisome literary man to modern readers: one of those half-remembered men; whose books seem to claim a reading, and do not repay it you when given. Treatises, of a serious nature, *On the Opera;* setting forth, in earnest, the potential "moral uses" of the Opera, and dedicated to Chatham; *Neutonianismo per le Donne* (Astronomy for Ladies): the mere Titles of such things are fatally sufficient to us; and we cannot, without effort, nor with it, recall the brilliancy of Algarotti and them to his contemporary world.

Algarotti was a rich Venetian Merchant's Son, precisely about the Crown-Prince's age; shone greatly in his studies at Bologna and elsewhere; had written Poesies (*Rime*); written especially that *Newtonianism for the Dames* (equal to Fontenelle, said Fame, and orthodox Newtonian withal, not heterodox or Cartesian);— and had shone, respected, at Paris, on the strength of it, for three or four years past: friend of Voltaire in consequence, of Voltaire

and his divine Emilie, and a welcome guest at Cirey; friend of the cultivated world generally, which was then labouring, divine Emilie in the van of it, to understand Newton and be orthodox in this department of things. Algarotti did fine Poesies, too, once and again; did Classical Scholarships, and much else: everywhere a clearheaded, methodically distinct, concise kind of man. A high style of breeding about him, too; had powers of pleasing, and used them: a man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there; keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies,—really with considerable prudence, first and last.

He is somewhat of the Bielfeld type; a Merchant's Son, we observe, like Bielfeld; but a Venetian Merchant's, not a Hamburg's; and also of better natural stuff than Bielfeld. Concentrated himself upon his task with more seriousness, and made a higher thing of it than Bielfeld; though, after all, it was the same task the two had. Alas, our "Swan of Padua" (so they sometimes called him) only sailed, paddling grandly, nowhither,—as the Swan-Goose of the Elbe did, in a less stately manner! One cannot well bear to read his Books. There is no light upon Friedrich to tempt us; better light than Bielfeld's there could have been, and much of it: but he prudently, as well as proudly, forbore such topics. He approaches very near fertility and geniality in his writings, but never reaches it. Dilettantism become serious and strenuous, in those departments—Well, it was beautiful to young Friedrich and the world at that time, though it is not to us!—Young Algarotti, Twenty-seven this year, has been touring about as a celebrity these four years past, on the strength of his fine manners and *Newtonianism for the Dames.*

It was under escort of Baltimore, 'an English Milord,' recommended from Potsdam itself, that Algarotti came to Reinsberg: the Signor had much to do with English people now and after. Where Baltimore first picked him up, I know not: but they have been to Russia together; Baltimore by twelve years the elder of the two: and now, getting home towards England again, they call at Reinsberg in the fine Autumn weather;—and considerably captivate the Crown-Prince, Baltimore playing chief, in that as in other points. The visit lasted five days:[1] there was copious speech on many things;—discussion about Printing of the *Anti-Macchiavel;* Algarotti to get it printed in England, Algarotti to get Pine and his Engraved *Henriade* put under way; neither

[1] 20th-25th September 1739 (*Œuvres de Frédéric*, xiv. p. xiv).

of which projects took effect;—readers can conceive what a charming five days these were. Here, in the Crown-Prince's own words, are some brief glimmerings which will suffice us:

Reinsberg, 25th Sept. 1739 (Crown-Prince to Papa). * * that 'nothing new has occurred in the Regiment, and we have few sick. Here 'has the English Milord, who was at Potsdam, passed through' (stayed five days, though we call it passing, and suppress the Algarotti, Baltimore being indeed chief). 'He is gone towards Hamburg, to take ship 'for England there. As I heard that my Most All-gracious Father 'wished I should show him courtesy, I have done for him what I could. 'The Prince of Mirow has also been here,'—our old Strelitz friend. Of Baltimore nothing more to Papa. But to another Correspondent, to the good Suhm (who is now at Petersburg, and much in our intimacy, ready to transact loans for us, translate Wolf, or do what is wanted), there is this passage next day:

Reinsberg, 26th September 1739 (To Suhm). 'We have had Milord 'Baltimore here, and the young Algarotti; both of them men who, by 'their accomplishments, cannot but conciliate the esteem and consider-'ation of all who see them. We talked much of you' (Suhm), 'of 'Philosophy, of Science, Art; in short, of all that can be included in 'the taste of cultivated people (*honnêtes gens*).'[2] And again to another, about two weeks hence:

Reinsberg, 10th October 1739 (To Voltaire). 'We have had Milord 'Baltimore and Algarotti here, who are going back to England. This 'Milord is a very sensible man (*homme très-sensé*); who possesses a 'great deal of knowledge, and thinks, like us, that sciences can be no 'disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admired 'the genius of this *Anglais*, as one does a fine face through a crape 'veil. He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; 'and as for his English, he pronounces it so quick, there is no possi-'bility of following him. He calls a Russian "a mechanical animal." 'He says "Petersburg is the eye of Russia, with which it keeps civilised 'countries in sight; if you took this eye from it, Russia would fall again 'into barbarism, out of which it is just struggling."[3] * * Young Alga-'rotti, whom you know, pleased me beyond measure. He promised 'that he'—But Baltimore, promise or not, is the chief figure at present.

Evidently an original kind of figure to us, *cet Anglais*. And indeed there is already finished a rhymed *Epistle* to Baltimore; *Epître sur la Liberté* (copy goes in that same *Letter*, for Voltaire's behoof), which dates itself likewise October 10th; beginning,

'*L'esprit libre, Milord, qui règne en Angleterre,*'—

[2] *Œuvres de Frédéric*, xvi. 378. [3] Ib. xxi. 326, 327.

which, though it is full of fine sincere sentiments, about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch.

What Baltimore said in answer to the *Epître*, we do not know; probably not much: it does not appear he ever saw or spoke to Friedrich a second time. Three weeks after, Friedrich writing to Algarotti, has these words: 'I pray you make my friendships 'to Milord Baltimore, whose character and manner of thinking I 'truly esteem. I hope he has, by this time, got my *Epître* on the 'English Liberty of Thought.'[4] And so Baltimore passes on, silent in History henceforth,—though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times, as a kind of type-figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun's disk, I have made some inquiry about Baltimore; but found very little;—perhaps enough:

'He was Charles, Sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears; Sixth, and last 'but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert '(1618-1624), who colonised Maryland; last of them (1774) was the Son 'of this Charles; something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in 'Portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that Seventh 'Baltimore, printed one or two little Volumes ("now of extreme 'rarity,"—cannot be too rare); and winded-up by standing an ugly 'Trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate-female). After 'which he retired to Naples, and there ended, 1774, the last of these 'Milords.[5]

'He of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles; but his 'Son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, age forty at this time, had 'travelled about the Continent a good deal: once, long ago, we ima- 'gined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) loung- 'ing about Lunéville and Lorraine, along with Lyttelton, in the Con- 'gress-of-Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough, he 'got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Fred; who 'was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people. In which 'situation Charles Sixth Baron Baltimore continued all his days after; 'and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to 'do, had both of them lived; but they both died; Baltimore first, in '1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent labourer in

[4] 29th October 1739, To Algarotti in London (*Œuvres*, xviii. 5).

[5] Walpole (by Park), *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* (London, 1806), v. 278.

'the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore,—who, 'drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting 'out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal Master, one secretly 'fears! Baltimore's finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; 'mostly an Absentee; Irish Estates not managed in the first style, while 'one is busy in the Fred vineyard! "The best and honestest man in the 'world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge," Walpole calls him 'once: "but not capable of conducting a party."'[6] Oh no;—and died, at any rate, Spring 1751:[7] and we will not mention him farther.

Bielfeld, what he saw at Reinsberg and around.

Directly on the rear of these fine visitors, came, by invitation, a pair of the Korn's-Hôtel people; Masonic friends; one of whom was Bielfeld, whose dainty Installation Speech and ways of procedure had been of promise to the Prince on that occasion. 'Baron von Oberg' was the other:—Hanoverian Baron: the same who went into the Wars, and was a "General von Oberg" twenty years hence? The same or another, it does not much concern us. Nor does the visit much, or at all; except that Bielfeld, being of writing nature, professes to give ocular account of it. Honest transcript of what a human creature actually saw at Reinsberg, and in the Berlin environment at that date, would have had a value to mankind: but Bielfeld has adopted the fictitious form; and pretty much ruined for us any transcript there is. Exaggeration, gesticulation, fantastic uncertainty afflict the reader; and prevent comfortable belief, except where there is other evidence than Bielfeld's.

At Berlin the beautiful straight streets, Linden Avenues (perhaps a better sample than those of our day), were notable to Bielfeld; bridges, statues very fine; grand esplanades, and such military drilling and parading as was never seen. He had dinner-invitations, too, in quantity; likes this one and that (all in prudent asterisks),—likes Truchsess von Waldburg very much, and his strange mode of bachelor housekeeping, and the way he dines and talks among his fellow-creatures, or sits studious among his Military Books and Paper-litters. But all is loose far-off sketching, in the style of *Anacharsis the Younger;* and makes no solid impression.

[6] Walpole's *Letters to Mann* (London, 1843), ii. 175: 27th January 1747. See ib. i. 82.

[7] *Peerage of Ireland* (London, 1768), ii. 172-174.

Getting to Reinsberg, to the Town, to the Schloss, he crosses the esplanade, the moat; sees what we know, beautiful square Mansion among its woods and waters;—and almost nothing that we do not know, except the way the moat-bridge is lighted: 'Bridge furnished,' he says, 'with seven Statues representing the 'seven Planets, each holding in her hand a glass lamp in the form 'of a globe;' which is a pretty object in the night-time. The House is now finished; Knobelsdorf rejoicing in his success; Pesne and others giving the last touch to some ceilings of a sublime nature. On the lintel of the gate is inscribed *Frederico Tranquillitatem Colenti* (To Friedrich courting Tranquillity). The gardens, walks, hermitages, grottoes, are very spacious, fine: not yet completed,—perhaps will never be. A Temple of Bacchus is just now on hand, somewhere in those labyrinthic woods: 'twelve gigantic Satyrs as caryatides, crowned by an inverted Punch-bowl for dome;' that is the ingenious Knobelsdorf's idea, pleasant to the mind. Knobelsdorf is of austere aspect; austere, yet benevolent and full of honest sagacity; the very picture of sound sense, thinks Bielfeld. M. Jordan is handsome, though of small stature; agreeable expression of face; eye extremely vivid; brown complexion, 'bushy eyebrows as well as beard are black.'[8]

Or did the reader ever hear of 'M. Fredersdorf,' Head Valet at this time? Fredersdorf will become, as it were, Privy-Purse, House-friend, and domestic Factotum, and play a great part in coming years. 'A tall handsome man;' much 'silent sense, civility, dexterity;' something 'magnificently clever in him,' thinks Bielfeld (now, or else twenty years afterwards); whom we can believe.[9] He was a gift from General Schwerin, this Fredersdorf; once a Private in Schwerin's regiment, at Frankfurt-on-Oder,—excellent on the flute, for one quality. Schwerin, who had an eye for men, sent him to Friedrich, in the Cüstrin time; hoping he might suit in fluting and otherwise. Which he conspicuously did. Bielfeld's account, we must candidly say, appears to be an afterthought; but readers can make their profit of it, all the same.

As to the Crown-Prince and Princess, words fail to express their gracious perfections, their affabilities, polite ingenuities:—Bielfeld's words do give us some pleasant shadowy conceivability of the Crown-Princess:

[8] Bielfeld (abridged), i. 45.

[9] Ib. p. 49.

'Tall, and perfect in shape; bust such as a sculptor might copy; com-'plexion of the finest; features ditto; nose, I confess, smallish and 'pointed, but excellent of that kind; hair of the supremest flaxen, '"shining" like a flood of sunbeams, when the powder is off it. A 'humane ingenuous Princess; little negligences in toilet or the like, 'if such occur, even these set her off, so ingenuous are they. Speaks 'little; but always to the purpose, in a simple, cheerful and wise way. 'Dances beautifully; heart (her soubrette assures me) is heavenly;—and '"perhaps no Princess living has a finer set of diamonds."'

Of the Crown-Princess there is some pleasant shadow traced as on cobweb, to this effect. But of the Crown-Prince there is no forming the least conception from what he says:—this is mere cobweb with Nothing elaborately painted on it. Nor do the portraits of the others attract by their verisimilitude. Here is Colonel Keyserling, for instance; the witty Courlander, famous enough in the Friedrich circle; who went on embassy to Cirey, and much else: he 'whirls in with uproar (*fracas*) like Boreas in the Ballet;' fowling-piece on shoulder, and in his 'dressing-gown' withal, which is still stranger; snatches-off Bielfeld, unknown till that moment, to sit by him while dressing; and there, with much capering, pirouetting, and indeed almost ground-and-lofty tumbling, for accompaniment, 'talks of Horses, Mathematics, Painting, Architecture, Literature, and the Art of War,' while he dresses. This gentleman was once Colonel in Friedrich Wilhelm's Army; is now fairly turned of forty, and has been in troubles: we hope he is not *like* in the Bielfeld Portrait;—otherwise, how happy that we never had the honour of knowing him! Indeed, the Crown-Prince's Household generally, as Bielfeld paints it in flourishes of panegyric, is but unattractive; barren to the modern onlooker; partly the Painter's blame, we doubt not. He gives details about their mode of dining, taking coffee, doing concert;—and describes once an incidental drinking-bout got-up aforethought by the Prince; which is probably in good part fiction, though not ill done. These fantastic sketchings, rigorously winnowed into the credible and actual, leave no great residue in that kind; but what little they do leave is of favourable and pleasant nature.

Bielfeld made a visit privately to Potsdam, too: saw the Giants drill; made acquaintance with important Captains of theirs (all in *asterisks*) at Potsdam; with whom he dined, not in a too credible manner, and even danced. Among the asterisks, we easily pick-out Captain Wartensleben (of the Korn's-Hôtel operation), and Winterfeld, a still more important Captain, whom we saw dining on cold pie with his Majesty, at a barn-door in Pommern, not long since. Of the Giants, or their life at Potsdam, Bielfeld's word is not worth hearing,—worth suppressing rather;—his knowledge being so small, and hung forth in so fantastic a way. This transient sight he had of his Majesty in person; this, which is

worth something to us,—fact being evidently lodged in it. 'After church-parade,' Autumn Sunday afternoon (day uncertain, Bielfeld's date being fictitious, and even impossible), Majesty drove out to Wusterhausen, 'where the quantities of game surpass all belief;' and Bielfeld had one glimpse of him:

'I saw his Majesty only, as it were, in passing. If I may judge by 'his Portraits, he must have been of a perfect beauty in his young time; 'but it must be confessed there is nothing left of it now. His eyes truly 'are fine; but the glance of them is terrible: his complexion is composed 'of the strongest tints of red, blue, yellow, green,'—not a lovely complexion at all; 'big head; the thick neck sunk between the shoulders; 'figure short and heavy (*courte et ramassée*).'[10]

'Going out to Wusterhausen,' then, that afternoon, 'October 1739.' How his Majesty is crushed down; quite bulged out of shape in that sad way, by the weight of time and its pressures: his thoughts, too, most likely, of a heavy-laden and abstruse nature! The old Pfalz Controversy has misgone with him; Pfalz, and so much else in the world;—the world in whole, probably enough, near ending to him; the final shadows, sombre, grand and mournful, closing-in upon him!—

Turk War ends; Spanish War begins. A Wedding in Petersburg.

Last news come to Potsdam in these days is, The Kaiser has ended his disastrous Turk War; been obliged to end it; sudden downbreak, and as it were panic terror, having at last come upon his unfortunate Generals in those parts. Duke Franz was passionate to be out of such a thing; Franz, General Neipperg and others; and now, '2d September 1739,' like lodgers leaping from a burning house, they are out of it. The Turk gets Belgrad itself, not to mention wide territories farther east,—Belgrad without shot fired;—nay the Turk was hardly to be kept from hanging the Imperial Messenger (a General Neipperg, Duke Franz's old Tutor, and chief Confidant, whom we shall hear more of elsewhere), whose passport was not quite right on this occasion!—Never was a more disgraceful Peace. But also never had been worse fighting; planless, changeful, powerless, melting into futility at every step:—not to be mended by imprisonments in Grätz, and still harsher treatment of individuals. "Has all success forsaken

[10] Bielfeld, p. 35.

me, then, since Eugene died?" said the Kaiser; and snatched at this Turk Peace; glad to have it, by mediation of France, and on any terms.

Has not this Kaiser lost his outlying properties at a fearful rate? Naples is gone; Spanish Bourbon sits in our Naples; comparatively little left for us in Italy. And now the very Turk has beaten us small; insolently fillips the Imperial nose of us,—threatening to hang our Neipperg, and the like. Were it not for Anne of Russia, whose big horsewhip falls heavy on this Turk, he might almost get to Vienna again, for anything we could do! A Kaiser worthy to be pitied;—whom Friedrich Wilhelm, we perceive, does honestly pity. A Kaiser much beggared, much disgraced, in late years; who has played a huge life-game so long, diplomatising, warring; and, except the Shadow of Pragmatic Sanction, has nothing to retire upon.

The Russians protested, with astonishment, against such Turk Peace on the Kaiser's part. But there was no help for it. One ally is gone, the Kaiser has let-go this Western skirt of the Turk; and 'Thamas Kouli Khan' (called also Nadir Shah, famed Oriental slasher and slayer of that time) no longer stands upon the Eastern skirt, but 'has entered India,' it appears: the Russians,—their cash, too, running low,—do themselves make peace, 'about a month after;' restoring Azoph and nearly all their conquests; putting off the ruin of the Turk till a better time.

War is over in the East, then; but another in the West, England against Spain (Spain and France to help), is about beginning. Readers remember how Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, Spring gone a year, in a blazing condition? Here, through *Sylvanus Urban* himself, are two direct glimpses, a twelvemonth nearer hand, which show us how the matter has been proceeding since:

'*London*, 19*th February* 1739. The City Authorities,'—laying or going to lay 'the foundation of the Mansion-House' (Edifice now very black in our time), and doing other things of little moment to us, 'had 'a Masquerade at the Guildhall this night. There was a very splendid 'appearance at the Masquerade; but among the many humorous and 'whimsical characters, what seemed most to engage attention was a 'Spaniard, who called himself "Knight of the Ear;" as Badge of which 'Order he wore on his breast the form of a Star, with its points tinged 'in blood; and on the body of it an Ear painted, and in capital letters 'the word JENKINS encircling it. Across his shoulder there hung, instead 'of ribbon, a large Halter; which he held-up to several persons dressed

'as English Sailors, who seemed in great terror of him, and falling on 'their knees suffered him to rummage their pockets; which done, he 'would insolently dismiss them with strokes of his halter. Several of 'the Sailors had a bloody Ear hanging down from their heads; and on 'their hats were these words, *Ear for Ear;* on others, *No Search or no 'Trade;* with the like sentences.'[11] The conflagration evidently going on; not likely to be damped-down again, by ministerial art!—

'*London*, 19*th March* 1739.' Grand Debate in Parliament, on the late "Spanish Convention," pretended Bargain of redress lately got from Spain: Approve the Convention, or Not approve? 'A hundred Members 'were in the House of Commons before seven, this morning; and four 'hundred had taken their seat by ten; which is an unheard-of thing. 'Prince of Wales,' Fred in person, 'was in the gallery till twelve at 'night, and had his dinner sent to him. Sir Robert Walpole rose: "Sir, 'the great pains that have been taken to influence all ranks and degrees 'of men in this Nation— * * But give me leave to"'—apply a wet cloth to Honourable Gentlemen. Which he does, really with skill and sense. France and the others are so strong, he urges; England so unprepared; Kaiser at such a pass; "War like to be, about the Palatinate Dispute" (our friend Friedrich Wilhelm's): "Where is England to get allies?"—and hours long of the like sort. A judicious wet cloth; which proved unavailing.

For 'William Pitts' (so they spell the great Chatham that is to be) was eloquent on the other side: "Despairing Merchants," "Voice of England," and so on. And the world was all in an inflamed state. And Mr. Pulteney exclaimed: Palatinate? Allies? "We need no allies; the case of Mr. Jenkins will raise us volunteers everywhere!" And in short,—after eight months more of haggling, and applying wet cloths,—Walpole, in the name of England, has to declare War against Spain;[12] the public humour proving unquenchable on that matter. War; and no Peace to be, "till our undoubted right," to roadway on the oceans of this Planet, become permanently manifest to the Spanish Majesty.

Such the effect of a small Ear, kept about one in cotton, from ursine piety or other feelings. Has not Jenkins's Ear reëmerged, with a vengeance? It has kindled a War; dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire,—as will be too evident in the sequel! The *Ear of Jenkins* is a singular thing.

[11] *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739, p. 103;—our *dates*, as always, are N.S.

[12] '3d November (23d October) 1739.'

Might have mounted to be a Constellation, like *Berenice's Hair*, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of poetic turn! Enough of *it*, for the time being.—

This Summer, Anton Ulrich, at Petersburg, did wed his Serene Mecklenburg Princess, Heiress of all the Russias: 'July 14th, 1739,' —three months before that Drive to Wusterhausen, which we saw lately. Little Anton Ulrich, Cadet of Brunswick; our Friedrich's Brother-in-Law;—a noticeably small man in comparison to such bulk of destiny, thinks Friedrich, though the case is not without example![13]

'Anton Ulrich is now five-and-twenty,' says one of my Notebooks; 'a 'young gentleman of small stature, shining courage in battle, but some- 'what shy and bashful; who has had his troubles in Petersburg society, 'till the trial came,—and will have. Here are the stages of Anton 'Ulrich's felicity:

'*Winter* 1732-3. He was sent-for to Petersburg (his serene Aunt the 'German Kaiserinn, and Kaiser Karl's diplomatists, suggesting it there), 'with the view of his paying court to the young Mecklenburg Princess, 'Heiress of all the Russias, of whom we have often heard. February 1733, 'he arrived on this errand;—not approved of at all by the Mecklenburg 'Princess, by Czarina Anne or anybody there: what can be done with 'such an uncomfortable little creature? They gave him a Colonelcy of 'Cuirassiers: "Drill there, and endure."

'*Spring* 1737. Much-enduring, diligently drilling, for four years past, 'he went this year to the Turk War under Münnich;—much pleased 'Münnich, at Oczakow and elsewhere; who reports in the War-Office high 'things of him. And on the whole,—the serene Vienna people now again 'bestirring themselves, with whom we are in co-partnery in this Turk 'business,—little Anton Ulrich is encouraged to proceed. Proceeds; 'formally demands his Mecklenburg Princess; and,

'*July 14th*, 1739, weds her; the happiest little man in all the Russias, 'and with the biggest destiny, if it prosper. Next year, too, there came 'a son and heir; whom they called Iwan, in honour of his Russian Great- 'grandfather. Shall we add the subsequent felicities of Anton Ulrich 'here; or wait till another opportunity?'

Better wait. This is all, and more than all, his Prussian Majesty, rolling out of Wusterhausen that afternoon, ever knew of them, or needed to know!—

[13] A Letter of his to Suhm; touching on Franz of Lorraine and this Anton Ulrich.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEATH OF FRIEDRICH WILHELM.

At Wusterhausen, this Autumn, there is game as usual, but little or no hunting for the King. He has to sit drearily within doors, for most part; listening to the rustle of falling leaves, to dim Winter coming with its rains and winds. Field-sports are a rumour from without: for him now no joyous sow-baiting, deer-chasing;—that, like other things, is past.

In the beginning of November, he came to Berlin; was worse there, and again was better;—strove to do the Carnival, as had been customary; but in a languid, lamed manner. One night he looked in upon an evening-party which General Schulenburg was giving: he returned home, chilled, shivering; could not, all night, be brought to heat again. It was the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.[1] Lieutenant-General Schulenburg: the same who doomed young Friedrich to death, as President of the Court-Martial; and then wrote the Three Letters about him which we once looked into: illuminates himself in this manner in Berlin society,—Carnival season 1740, weather fiercely cold. Maypole Schulenburg the lean Aunt, Ex-Mistress of George I., over in London,—I think she must now be dead? Or if not dead, why not! Memory, for the tenth time, fails me, of the humanly unmemorable, whom perhaps even flunkies should forget; and I will try it no more. The stalwart Lieutenant-General will reappear on us once, twice at the utmost, and never again. He gave the last evening-party Friedrich Wilhelm ever went to.

Poor Friedrich Wilhelm is in truth very ill; tosses about all day, in and out of bed,—bed and wheeled-chair drearily alternating; suffers much;—and again, in Diplomatic circles, the rumours are rife and sinister. Ever from this chill at Schulenburg's the medicines did him no good, says Pöllnitz: if he rallied, it was the effect of Nature, and only temporary. He does daily, with punctuality,

[1] Pöllnitz (ii. 538); who gives no date.

his Official business; perhaps the best two hours he has of the four-and-twenty, for the time hangs heavy on him. His old Generals sit round his bed, talking, smoking, as it was five years ago; his Feekin and his Children much about him, out and in: the heavy-laden, weary hours roll round as they can. In general there is a kind of constant Tabaks-Collegium, old Flans, Camas, Hacke, Pöllnitz, Derschau, and the rest by turns always there; the royal Patient cannot be left alone, without faces he likes: other Generals, estimable in their way, have a physiognomy displeasing to the sick man; and will smart for it if they enter,—"At sight of *him* every pain grows painfuler!"—the poor King being of poetic temperament, as we often say. Friends are encouraged to smoke, especially to keep-up a stream of talk; if at any time he fall into a doze and they cease talking, the silence will awaken him.

He is worst-off in the night; sleep very bad: and among his sore bodily pains, ennui falls very heavy to a mind so restless. He can paint, he can whittle, chisel: at last they even mount him a table, in his bed, with joiner's tools, mallets, gluepots, where he makes small carpentry,—the talk to go on the while;—often at night is the sound of his mallet audible in the Palace Esplanade; and Berlin townsfolk pause to listen, with many thoughts of a sympathetic or at least inarticulate character: "*Hm, Weh, Ihro Majestät: ach Gott*, pale Death knocks with impartial foot at the huts of poor men and the Palaces of Kings!"[2] Reverend Herr Roloff, whom they call Provost (*Probst*, Chief Clergyman) Roloff, a pious honest man and preacher, he, I could guess, has already been giving spiritual counsel now and then; later interviews with Roloff are expressly on record: for it is the King's private thought, ever and anon borne in upon him, that death itself is in this business.

Queen and Children, mostly hoping hitherto, though fearing too, live in much anxiety and agitation. The Crown-Prince is often over from Reinsberg; must not come too often, nor even inquire too much: his affectionate solicitude might be mistaken for solicitude of another kind! It is certain he is in no haste to be King; to quit the haunts of the Muses, and embark on Kingship. Certain, too, he loves his Father; shudders at the thought of losing *him* And yet again there will gleams intrude of a contrary thought; which the filial heart disowns, with a kind of horror, "Down, thou impious thought!"—We perceive he manages in general to push the crisis away from him; to believe that real danger is still

[2] Pöllnitz, ii. 539.

distant. His demeanour, so far as we can gather from his Letters or other evidence, is amiable, prudent, natural; altogether that of a human Son in those difficult circumstances. Poor Papa is heavy-laden: let us help to bear his burdens;—let us hope the crisis is still far off!—

Once, on a favourable evening, probably about the beginning of April, when he felt as if improving, Friedrich Wilhelm resolved to dress, and hold Tobacco-Parliament again in a formal manner. Let us look in there, through the eyes of Pöllnitz, who was of it, upon the last Tobacco-Parliament:

'A numerous party; Schwerin, Hacke, Derschau, all the chiefs and 'commandants of the Berlin Garrison are there; the old circle full; social 'human speech once more, and pipes alight; pleasant to the King. He 'does not himself smoke on this occasion; but he is unusually lively in 'talk; much enjoys the returning glimpse of old days; and the Tobacco 'circle was proceeding through its phases, successful beyond common. 'All at once the Crown-Prince steps in; direct from Reinsberg:[3] an 'unexpected pleasure. At sight of whom the Tobacco circle, taken on the 'sudden, simultaneously started up, and made him a bow. Rule is, in 'Tobacco-Parliament you do not rise for anybody; and they have risen. 'Which struck the sick heart in a strange painful way. "Hm, the Rising 'Sun?" thinks he; "Rules broken through, for the Rising Sun. But 'I am not dead yet, as you shall know!" ringing for his servants in great 'wrath; and had himself rolled out, regardless of protestations and 'excuses. "Hither, you Hacke!" said he.

'Hacke followed; but it was only to return on the instant, with the 'King's order, "That you instantly quit the Palace, all of you, and don't 'come back!" Solemn respectful message to his Majesty was of no 'effect, or of less; they had to go, on those terms; and Pöllnitz, making 'for his Majesty's apartment next morning as usual, was twitched by a 'Gensdarme, "No admittance!" And it was days before the matter 'would come round again, under earnest protestations from the one side, 'and truculent rebukes from the other.'[4] Figure the Crown-Prince, figure the poor sick Majesty; and what a time in those localities!

With the bright spring weather he seemed to revive; towards the end of April he resolved for Potsdam, everybody thinking him much better, and the outer Public reckoning the crisis of the illness over. He himself knew other. It was on the 27th of the month

[3] 12th April 1740? (*Œuvres*, xxvii. part 1st, p. 29); Pöllnitz is dateless.
[4] Pöllnitz (abridged), ii. 540.

that he went; he said, "Fare thee well, then, Berlin; I am to die "in Potsdam, then (*ich werde in Potsdam sterben*)!" The May-flowers came late; the weather was changeful, ungenial for the sick man: this winter of 1740 had been the coldest on record; it extended itself into the very summer; and brought great distress of every kind;—of which some oral rumour still survives in all countries. Friedrich Wilhelm heard complaints of scarcity among the people; admonitions to open his Corn-granaries (such as he always has in store against that kind of accident); but he still hesitated and refused; unable to look into it himself, and fearing deceptions.

For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanour at this supreme time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world,—which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel-off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King "never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honoured the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?" To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. "Did I behave ill, then; did I ever do injustice?" Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. "He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!" Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savouring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

"Well,—is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!"—Much oppression, forcing men to build in Berlin.—"Oppression? was it not their benefit, as well as Berlin's

and the Country's? I had no interest in it other. Derschau, you who managed it?" and his Majesty turned to Derschau. For all the smoking generals and company are still here; nor will his Majesty consent to dismiss them from the presence and be alone with Roloff: "What is there to conceal? They are people of honour, and my friends." Derschau, whose feats in the building way are not unknown even to us, answers with a hard face, It was all right and orderly; nothing out of square in his building operations. To which Roloff shakes his head: "A thing of public notoriety, Herr General."—"I will prove everything before a Court," answers the Herr General with still harder face; Roloff still austerely shaking his head. Hm!—And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? "Well, I will, I do; you Feekin, write to your Brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him."—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—"No, after I am dead," persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer![5] An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, "You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man."[6]

Roloff, I perceive, had several Dialogues with the King; and stayed in Potsdam some days for that object. The above bit of jotting is from the Seckendorf Papers (probably picked up by Seckendorf Junior), and is dated only 'May.' Of the two Potsdam Preachers, one of whom is 'Oesfeld, Chaplain of the Giant Grenadiers,' and the other is 'Cochius, Calvinist Hofprediger,' each published on his own score some Notes of dialogue and circumstance;[7] which are to the same effect, so far as they concern

[5] Wrote accordingly, 'not able to finish without many tears:' honest sensible Letter (though indifferently spelt), 'Berlin, 1st June 1740:'—lies now in State-Paper Office: '*Royal Letters*, vol. xciv., Prussia, 1689-1777.'

[6] *Notata ex ore Roloffi* ('found among the Seckendorf Papers,' no date but 'May 1740'), in Förster, ii. 154, 155; in a fragmentary state: completed in Pöllnitz, ii. 545-549.

[7] Cochius the *Hofpredigers* (Calvinist Court-Chaplain's) *Account* of his Interviews (first of them 'Friday 27th May 1740, about 9 P.M.'); followed by ditto from Oesfeld (Chaplain of the Giants), who usually accompanied Cochius,—are in Seyfarth, *Geschichte Friedrich des Grossen* (Leipzig, 1783-1788), i. (Beylage) 24-40. Seyfarth was "Regiments-Auditor" in Halle: his Work,

us; and exhibit the same rugged Son of Nature, looking with all his eyesight into the near Eternity, and sinking in a human and not inhuman manner amid the floods of Time. 'Wa, wa, what 'great God is this, that pulls down the strength of the strongest 'Kings!'—

The poor King's state is very restless, fluctuates from day to day; he is impatient of bed; sleeps very ill; is up whenever possible; rolls about in his wheeled chair, and even gets into the air: at one time looking strong, as if there were still months in him, and anon sunk in fainting weakness, as if he had few minutes to live. Friedrich at Reinsberg corresponds very secretly with Dr. Eller; has other friends at Potsdam whose secret news he very anxiously reads. To the last he cannot bring himself to think it serious.[8]

On Thursday 26th of May, an express from Eller, or the Potsdam friends, arrives at Reinsberg: He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive! The step may have danger, too; but Friedrich, a world of feelings urging him, is on the road next morning before the sun. His journey may be fancied; the like of it falls to all men. Arriving at last, turning hastily a corner of the Potsdam Schloss, Friedrich sees some gathering in the distance: it is his Father in his *rollwagen* (wheeled-chair),—not dying; but out of doors, giving orders about founding a House, or seeing it done. House for one Philips, a crabbed Englishman he has; whose tongue is none of the best, not even to Majesty itself, but whose merits as a Groom, of English and other Horses, are without parallel in those parts. Without parallel, and deserve a House before we die. Let us see it set agoing, this blessed May-day! Of Philips, who survived deep into Friedrich's time, and uttered rough sayings (in mixed intelligible dialect) when put upon in his grooming, or otherwise disturbed, I could obtain no farther account: the man did not care to be put in History (a very small service to a man); cared to have a house with trim fittings, and to do his grooming well, the fortunate Philips.

At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! It was a scene

solid though stupid, consists nearly altogether of multifarious *Beylagen* (Appendices) and *Notes;* which are creditably accurate, and often curious: and, as usual, have no Index for an unfortunate reader.

[8] Letter to Eller, 25th May 1740 (*Œuvres*, xvi. 184).

to make all bystanders and even Philips weep.—Probably the emotion hurt the old King; he had to be taken in again straightway, his show of strength suddenly gone, and bed the only place for him. This same Friday he dictated to one of his Ministers (Boden, who was in close attendance) the Instruction for his Funeral; a rude characteristic Piece, which perhaps the English reader knows. Too long and rude for reprinting here.[9]

He is to be buried in his uniform, the Potsdam Grenadiers his escort; with military decorum, three volleys fired (and take care they be well fired, '*nicht plackeren*'), so many cannon salvos;—and no fuss or flaunting ceremony: simplicity and decency is what the tenant of that oak coffin wants, as he always did when owner of wider dominions. The coffin, which he has ready and beside him in the Palace this good while, is a stout piece of carpentry, with leather straps and other improvements; he views it from time to time; solaces his truculent imagination with the look of it: "I shall sleep right well *there*," he would say. The image he has of his Burial, we perceive, is of perfect visuality, equal to what a Defoe could do in imagining. All is seen, settled to the last minuteness: the coffin is to be borne out by so and so, at such and such a door; this detachment is to fall-in here, that there, in the attitude of 'cover arms' (musket inverted under left arm); and the band is to play, with all its blackamoors, *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden* (O Head, all bleeding wounded); a Dirge his Majesty had liked, who knew music, and had a love for it, after his sort. Good Son of Nature: a dumb Poet, as I say always; most dumb, but real; the value of him great, and unknown in these babbling times. It was on this same Friday night that Cochius was first sent for; Cochius, and Oesfeld with him, 'about nine o'clock.'

For the next three days (Saturday to Monday) when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefulest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dialogue interrupted for a while: "Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!" And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified

[9] Copy of it, in Seyfarth (ubi suprà), i. 19-24. Translated in Mauvillon (ii. 432-437); in &c. &c.

assent; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke, and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his Successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, "Pray for me; *Betet, betet.*" And more than once, in deep tone: "Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!" The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words, 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,'—"No," said he, 'always with vivacity,' at this passage; "not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on:" Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. 'The late Graf Alexander von Wartenberg,'—Captain Wartenberg, whom we know, and whose opportunities,—'was wont to relate this.'[10]

Tuesday 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. "I can remember nothing," said the King; "I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers."—"Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart," said Cochius; and soothed the heavy-laden man as he could. "Fare you well," said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; "most likely we shall not meet again in this world." Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well: "Poor little Ferdinand, adieu, then, my little child!" This is the Father of that fine Louis Ferdinand, who was killed at Jena; concerning whom Berlin, in certain emancipated circles of it, still speaks with regret. He, the Louis Ferdinand, had fine qualities; but went far a-roving, into radicalism, into romantic love, into champagne; and was cut-down on the threshold of Jena, desperately fighting,—perhaps happily for him.

[10] Büsching (in 1786), *Beyträge*, iv. 100.

From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. "Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!" The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling-on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: '"It is over (*Das ist 'vollbracht*)," said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him.' He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt Dessau my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfulest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: "You have chosen the very worst," said Friedrich Wilhelm: "Take that other, I will warrant him a good one!" The grim Old Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. "Nay, nay, my friend," Friedrich Wilhelm said, "this is a debt we have all to pay."

The Official people, Queen, Friedrich, Minister Boden, Minister Podewils, and even Pöllnitz, being now all present, Friedrich Wilhelm makes his Declaration, at considerable length; old General Bredow repeating it aloud,[11] sentence by sentence, the King's own voice being too weak; so that all may hear: "That he abdicates, gives up wholly, in favour of his good Son Friedrich; that foreign Ambassadors are to be informed; that you are all to be true and loyal to my Son as you were to me"—and what else is needful. To which the judicious Podewils makes answer, "That there must first be a written Deed of this high Transaction executed, which shall be straightway set about; the Deed once executed, signed and sealed,—the high Royal will, in all points, takes effect." Alas, before Podewils has done speaking, the King is like falling into a faint; does faint, and is carried to bed: too unlikely any Deed of Abdication will be needed.

[11] Pöllnitz, ii. 561.

Ups and downs there still were; sore fluctuating labour, as the poor King struggles to his final rest, this morning. He was at the window again, when the *Wacht-parade* (Grenadiers on Guard) turned out; he saw them make their evolutions for the last time.[12] After which, new relapse, new fluctuation. It was about eleven o'clock, when Cochius was again sent for. The King lay speechless, seemingly still conscious, in bed; Cochius prays with fervour, in a loud tone, that the dying King may hear and join. "Not so loud!" says the King, rallying a little. He had remembered that it was the season when his servants got their new liveries; they had been ordered to appear this day in full new costume: "O vanity! O vanity!" said Friedrich Wilhelm, at sight of the ornamented plush. "Pray for me, pray for me; my trust is in the Saviour!" he often said. His pains, his weakness are great; the cordage of a most tough heart rending itself piece by piece. At one time, he called for a mirror: that is certain:—rugged wild man, son of Nature to the last. The mirror was brought; what he said at sight of his face is variously reported: "Not so worn out as I thought," is Pöllnitz's account, and the likeliest;—though perhaps he said several things, "ugly face," "as good as dead already;" and continued the inspection for some moments.[13] A grim, strange thing.

"Feel my pulse, Pitsch," said he, noticing the Surgeon of his Giants: "tell me how long this will last."—"Alas, not long," answered Pitsch.—"Say not, alas; but how do you (He) know?" —"The pulse is gone!"—"Impossible," said he, lifting his arm: "how could I move my fingers so, if the pulse were gone?" Pitsch looked mournfully steadfast. "Herr Jesu, to thee I live; Herr Jesu, to thee I die; in life and in death thou art my gain (*Du bist mein Gewinn*)." These were the last words Friedrich Wilhelm spoke in this world. He again fell into a faint. Eller gave a signal to the Crown-Prince to take the Queen away. Scarcely were they out of the room, when the faint had deepened into death; and Friedrich Wilhelm, at rest from all his labours, slept with the primeval sons of Thor.

No Baresark of them, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff;—I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester Truculent-Charlatan and other species of "Kings," alone attainable for the sunk flunky populations of an Era given up to Mammon and

[12] Pauli, viii. 280. [13] Pöllnitz, ii. 564; Wilhelmina, ii. 321.

the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm, to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but alas, it ought to have been '*should* give.' What *they* 'would' give is too mournfully plain to me, in spite of ballotboxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downwards and upwards!—Tuesday 31st May 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died; age fifty-two, coming 15th August next. Same day, Friedrich his Son was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet and the like, doing what is customary on such occasions.

On Saturday 4th June, the King's body is laid out in state; all Potsdam at liberty to come and see. He lies there, in his regimentals, in his oaken coffin, on a raised place in the middle of the room; decent mortuary draperies, lamps, garlands, banderols furnishing the room and him: at his feet, on a black-velvet *tabourct* (stool), are the chivalry emblems, helmet, gauntlets, spurs; and on similar stools, at the right hand and the left, lie his military insignia, hat and sash, sword, guidon, and what else is fit. Around, in silence, sit nine veteran military dignitaries; Buddenbrock, Waldau, Derschau, Einsiedel, and five others whom we omit to name. Silent they sit. A grim earnest sight in the shine of the lamplight, as you pass out of the June sun. Many went, all day; looked once again on the face that was to vanish. Precisely at ten at night, the coffin-lid is screwed down: Twelve Potsdam Captains take the coffin on their shoulders; Four-and-twenty Corporals with wax torches, Four-and-twenty Sergeants with inverted halberts lowered; certain Generals on order, and very many following as volunteers; these perform the actual burial,—carry the body to the Garrison Church, where are clergy waiting, which is but a small step off; see it lodged, oak coffin and all, in a marble coffin in the side vault there, which is known to Tourists.[14] It is the end of the week, and the actual burial is done,—hastened forward for reasons we can guess.

Filial piety by no means intends to defraud a loved Father of the Spartan ceremonial contemplated as obsequies by him: very far from it. Filial piety will conform to that with rigour; only adding what musical and other splendours are possible, to testify his love still more. And so, almost three weeks hence, on the 23d

[14] Pauli, viii. 281.

of the month, with the aid of Dresden Artists, of Latin Cantatas, and other pomps (not inexcusable, though somewhat out of keeping), the due Funeral is done, no Corpse but a Wax Effigy present in it;—and in all points, that of the Potsdam Grenadiers not forgotten, there was rigorous conformity to the Instruction left. In all points, even to the extensive funeral dinner, and drinking of the appointed cask of wine, 'the best cask in my cellar.' Adieu, O King.

The Potsdam Grenadiers fired their three volleys (not '*plackering*,' as I have reason to believe, but well); got their allowance, dinner-liquor, and appointed coin of money: it was the last service required of them in this world. That same night they were dissolved, the whole Four Thousand of them, at a stroke; and ceased to exist as Potsdam Grenadiers. Colonels, Captains, all the Officers known to be of merit, were advanced, at least transferred. Of the common men, a minority, of not inhuman height and of worth otherwise, were formed into a new Regiment on the common terms: the stupid splayfooted eight-feet mass were allowed to stalk off whither they pleased, or vegetate on frugal pensions; Irish Kirkman, and a few others neither knock-kneed nor without head, were appointed *heyducs*, that is, porters to the King's or other Palaces; and did that duty in what was considered an ornamental manner.

Here are still two things capable of being fished-up from the sea of nugatory matter; and meditated on by readers, till the following Books open.

The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away forever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory, —the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong! — This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: 'We 'have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: 'readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Chil-'dren, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father.'[15] All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

In a little while the Old Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau,

[15] *Œuvres*, i. 174 (*Mem. de Brandenbourg:* finished about 1747).

ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; 'embraces his knees;' offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation;—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old Dessauer, "will have the same authority as in the late reign." Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash-out tearless, strangely Olympian. "In your posts "I have no thought of making change: in your posts, yes;—and "as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides "in the King that is sovereign!" Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his windows, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping. Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, 'half-dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself.' "These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!" said the new King.—"*He* was in great suffering," suggested Pöllnitz; "he is now at rest." "True, he suffered; but he was here with us: and now—!"[16]

[16] Ranke (ii. 46, 47), from certain Fragments, still in Manuscript, of Pöllnitz's *Memoiren*.

Kingdom
of
PRUSSIA
In 1740
In 1858
Stettin
Berlin
Potsdam
Magdeburg
Posen
Breslau
Liegnitz
Oppeln
Brandenburg
Bromberg
Minden
Münster
Düsseldorf
Cöln
Aachen
Coblenz
Trier
Erfurt
Merseburg
Wittenberg
Frankfurt
Luxemburg
Metz
Strasburg
Stuttgart
Hohen Zollern
Mannheim
Saarbrück
Ratibor
Glatz
Neisse
Glogau
Landsberg
Danzig
Marienwerder
Königsberg
Memel
Gumbinnen
Tilsit
Ostpreussen
Westpreussen
Pommern
Posen
Schlesien
Brandenburg
Sachsen
Westphalen
Rheinprovinz
Hannover
Oldenburg
Braunschweig
Hessen
Nassau
Baden
Bayern
Württemberg
Hohenzollern
Rügen
Usedom
Wollin
Hela
Pillau
Frisches Haff
Ostsee
Nordsee
Elbe
Oder
Weichsel
Rhein
Mosel
Main
Neckar
Donau
Saale
Weser
Ems
Memel
Pregel
Warthe
Netze
Bromberger Canal
Ludwigs Canal
Main-Donau Canal
Rhein-Marne Canal
Rhein-Rhone Canal
Ems-Dollart
Jade
Dollart
Zuyder See
Ostfriesische Inseln
Nordfriesische Inseln
Helgoland
Bornholm
Rügen
Usedom
Wollin
Hela
Pillau
Frisches Haff
Ostsee
Nordsee
Elbe
Oder
Weichsel
Rhein
Mosel
Main
Neckar
Donau
Saale
Weser
Ems
Memel
Pregel
Warthe
Netze
Bromberger Canal
Ludwigs Canal
Main-Donau Canal
Rhein-Marne Canal
Rhein-Rhone Canal
Ems-Dollart
Jade
Dollart
Zuyder See
Ostfriesische Inseln
Nordfriesische Inseln
Helgoland
Bornholm

BOOK XI.

FRIEDRICH TAKES THE REINS IN HAND.

June—December 1740.

CHAPTER I.

PHENOMENA OF FRIEDRICH'S ACCESSION.

In Berlin, from Tuesday 31st May 1740, day of the late King's death, till the Thursday following, the post was stopped and the gates closed; no estafette can be dispatched, though Dickens and all the Ambassadors are busy writing. On the Thursday, Regiments, Officers, principal Officials having sworn, and the new King being fairly in the saddle, estafettes and postboys shoot forth at the top of their speed; and Rumour, towards every point of the compass, apprises mankind what immense news there is.[1]

A King's Accession is always a hopeful phenomenon to the public; more especially a young King's, who has been talked of for his talents and aspirings,—for his sufferings, were it nothing more,—and whose *Anti-Macchiavel* is understood to be in the press. Vaguely everywhere there has a notion gone abroad that this young King will prove considerable. Here at last has a Lover of Philosophy got upon the throne, and great philanthropies and magnanimities are to be expected, think rash editors and idle mankind. Rash editors in England and elsewhere, we observe, are ready to believe that Friedrich has not only disbanded the Potsdam Giants; but means to 'reduce the Prussian Army one half' or so, for ease (temporary ease, which we hope will be lasting) of parties concerned; and to go much upon emancipation, political rosewater, and friendship to humanity, as we now call it.

At his first meeting of Council, they say, he put this question, "Could not the Prussian Army be reduced to 45,000?" The excellent young man. To which the Council had answered, "Hardly, your Majesty! The Jülich-and-Berg affair is so ominous hitherto!" These may be secrets, and dubious to people out of doors, thinks a wise editor; but one thing patent to the day was this, surely symbolical enough: On one of his Majesty's first drives

[1] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 4th June 1740.

to Potsdam or from it, a thousand children,—in round numbers a thousand of them, all with the *red string* round their necks, and liable to be taken for soldiers, if needed in the regiment of their Canton,—a thousand children met this young King at a turn of his road; and with shrill unison of wail, sang out: "Oh, deliver us from slavery,"—from the red threads, your Majesty. Why should poor we be liable to suffer hardship for our Country or otherwise, your Majesty! Can no one else be got to do it? sang out the thousand children. And his Majesty assented on the spot, thinks the rash editor.[2] "Goose, Madam?" exclaimed a philanthropist projector once, whose scheme of sweeping chimneys by pulling a live goose down through them was objected to: "Goose, Madam? You can take two ducks, then, if you are so sorry for the goose!" —Rash editors think there is to be a reign of Astræa Redux in Prussia, by means of this young King; and forget to ask themselves, as the young King must by no means do, How far Astræa may be possible, for Prussia and him?

At home, too, there is prophesying enough, vague hope enough, which for most part goes wide of the mark. This young King, we know, did prove considerable; but not in the way shaped out for him by the public;—it was in far other ways! For no public in the least knows, in such cases: nor does the man himself know, except gradually and if he strive to learn. As to the public,— 'Doubtless,' says a friend of mine, 'doubtless it was the Atlantic 'Ocean that carried Columbus to America; lucky for the Atlantic, 'and for Columbus and us: but the Atlantic did not quite vote 'that way from the first; nay *its* votes, I believe, were very various 'at different stages of the matter!' This is a truth which kings and men, not intending to be drift-logs or waste brine obedient to the Moon, are much called to have in mind withal, from perhaps an early stage of their voyage.

Friedrich's actual demeanour in these his first weeks, which is still decipherable if one study well, has in truth a good deal of the brilliant, of the popular-magnanimous; but manifests strong solid quality withal, and a head steadier than might have been expected. For the Berlin world is all in a rather Auroral condition; and Friedrich too is,—the chains suddenly cut loose, and such hopes opened for the young man. He has great things ahead; feels in himself great things, and doubtless exults in the thought of realising them. Magnanimous enough, popular, hopeful enough,

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1740), x. 318; Newspapers, &c.

with Voltaire and the highest of the world looking on :—but yet he is wise, too; creditably aware that there are limits, that this is a bargain, and the terms of it inexorable. We discern with pleasure the old veracity of character shining through this giddy new element; that all these fine procedures are at least unaffected, to a singular degree true, and the product of nature, on his part; and that, in short, the complete respect for Fact, which used to be a quality of his, and which is among the highest and also rarest in man, has on no side deserted him at present.

A trace of airy exuberance, of natural exultancy, not quite repressible, on the sudden change to freedom and supreme power from what had gone before: perhaps that also might be legible, if in those opaque beadrolls which are called Histories of Friedrich anything human could with certainty be read! He flies much about from place to place; now at Potsdam, now at Berlin, at Charlottenburg, Reinsberg; nothing loath to run whither business calls him, and appear in public: the gazetteer world, as we noticed, which has been hitherto a most mute world, breaks out here and there into a kind of husky jubilation over the great things he is daily doing, and rejoices in the prospect of having a Philosopher King; which function the young man, only twenty eight gone, cannot but wish to fulfil for the gazetteers and the world. He is a busy man; and walks boldly into his grand enterprise of 'making men happy,' to the admiration of Voltaire and an enlightened public far and near.

Bielfeld speaks of immense concourses of people crowding about Charlottenburg, to congratulate, to solicit, to &c.; tells us how he himself had to lodge almost in outhouses, in that royal village of hope. His emotions at Reinsberg, and everybody's, while Friedrich Wilhelm lay dying, and all stood like greyhounds on the slip; and with what arrow-swiftness they shot away when the great news came: all this he has already described at wearisome length, in his fantastic semi-fabulous way.[3] Friedrich himself seemed moderately glad to see Bielfeld; received his high-flown congratulations with a benevolent yet somewhat composed air; and gave him afterwards, in the course of weeks, an unexpectedly small appointment: To go to Hanover, under Truchsess von Waldburg, and announce our Accession. Which is but a simple, mostly formal service; yet perhaps what Bielfeld is best equal to.

The Britannic Majesty, or at least his Hanover people have

[3] Bielfeld, i. 68-77; ib. 81.

been beforehand with this civility; Baron Münchhausen, no doubt by orders given for such contingency, had appeared at Berlin with the due compliment and condolence almost on the first day of the New Reign; first messenger of all on that errand; Britannic Majesty evidently in a conciliatory humour,—having his dangerous Spanish War on hand. Britannic Majesty in person, shortly after, gets across to Hanover; and Friedrich dispatches Truchsess, with Bielfeld adjoined, to return the courtesy.

Friedrich does not neglect these points of good manners; along with which something of substantial may be privately conjoined. For example, if he had in secret his eye on Jülich and Berg, could anything be fitter than to ascertain what the French will think of such an enterprise? What the French; and next to them what the English, that is to say, Hanoverians, who meddle much in affairs of the Reich. For these reasons and others he likewise, probably with more study than in the Bielfeld case, dispatches Colonel Camas to make his compliment at the French Court, and in an expert way take soundings there. Camas, a fat sedate military gentleman, of advanced years, full of observation, experience and sound sense,—'with one arm, which he makes do the work of 'two, and nobody can notice that the other arm resting in his coat-'breast is of cork, so expert is he,'—will do in this matter what is feasible; probably not much for the present. He is to call on Voltaire, as he passes, who is in Holland again, at the Hague for some months back; and deliver him 'a little cask of Hungary Wine,' which probably his Majesty had thought exquisite. Of which, and the other insignificant passages between them, we hear more than enough in the writings and correspondences of Voltaire about this time.

In such way Friedrich disposes of his Bielfelds; who are rather numerous about him now and henceforth. Adventurers from all quarters, especially of the literary type, in hopes of being employed, much hovered round Friedrich through his whole reign. But they met a rather strict judge on arriving; it cannot be said they found it such a Goshen as they expected.

Favour, friendly intimacy, it is visible from the first, avails nothing with this young King; beyond and before all things he will have his work done, and looks out exclusively for the man ablest to do it. Hence Bielfeld goes to Hanover, to grin-out euphuisms, and make graceful court-bows to our sublime little Uncle there. On the other hand, Friedrich institutes a new

Knighthood, *Order of Merit* so-called; which indeed is but a small feat, testifying mere hope and exuberance as yet; and may even be made worse than nothing, according to the Knights he shall manage to have. Happily it proved a successful new Order in this last all-essential particular; and, to the end of Friedrich's life, continued to be a great and coveted distinction among the Prussians.

Beyond doubt this is a radiant enough young Majesty; entitled to hope, and to be the cause of hope. Handsome, to begin with; decidedly well-looking, all say, and of graceful presence, though hardly five feet seven, and perhaps stouter of limb than the strict Belvedere standard.[4] Has a fine free expressive face; nothing of austerity in it; not a proud face, or not too proud, yet rapidly flashing on you all manner of high meanings.[5] Such a man, in the bloom of his years; with such a possibility ahead, and Voltaire and mankind waiting applausive!—Let us try to select, and extricate into coherence and visibility out of those Historical dustheaps, a few of the symptomatic phenomena, or physiognomic procedures of Friedrich in his first weeks of Kingship, by way of contribution to some Portraiture of his then inner-man.

Friedrich will make Men happy: Corn-Magazines.

On the day after his Accession, Officers and chief Ministers taking the Oath, Friedrich, to his Officers, "on whom he counts for the same zeal now which he had witnessed as their comrade," recommends mildness of demeanour from the higher to the lower, and that the common soldier be not treated with harshness when not deserved: and to his Ministers he is still more emphatic, in the like or a higher strain. Officially announcing to them, by Letter, that a new Reign has commenced, he uses these words, legible soon after to a glad Berlin public: 'Our grand care will be, 'To further the Country's wellbeing, and to make every one of

[4] Height, it appears, was five feet five inches (Rhenish), which in English measure is five feet seven or a hairsbreadth less. Preuss, twice over, by a mistake unusual with him, gives 'five feet two inches three lines' as the correct cipher (which it is of *Napoleon's* measure in *French* feet); then settles on the above dimensions from unexceptionable authority (Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 18; Preuss, *Friedrich der Grosse*, i. 39 and 419).

[5] Wille's Engraving after Pesne (excellent, both Picture and Engraving) is reckoned the best Likeness in that form.

'our subjects (*einen jeden unserer Unterthanen*) contented and 'happy. Our will is, not that you strive to enrich Us by vexation 'of Our subjects; but rather that you aim steadily as well towards 'the advantage of the Country as Our particular interest, foras-'much as We make no difference between these two objects,' but consider them one and the same. This is written, and gets into print within the month; and his Majesty, that same day (Wednesday 2d June), when it came to personal reception, and actual taking of the Oath, was pleased to add in words, which also were printed shortly, this comfortable corollary: 'My will henceforth 'is, If it ever chance that my particular interest and the general 'good of my Countries should seem to go against each other,—in 'that case, my will is, That the latter always be preferred.'[6]

This is a fine dialect for incipient Royalty; and it is brand-new at that time. It excites an admiration in the then populations, which to us, so long used to it and to what commonly comes of it, is not conceivable at once. There can be no doubt the young King does faithfully intend to develop himself in the way of making men happy; but here, as elsewhere, are limits which he will recognise ahead, some of them perhaps nearer than was expected.

Meanwhile his first acts, in this direction, correspond to these fine words. The year 1740, still grim with cold into the heart of summer, bids fair to have a late poor harvest, and famine threatens to add itself to other hardships there have been. Recognising the actualities of the case, what his poor Father could not, he opens the Public Granaries,—a wise resource they have in Prussian countries against the year of scarcity;—orders grain to be sold out, at reasonable rates, to the suffering poor; and takes the due pains, considerable in some cases, that this be rendered feasible everywhere in his dominions. 'Berlin, 2d June,' is the first date of this important order; fine program to his Ministers, which, we read, is no sooner uttered, than some performance follows. An evident piece of wisdom and humanity; for which doubtless blessings of a very sincere kind rise to him from several millions of his fellow-mortals.

Nay furthermore, as can be dimly gathered, this scarcity continuing, some continuous mode of management was set on

[6] Dickens, Despatch, 4th June 1740: Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840), p. 325;—quoting from the Berlin Newspapers of 28th June and 2d July 1740.

foot for the Poor; and there is nominated, with salary, with outline of plan and other requisites, as "Inspector of the Poor," to his own and our surprise, M. Jordan, late Reader to the Crown-Prince, and still much the intimate of his royal Friend. Inspector who seems to do his work very well. And in the November coming this is what we see: 'One thousand poor old women, the destitute of Berlin, set to spin,' at his Majesty's charges; vacant houses, hired for them in certain streets and suburbs, have been new-planked, partitioned, warmed; and spinning is there for any diligent female soul. There a thousand of them sit, under proper officers, proper wages, treatment;—and the hum of their poor spindles, and of their poor inarticulate old hearts, is a comfort, if one chance to think of it.—Of "distressed needlewomen" who cannot sew, nor be taught to do it; who, in private truth, are mutinous maid-servants come at last to the net upshot of their anarchies; of these, or of the like incurable phenomena, I hear nothing in Berlin; and can believe that, under this King, Indigence itself may still have something of a human aspect, not a brutal or diabolic as is commoner in some places.—This is one of Friedrich's first acts, this opening of the Corn-magazines, and arrangements for the Destitute;[7] and of this there can be no criticism. The sound of hungry pots set boiling, on judicious principles; the hum of those old women's spindles in the warm rooms: gods and men are well pleased to hear such sounds; and accept the same as part, real though infinitesimally small, of the sphere-harmonies of this Universe!

Abolition of Legal Torture.

Friedrich makes haste, next, to strike into Law-improvements. It is but the morrow after this of the Corn-magazines, by *Kabinets-Ordre* (Act of Parliament such as they can have in that Country, where the Three Estates sit all under one Three-cornered Hat, and the debates are kept silent, and only the upshot of them, more or less faithfully, is made public),—by Cabinet Order, 3d June 1740, he abolishes the use of Torture in Criminal Trials.[8] Legal

[7] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 367. Rödenbeck, *Tagebuch aus Friedrichs des Grossen Regentenleben* (Berlin, 1840), i. 2, 26 (2d June, October, 1740): a meritorious, laborious, though essentially chaotic Book, unexpectedly futile of result to the reader; settles for each Day of Friedrich's Reign, so far as possible, where Friedrich was and what doing; fatally wants all index &c., as usual.

[8] Preuss, *Friedrichs Jugend und Thronbesteigung* (Berlin, 1840,—a minor Book of Preuss's), p. 340. Rödenbeck, i. 14 ('3d June').

Torture, 'Question,' as they mildly call it, is at an end from this date. Not in any Prussian Court shall a 'question' try for answer again by that savage method. The use of Torture had, I believe, fallen rather obsolete in Prussia; but now the very threat of it shall vanish,—the threat of it, as we may remember, had reached Friedrich himself, at one time. Three or four years ago, it is farther said, a dark murder happened in Berlin: Man killed one night in the open streets; murderer discoverable by no method,—unless he were a certain *Candidatus* of Divinity to whom some trace of evidence pointed, but who sorrowfully persisted in absolute and total denial. This poor Candidatus had been threatened with the rack; and would most likely have at length got it, had not the real murderer been discovered,—much to the discredit of the rack in Berlin. This Candidatus was only threatened; nor do I know when the last actual instance in Prussia was; but in enlightened France, and most other countries, there was as yet no scruple upon it. Barbier, the Diarist at Paris, some time after this, tells us of a gang of thieves there, who were regularly put to the torture; and 'they blabbed too, *ils ont jasé*,' says Barbier with official jocosity.[9]

Friedrich's Cabinet Order, we need not say, was greeted everywhere, at home and abroad, by three rounds of applause;—in which surely all of us still join; though the *per-contra* also is becoming visible to some of us, and our enthusiasm grows less complete than formerly. This was Friedrich's first step in Law-Reform, done on his fourth day of Kingship. A long career in that kind lies ahead of him; in reform of Law, civil as well as criminal, his efforts ended with life only. For his love of Justice was really great; and the mendacities and wiggeries, attached to such a necessary of life as Law, found no favour from him at any time.

Will have Philosophers about him, and a real Academy of Sciences.

To neglect the Philosophies, Fine Arts, interests of Human Culture, he is least of all likely. The idea of building up the Academy of Sciences to its pristine height, or far higher, is evidently one of those that have long lain in the Crown-Prince's mind, eager to realise themselves. Immortal Wolf, exiled but safe at Marburg, and refusing to return in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, had lately

[9] Barbier, *Journal Historique du Règne de Louis XV* (Paris, 1849), ii. 338 (date 'Dec. 1742').

dedicated a Book to the Crown-Prince; indicating that perhaps, under a new Reign, he might be more persuadable. Friedrich makes haste to persuade; instructs the proper person, Reverend Herr Reinbeck, Head of the Consistorium at Berlin, to write and negotiate. 'All reasonable conditions shall be granted' the immortal Wolf,—and Friedrich adds with his own hand as Postscript: 'I request you (*Ihn*) to use all diligence about Wolf. A man 'that seeks truth, and loves it, must be reckoned precious in any 'human society; and I think you will make a conquest in the 'realm of truth if you persuade Wolf hither again.'[10] This is of date June 6th; not yet a week since Friedrich came to be King. The Reinbeck-Wolf negotiation which ensued can be read in Büsching by the curious.[11] It represents to us a croaky, thrifty, long-headed old Herr Professor, in no haste to quit Marburg except for something better: "obliged to wear woollen shoes and leggings;" "bad at mounting stairs;" and otherwise needing soft treatment. Willing, though with caution, to work at an Academy of Sciences;—but dubious if the French are so admirable as they seem to themselves in such operations. Veteran Wolf, one dimly begins to learn, could himself build a German Academy of Sciences, to some purpose, if encouraged! This latter was probably the stone of stumbling in that direction. Veteran Wolf did not get to be President in the new Academy of Sciences; but was brought back, 'streets all in triumph,' to his old place at Halle; and there, with little other work that was heard of, but we hope in warm shoes and without much mounting of stairs, lived peaceably victorious the rest of his days.

Friedrich's thoughts are not of a German home-built Academy, but of a French one: and for this he already knows a builder; has silently had him in his eye, these two years past,—Voltaire giving hint, in the *Letter* we once heard of at Loo. Builder shall be that sublime Maupertuis; scientific lion of Paris, ever since his feat in the Polar regions, and the charming Narrative he gave of it. "What a feat, what a book!" exclaimed the Parisian cultivated circles, male and female, on that occasion; and Maupertuis, with plenty of bluster in him carefully suppressed, assents in a grandly modest way. His Portraits are in the Printshops ever since; one very singular Portrait, just coming out (at which there is some laughing): a coarse-featured, blusterous, rather triumphant-looking

[10] In *Œuvres de Frédéric* (xxvii. II. 185), the Letter given.

[11] Büsching's *Beyträge* (§ Freyherr von Wolf), i. 63-137.

man, blusterous, though finely complacent for the nonce; in copious dressing-gown and fur cap; comfortably *squeezing* the Earth and her meridians flat (as if *he* had done it), with his left hand; and with the other, and its outstretched finger, asking mankind, "Are not you aware, then?"—"Are not we!" answers Voltaire by and by, with endless waggeries upon him, though at present so reverent. Friedrich, in these same days, writes this Autograph; which who of men or lions could resist?

To Monsieur de Maupertuis, at Paris.

(No date;—dateable, June 1740.)

'My heart and my inclination excited in me, from the moment I 'mounted the throne, the desire of having you here, that you might put 'our Berlin Academy into the shape you alone are capable of giving it. 'Come, then, come and insert into this wild crabtree the graft of the 'Sciences, that it may bear fruit. You have shown the Figure of the 'Earth to mankind; show also to a King how sweet it is to possess such 'a man as you.

'Monsieur de Maupertuis,—*Votre très-affectionné*

'FÉDÉRIC' (*sic*).[12]

This Letter,—how could Maupertuis prevent some accident in such a case?—got into the Newspapers; glorious for Friedrich, glorious for Maupertuis; and raised matters to a still higher pitch. Maupertuis is on the road, and we shall see him before long.

And Every One shall get to Heaven in his own Way.

Here is another little fact which had immense renown at home and abroad, in those summer months and long afterwards.

June 22d, 1740, the *Geistliche Departement* (Board of Religion, we may term it) reports that the Roman-Catholic Schools, which have been in use these eight years past, for children of soldiers belonging to that persuasion, 'are, especially in Berlin, perverted, directly in the teeth of 'Royal Ordinance, 1732, to seducing Protestants into Catholicism;' annexed, or ready for annexing, 'is the specific Report of Fiscal-General 'to this effect:'—upon which, what would it please his Majesty to dire t us to do?

[12] *Œuvres*, xvii. 1. 335. The fantastic "Fédéric," instead of "Frédéric," is, by this time, the common signature to French Letters.

His Majesty writes on the margin these words, rough and ready, which we give with all their grammatical blotches on them; indicating a mind made-up on one subject, which was much more dubious then, to most other minds, than it now is:

'*Die Religionen Müsen* (müssen) *alle Tollerirt* (tolerirt) *werden, und* '*Mus* (muss) *der Fiscal nuhr* (nur) *das Auge darauf haben, das* (dass) '*keine der andern abrug Tuhe* (Abbruch thue), *den* (denn) *hier mus* '(muss) *ein jeder nach seiner Fasson Selich* (Façon selig) *werden.*'[13]

Which in English might run as follows:

'All Religions must be tolerated (*Tollerated*), and the Fiscal must have 'an eye that none of them make unjust encroachment on the other; for 'in this Country every man must get to Heaven in his own way.'

Wonderful words; precious to the then leading spirits, and which (the spelling and grammar being mended) flew abroad over all the world; the enlightened Public everywhere answering his Majesty, once more, with its loudest "Bravissimo!" on this occasion. With what enthusiasm of admiring wonder, it is now difficult to fancy, after the lapse of sixscore years! And indeed, in regard to all these worthy acts of Human Improvement which we are now concerned with, account should be held (were it possible) on Friedrich's behalf how extremely original, and bright with the splendour of new gold, they then were: and how extremely they are fallen dim, by general circulation, since that. Account should be held; and yet it is not possible, no human imagination is adequate to it, in the times we are now got into.

Free Press, and Newspapers the best Instructors.

Toleration, in Friedrich's spiritual circumstances, was perhaps no great feat to Friedrich: but what the reader hardly expected of him was Freedom of the Press, or an attempt that way! From England, from Holland, Friedrich had heard of Free Press, of Newspapers the best Instructors: it is a fact that he hastens to plant a seed of that kind at Berlin; sets about it 'on the second day of his reign,' so eager is he. Berlin had already some meagre *Intelligenz-Blatt* (Weekly or Thrice-Weekly Advertiser), perhaps two; but it is a real Newspaper, frondent with genial leafy speculation, and food for the mind, that Friedrich is intent upon: a "Literary-Political Newspaper," or were it even two Newspapers,

[13] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 333; Rödenbeck, *in die.*

one French, one German; and he rapidly makes the arrangements for it; dispatches Jordan, on the second day, to seek some fit Frenchman, Arrangements are soon made: a Bookselling Printer, Haude, Bookseller once to the Prince-Royal,—whom we saw once in a domestic flash-of-lightning long ago,[14]—is encouraged to proceed with the improved German article, *Mercury* or whatever they called it; vapid Formey, a facile pen, but not a forcible, is the Editor sought out by Jordan for the French one. And, in short, No. 1 of Formey shows itself in print within a month;[15] and Haude and he, Haude picking-up some grand Editor in Hamburg, do their best for the instruction of mankind.

In not many months, Formey, a facile and learned but rather vapid gentleman, demitted or was dismissed; and the Journals coalesced into one, or split into two again; and went I know not what road, or roads, in time coming,—none that led to results worth naming. Freedom of the Press, in the case of these Journals, was never violated, nor was any need for violating it. General Freedom of the Press Friedrich did not grant, in any quite Official or steady way; but in practice, under him, it always had a kind of real existence, though a fluctuating, ambiguous one. And we have to note, through Friedrich's whole reign, a marked disinclination to concern himself with Censorship, or the shackling of men's poor tongues and pens; nothing but some officious report that there was offence to Foreign Courts, or the chance of offence, in a poor man's pamphlet, could induce Friedrich to interfere with him or it,—and indeed his interference was generally against his Ministers for having wrong informed him, and in favour of the poor Pamphleteer appealing at the fountain-head.[16] To the end of his life, disgusting Satires against him, *Vie Privée* by Voltaire, *Matinées du Roi de Prusse*, and still worse Lies and Nonsenses, were freely sold at Berlin, and even bore to be printed there, Friedrich saying nothing, caring nothing. He has been known to burn pamphlets publicly,—one Pamphlet we shall ourselves see on fire yet;—but it was without the least hatred to them, and for official reasons merely. To the last, he would answer his reporting

[14] Anteà, Book vi. c. 7.

[15] '2d July 1740:' Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 330; and Formey, *Souvenirs*, i. 107, rectified by the exact Herr Preuss.

[16] Anonymous (Laveaux), *Vie de Frédéric II, Roi de Prusse* (Strasbourg, 1787), iv. 82. A worthless, now nearly forgotten Book; but competent on this point, if on any; Laveaux (a handy fellow, fugitive Ex-Monk with fugitive Ex-Nun attached) having lived much at Berlin, always in the pamphleteering line.

Ministers, "*La presse est libre* (Free press, you must consider)!" —grandly reluctant to meddle with the press, or go down upon the dogs barking at his door. Those ill effects of Free Press (first stage of the ill effects) he endured in this manner; but the good effects seem to have fallen below his expectation. Friedrich's enthusiasm for freedom of the press, prompt enough, as we see, never rose to the extreme pitch, and it rather sank than increased as he continued his experiences of men and things. This of Formey and the two Newspapers was the only express attempt he made in that direction; and it proved a rather disappointing one. The two Newspapers went their way thenceforth, Friedrich sometimes making use of them for small purposes, once or twice writing an article himself, of wildly quizzical nature, perhaps to be noticed by us when the time comes; but are otherwise, except for chronological purposes, of the last degree of insignificance to gods or men.

'Freedom of the Press,' says my melancholic Friend, 'is a noble 'thing; and in certain Nations, at certain epochs, produces glorious 'effects,—chiefly in the revolutionary line, where that has grown 'indispensable. Freedom of the Press is possible, where every-'body disapproves the least abuse of it; where the "Censorship" 'is, as it were, exercised by all the world. When the world (as, 'even in the freest countries, it almost irresistibly tends to become) 'is no longer in a case to exercise that salutary function, and can-'not keep-down loud unwise speaking, loud unwise persuasion, 'and rebuke it into silence whenever printed, Freedom of the Press 'will not answer very long, among sane human creatures: and 'indeed, in Nations not in an exceptional case, it becomes impossible 'amazingly soon!'—

All these are phenomena of Friedrich's first week. Let these suffice as sample, in that first kind. Splendid indications surely; and shot-forth in swift enough succession, flash following flash, upon an attentive world. Betokening, shall we say, what internal sea of splendour, struggling to disclose itself, probably lies in this young King; and how high his hopes go for mankind and himself? Yes, surely;—and introducing, we remark withal, the "New Era," of Philanthropy, Enlightenment and so much else; with French Revolution, and a 'world well suicided' hanging in the rear! Clearly enough, to this young ardent Friedrich, foremost man of his Time, and capable of *doing* its inarticulate or dumb

aspirings, belongs that questionable honour; and a very singular one it would have seemed to Friedrich, had he lived to see what it meant!

Friedrich's rapidity and activity, in the first months of his reign, were wonderful to mankind; as indeed through life he continued to be a most rapid and active King. He flies about; mustering Troops, Ministerial Boards, passing Edicts, inspecting, accepting Homages of Provinces;—decides and does, every day that passes, an amazing number of things. Writes many Letters, too; finds moments even for some verses; and occasionally draws a snatch of melody from his flute.

His Letters are copiously preserved; but, as usual, they are in swift official tone, and tell us almost nothing. To his Sisters he writes assurances; to his friends, his Suhms, Duhans, Voltaires, eager invitations, general or particular, to come to him. 'My state has changed,' is his phrase to Voltaire and other dear intimates; a tone of pensiveness, at first even of sorrow and pathos traceable in it; "Come to me,"—and the tone, in an old dialect, different from Friedrich's, might have meant, "Pray for me." An immense new scene is opened, full of possibilities of good and bad. His hopes being great, his anxieties, the shadow of them, are proportionate. Duhan (his good old Tutor) does arrive, Algarotti arrives, warmly welcomed, both: with Voltaire there are difficulties; but surely he too will, before long, manage to arrive. The good Suhm, who had been Saxon Minister at Petersburg to his sorrow this long while back, got in motion soon enough; but, alas, his lungs were ruined by the Russian climate, and he did not arrive. Something pathetic still in those final *Letters* of Suhm. Passionately speeding on, like a spent steed struggling homeward; he has to pause at Warsaw, and in a few days dies there,—in a way mournful to Friedrich and us! To Duhan, and Duhan's children afterwards, he was punctually, not too lavishly, attentive; in like manner to Suhm's Nephews, whom the dying man had recommended to him.—We will now glance shortly at a second and contemporaneous phasis of Friedrich's affairs.

Intends to be Practical withal, and every inch a King.

Friedrich is far indeed from thinking to reduce his Army, as the Foreign Editor imagines. On the contrary, he is, with all industry, increasing it. He changed the Potsdam Giants into four regiments

of the usual stature; he is busy bargaining with his Brother-in-law of Brunswick, and with other neighbours, for still new regiments; —makes up, within the next few months, Eight Regiments, an increase of, say, 16,000 men. It would appear he means to keep an eye on the practicalities withal; means to have a Fighting-Apparatus of the utmost potentiality, for one thing! Here are other indications.

We saw the Old Dessauer, in a sad hour lately, speaking beside the mark; and with what Olympian glance, suddenly tearless, the new King flashed out upon him, knowing nothing of "authority" that could reside in any Dessauer. Nor was that a solitary experience; the like befell wherever needed. Heinrich of Schwedt, the Ill Margraf, advancing with jocose countenance in the way of old comradeship, in those first days, met unexpected rebuff, and was reduced to gravity on the sudden: "*Jetzt bin ich König*,—My Cousin, I am now King!" a fact which the Ill Margraf could never get forgotten again. Lieutenant-General Schulenburg, too, the didactic Schulenburg, presuming on old familiarity, and willing to wipe-out the misfortune of having once condemned us to death, which nobody is now upbraiding him with, rushes up from Landsberg, unbidden, to pay his congratulations and condolences, driven by irresistible exuberance of loyalty: to his astonishment, he is reminded (thing certain, manner of the thing not known), That an Officer cannot quit his post without order; that he, at this moment, ought to be in Landsberg![17] Schulenburg has a hard old military face; but here is a young face too, which has grown unexpectedly rigorous. Fancy the blank look of little Schulenburg; the light of him snuffed-out in this manner on a sudden. It is said he had thoughts of resigning, so indignant was he: no doubt he went home to Landsberg gloomily reflective, with the pipeclay of his mind in such a ruinous condition. But there was no serious anger, on Friedrich's part; and he consoled his little Schulenburg soon after, by expediting some promotion he had intended him. "Terribly proud young Majesty this," exclaim the sweet voices. And indeed, if they are to have a Saturnian Kingdom, by appearance it will be on conditions only!

Anticipations there had been, that old unkindnesses against the Crown-Prince, some of which were cruel enough, might be remembered now: and certain people had their just fears, considering what account stood against them; others, *vice versâ*, their

[17] Stenzel, iv. 41; Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*; &c.

hopes. But neither the fears nor the hopes realised themselves; especially the fears proved altogether groundless. Derschau, who had voted Death in that Cöpenick Court-Martial, upon the Crown-Prince, is continued in his functions, in the light of his King's countenance, as if nothing such had been. Derschau, and all others so concerned; not the least question was made of them, nor of what they had thought or had done or said, on an occasion once so tragically vital to a certain man.

Nor is reward much regulated by past services to the Crown-Prince, or even by sufferings endured for him. "Shocking ingratitude!" exclaim the sweet voices here too,—being of weak judgment, many of them! Poor Katte's Father, a faithful old Soldier, not capable of being more, he does, rather conspicuously, make Feldmarschall, make Reichsgraf; happy, could these honours be a consolation to the old man. The Münchows of Cüstrin,—readers remember their kindness in that sad time; how the young boy went into petticoats again, and came to the Crown-Prince's cell with all manner of furnishings,—the Münchows, father and sons, this young gentleman of the petticoats among them, he took immediate pains to reward by promotion: eldest son was advanced into the General Directorium; two younger sons, to Majorship, to Captaincy, in their respective Regiments; him of the petticoats 'he had already taken altogether to himself,'[18] and of him we shall see a glimpse at Wilhelmina's shortly, as a 'milkbeard (*jeune morveux*)' in personal attendance on his Majesty. This was a notable exception. And in effect there came good public service, eminent some of it, from these Münchows in their various departments. And it was at length perceived to have been, in the main, because they were of visible faculty for doing work that they had got work to do; and the exceptional case of the Münchows became confirmatory of the rule.

Lieutenant Keith, again, whom we once saw galloping from Wesel to save his life in that bad affair of the Crown-Prince's and his, was nothing like so fortunate. Lieutenant Keith, by speed on that Wesel occasion, and help of Chesterfield's Secretary, got across to England; got into the Portuguese service; and has there been soldiering, very silently, these ten years past,—skin and body safe, though his effigy was cut in four quarters and nailed to the gallows at Wesel;—waiting a time that would come. Time being come, Lieutenant Keith hastened home; appealed to his effigy on

[18] Preuss, i. 66.

the gallows;—and was made a Lieutenant-Colonel merely, with some slight appendages, as that of *Stallmeister* (Curator of the Stables) and something else; income still straitened, though enough to live upon.[19] Small promotion, in comparison with hope, thought the poor Lieutenant; but had to rest satisfied with it; and struggle to understand that perhaps he was fit for nothing bigger, and that he must exert himself to do this small thing well. Hardness of heart in high places! Friedrich, one is glad to see, had not forgotten the poor fellow, could he have done better with him. Some ten years hence, quite incidentally, there came to Keith, one morning, a fine purse of money from his Majesty, one pretty gift in Keith's experience;—much the topic in Berlin, while a certain solemn English gentleman happened to be passing that way (whom we mean to detain a little by and by), who reports it for us with all the circumstances.[20]

Lieutenant Spaen too had got into trouble for the Crown-Prince's sake, though we have forgotten him again; had 'admitted Katte to interviews,' or we forget what;—had sat his 'year in Spandau' in consequence; been dismissed the Prussian service, and had taken service with the Dutch. Lieutenant Spaen either did not return at all, or disliked the aspects when he did, and immediately withdrew to Holland again. Which probably was wise of him. At a late period, King Friedrich, then a great King, on one of his Cleve Journeys, fell in with Spaen; who had become a Dutch General of rank, and was of good manners and style of conversation: King Friedrich was charmed to see him; became his guest for the night; conversed delightfully with him, about old Prussian matters and about new; and in the colloquy never once alluded to that interesting passage in his young life and Spaen's.[21] Hard as polished steel! thinks Spaen perhaps; but, if candid, must ask himself withal, Are facts any softer, or the Laws of Kingship to a man that holds it?—Keith silently did his Lieutenant-Colonelcy with the appendages, while life lasted: of the Page Keith, his Brother, who indeed had blabbed upon the Prince, as we remember, and was not entitled to be clamorous, I never heard that there was any notice taken; and figure him to myself as walking with shouldered firelock, a private Fusileer, all his life afterwards, with many reflections on things bygone.[22]

[19] Preuss, *Friedrich mit seinen Verwandten und Freunden*, p. 281.

[20] Sir Jonas Hanway, *Travels*, &c. (London, 1753), ii. 202. Date of the Gift is 1750.

[21] Nicolai, *Anekdoten*, vi. 178.

[22] These and the other Prussian Keiths are all of Scotch extraction; the

Old friendship, it would seem, is without weight in public appointments here: old friends are somewhat astonished to find this friend of theirs a King every inch! To old comrades, if they were useless, much more if they were worse than useless, how disappointing! 'One wretched Herr' (name suppressed, but known at the time, and talked of, and whispered of), 'who had, 'like several others, hoping to rise that way, been industrious in 'encouraging the Crown-Prince's vices as to women, was so shocked 'at the return he now met, that in despair he hanged himself in 'Löbejün' (Löbegun, Magdeburg Country): here is a case for the humane!—[23]

Friend Keyserling himself, "Cæsarion" that used to be, can get nothing, though we love him much; being an idle topsy-turvy fellow with revenues of his own. Jordan, with his fine-drawn wit, French logics, *Literary Travels*, thin exactitude; what can be done for Jordan? Him also his new Majesty loves much; and knows that, without some official living, poor Jordan has no resource. Jordan, after some waiting and survey, is made "Inspector of the Poor;"—busy this Autumn looking out for vacant houses, and arrangements for the thousand spinning women;—continues to be employed in mixed literary services (hunting-up of Formey, for Editor, was one instance), and to be in much real intimacy. That also was perhaps about the real amount of amiable Jordan. To get Jordan a living by planting him in some office which he could not do; to warm Jordan by burning our royal bed for him: that had not entered into the mind of Jordan's royal friend. The Münchows he did promote; the Finks, sons of his tutor Finkenstein: to these and other old comrades, in whom he had discovered fitness, it is no doubt abundantly grateful to him to recognise and employ it. As he notably does, in these and in other instances. But before all things he has decided to remember that he is King; that he must accept the severe laws of that trust, and do *it*, or not have done anything.

An inverse sign, pointing in the same way, is the passionate search he is making in Foreign Countries for such men as will suit him. In these same months, for example, he bethinks him

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Prussians, in natural German fashion, pronounce their name *Kah-it* (English "*Kite*" with nothing of the *y* in it), as may be worth remembering in a more important instance.

[23] Küster, *Characterzüge des &c. von Saldern* (Berlin, 1793), p. 63.

of two Counts Schmettau, in the Austrian Service, with whom he had made acquaintance in the Rhine Campaign; of a Count von Rothenburg, whom he saw in the French Camp there; and is negotiating to have them if possible. The Schmettaus are Prussian by birth, though in Austrian Service; them he obtains under form of an Order home, with good conditions under it; they came, and proved useful men to him. Rothenburg, a shining kind of figure in Diplomacy as well as Soldiership, was Alsatian German, foreign to Prussia; but him too Friedrich obtained, and made much of, as will be notable by and by. And in fact the soul of all these noble tendencies in Friedrich, which surely are considerable, is even this, That he loves men of merit, and does not love men of none; that he has an endless appetite for men of merit, and feels, consciously and otherwise, that they are the one thing beautiful, the one thing needful to him.

This, which is the product of all fine tendencies, is likewise their centre or focus out of which they start again, with some chance of fulfilment;—and we may judge in how many directions Friedrich was willing to expand himself, by the multifarious kinds he was inviting, and negotiating for. Academicians,—and not Maupertuis only, but all manner of mathematical geniuses (Euler whom he got, 's Gravesande, Muschenbroek, whom he failed of); and Literary geniuses innumerable, first and last. Academicians, Musicians, Players, Dancers even; much more Soldiers and Civil-Service men: no man that carries any honest "*Can do*" about with him but may expect some welcome here. Which continued through Friedrich's reign; and involved him in much petty trouble, not always successful in the lower kinds of it. For his Court was the cynosure of ambitious creatures on the wing, or inclined for taking wing: like a lantern kindled in the darkness of the world;—and many owls impinged upon him; whom he had to dismiss with brevity.

Perhaps it had been better to stand by mere Prussian or German merit, native to the ground? Or rather, undoubtedly it had! In some departments, as in the military, the administrative, diplomatic, Friedrich was himself among the best of judges: but in various others he had mainly (mainly, by no means blindly or solely) to accept noise of reputation as evidence of merit; and in these, if we compute with rigour, his success was intrinsically not considerable. The more honour to him that he never wearied of trying. 'A man that does not care for merit,' says the adage, 'cannot

himself have any.' But a King that does not care for merit, what shall we say of such a King!—

Behaviour to his Mother; to his Wife.

One other fine feature, significant of many, let us notice: his affection for his Mother. When his Mother addressed him as "Your Majesty," he answered, as the Books are careful to tell us: "Call me Son; that is the Title of all others most agreeable to me!" Words which, there can be no doubt, came from the heart. Fain would he shoot forth to greatness in filial piety, as otherwise; fain solace himself in doing something kind to his Mother. Generously, lovingly; though again with clear view of the limits. He decrees for her a Title higher than had been customary, as well as more accordant with his feelings; not "Queen Dowager," but "Her Majesty the Qeeen Mother." He decides to build her a new Palace; 'under the Lindens' it is to be, and of due magnificence: in a month or two, he had even got bits of the foundation dug, and the Houses to be pulled down bought or bargained for;[24]—which enterprise, however, was renounced, no doubt with consent, as the public aspects darkened. Nothing in the way of honour, in the way of real affection heartily felt and demonstrated, was wanting to Queen Sophie in her widowhood. But, on the other hand, of public influence no vestige was allowed, if any was ever claimed; and the good kind Mother lived in her Monbijou, the centre and summit of Berlin society; and restricted herself wisely to private matters. She has her domesticities, family affections, readings, speculations; gives evening parties at Monbijou. One glimpse of her in 1742 we get, that of a perfectly private royal Lady; which though it has little meaning, yet as it is authentic, coming from Büsching's hand, may serve as one little twinkle in that total darkness, and shall be left to the reader and his fancy:

A Count Henkel, a Thüringian gentleman, of high speculation, high pietistic ways, extremely devout, and given even to writing of religion, came to Berlin about some Silesian properties,—a man I should think of lofty melancholic aspect; and, in severe type, somewhat of a lion, on account of his Book called '*Deathbed Scenes*, in four Volumes.' Came

[24] Rödenbeck, p. 15 (30th June—23d Aug. 1740); and correct Stenzel (iv. 44).

to Berlin; and on the 15th August 1742, towards evening (as the ever-punctual Büsching looking into Henkel's Papers gives it), 'was pre-'sented to the Queen Mother; who retained him to supper; supper not 'beginning till about ten o'clock. The Queen Mother was extremely 'gracious to Henkel; but investigated him a good deal, and put a great 'many questions,' not quite easy to answer in that circle, 'as, Why he 'did not play? What he thought of comedies and operas? What 'Preachers he was acquainted with in Berlin? Whether he too was a 'Writer of Books?' (covertly alluding to the *Deathbed Scenes*, notes Büsching). 'And abundance of other questioning. She also recounted 'many fantastic anecdotes (*viel Abenteuerliches*) about Count von Zinzen-'dorf' (Founder of *Herrnhuth*, far-shining spiritual Paladin of that day, whom her Majesty thinks rather a spiritual Quixote); 'and declared 'that they were strictly true.'[25] Upon which, *exit* Henkel, borne by Büsching, and our light is snuffed out.

This is one momentary glance I have met with of Queen Sophie in her Dowager state. The rest, though there were seventeen years of it in all, is silent to mankind and me; and only her death, and her Son's great grief about it, so great as to be surprising, is mentioned in the Books.

Actual painful sorrow about his Father, much more any new outburst of weeping and lamenting, is not on record, after that first morning. Time does its work; and in such a whirl of occupations, sooner than elsewhere: and the loved Dead lie silent in their mausoleum in our hearts,—serenely sad as Eternity, not in loud sorrow as of Time. Friedrich was pious as a Son, however he might be on other heads. To the last years of his life, as from the first days of his reign, it was evident in what honour he held Friedrich Wilhelm's memory; and the words "my Father," when they turned-up in discourse, had in that fine voice of his a tone which the observers noted. 'To his Mother he failed no 'day, when in Berlin, however busy, to make his visit; and he 'never spoke to her, except hat in hand.'

With his own Queen, Friedrich still consorts a good deal, in these first times; is with her at Charlottenburg, Berlin, Potsdam, Reinsberg, for a day or two, as occasion gives; sometimes at Reinsberg for weeks running, in the intervals of war and business: glad to be at rest amid his old pursuits, by the side of a kind innocent being familiar to him. So it lasts for a length of time. But these happy intervals, we can remark, grow rarer: whether

[25] Büsching's *Beyträge*, iv. 27.

the Lady's humour, as they became rarer, might not sink withal, and produce an acceleration in the rate of decline? She was thought to be capable of 'pouting (*faire la fachée*),' at one period! We are left to our guesses; there is not anywhere the smallest whisper to guide us. Deep silence reigns in all Prussian Books.—To feel or to suspect yourself neglected, and to become *more* amiable thereupon (in which course alone lies hope), is difficult for any Queen! Enough, we can observe these meetings, within two or three years, have become much rarer; and perhaps about the end of the third or fourth year, they altogether cease; and pass merely into the formal character. In which state they continued fixed, liable to no uncertainty; and were transacted, to the end of Friedrich's life, with inflexible regularity as the annual reviews were. This is a curious section of his life; which there will be other opportunities of noticing. But there is yet no thought of it anywhere, nor for years to come; though fables to the contrary were once current in Books.[26]

No Change in his Father's Methods or Ministries.

In the old mode of Administration, in the Ministries, Government Boards, he made no change. These administrative methods of his wise Father's are admirable to Friedrich, who knows them well; and they continue to be so. These men of his Father's, them also Friedrich knows, and that they were well chosen. In methods or in men, he is inclined to make the minimum of alteration at present. One Finance Hofrath of a projecting turn, named Eckart, who had abused the last weak years of Friedrich Wilhelm, and much afflicted mankind by the favour he was in: this Eckart Friedrich appointed a commission to inquire into; found the public right in regard to Eckart, and dismissed him with ignominy, not with much other punishment. Minister Boden, on the contrary, high in the Finance Department, who had also been much grumbled at, Friedrich found to be a good man: and Friedrich not only retained Boden, but advanced him; and continued to make more and more use of him in time coming. His love of perfection in work done, his care of thrift, seemed almost greater than his late Father's had been,—to the disappointment of many. In the other Departments, Podewils, Thulmeyer and the rest went on as heretofore;—only in general

[26] Laveaux; &c.

with less to do, the young King doing more himself than had been usual. Valori, '*mon gros Valori* (my fat Valori),' French Minister here, whom we shall know better, writes home of the new King of Prussia: 'He begins his government, as by all appearance he 'will carry it on, in a highly satisfactory way: 'everywhere traits of benevolence, sympathy for his subjects, 'respect shown to the memory of the Deceased,'[27]—no change made, where it evidently is not for the better.

Friedrich's 'Three principal Secretaries of State,' as we should designate them, are very remarkable. Three Clerks he found, or had known of, somewhere in the Public Offices; and now took, under some advanced title, to be specially his own Private Clerks: three vigorous long-headed young fellows, 'Eichel, Schuhmacher, Lautensack' the obscure names of them;[28] out of whom, now and all along henceforth, he got immensities of work in that kind. They lasted all his life; and, of course, grew ever more expert at their function. Close, silent; exact as machinery: ever ready, from the smallest clear hint, marginal pencilmark, almost from a glance of the eye, to clothe the Royal Will in official form, with the due rugged clearness and thrift of words. 'Came punctually at four in the morning in summer, five in winter;' did daily the day's work; and kept their mouths well shut. A very notable Trio of men; serving his Majesty and the Prussian Nation as Principal Secretaries of State, on those cheap terms;—nay almost as Houses of Parliament with Standing Committees and appendages, so many *Acts* of Parliament admittedly rather wise, being passed daily by his Majesty's help and theirs!—Friedrich paid them rather well; they saw no society; lived wholly to their work, and to their own families. Eichel alone of the three was mentioned at all by mankind, and that obscurely; an 'abstruse, 'reserved, long-headed kind of man;' and 'made a great deal of 'money in the end,' insinuates Büsching,[29] no friend of Friedrich's or his.

In superficial respects, again, Friedrich finds that the Prussian King ought to have a King's Establishment, and maintain a decent splendour among his neighbours,—as is not quite the case at present. In this respect he does make changes. A certain

[27] *Mémoires des Négociations du Marquis de Valori* (à Paris, 1820), i. 20 ('June 13th, 1740'). A valuable Book, which we shall often have to quote: edited in a lamentably ignorant manner.

[28] Rödenbeck, 15th June 1740.

[29] *Beyträge*, v. 238, &c.

quantity of new Pages, new Goldsticks; some considerable, not too considerable, new-furbishing of the Royal Household,—as it were, a fair coat of new paint, with gilding not profuse,—brought it to the right pitch for this King. About 'a hundred and fifty' new figures of the Page and Goldstick kind, is the reckoning given.[30] So many of these; and there is an increase of 16,000 to one's Army going on: that is the proportion noticeable. In the facts as his Father left them Friedrich persisted all his life; in the semblances or outer vestures he changed, to this extent for the present.—These are the Phenomena of Friedrich's Accession, noted by us.

Readers see there is radiance enough, perhaps slightly in excess, but of intrinsically good quality, in the Aurora of this new Reign. A brilliant valiant young King; much splendour of what we could call a *golden* or soft nature (visible in those 'New-Era' doings of his, in those strong affections to his Friends); and also, what we like almost better in him, something of a *steel-bright* or stellar splendour (meaning, clearness of eyesight, intrepidity, severe loyalty to fact),—which is a fine addition to the softer element, and will keep *it* and its philanthropies and magnanimities well under rule. Such a man is rare in this world; how extremely rare such a man born King! He is swift and he is persistent; sharply discerning, fearless to resolve and perform; carries his great endowments lightly, as if they were not heavy to him. He has known hard misery, been taught by stripes; a light stoicism sits gracefully on him.

"What he will grow to?" Probably to something considerable. Very certainly to something far short of his aspirations; far different from his own hopes; and the world's concerning him. It is not we, it is Father Time that does the controlling and fulfilling of our hopes; and strange work he makes of them and us. For example, has not Friedrich's grand 'New Era,' inaugurated by him in a week, with the leading spirits all adoring, issued since in French Revolution and a 'world well suicided,'—the leading spirits much thrown-out in consequence! New Era has gone to great lengths since Friedrich's time; and the leading spirits do not now adore it, but yawn over it, or worse! Which changes to us the then aspect of Friedrich, and his epoch and his aspirations, a good deal.—On the whole, Friedrich will go his way, Time and

[30] *Helden-Geschichte*, i. 353.

the leading spirits going theirs; and, like the rest of us, will grow to what he can. His actual size is not great among the Kingdoms: his outward resources are rather to be called small. The Prussian Dominion at that date is, in extent, about Four-fifths of an England Proper, and perhaps not one-fifth so fertile: subject Population is well under Two Millions and a Half; Revenue not much above One Million Sterling,[31]—very small, were not thrift such a *vectigal*.

This young King is magnanimous; not much to be called ambitious, or not in the vulgar sense almost at all,—strange as it may sound to readers. His hopes at this time are many;—and among them, I perceive, there is not wanting secretly, in spite of his experiences, some hope that he himself may be a good deal "happier" than formerly. Nor is there any ascetic humour, on his part, to forbid trial. He is much determined to try. Probably enough, as we guess and gather, his agreeablest anticipations, at this time, were of Reinsberg: How, in the intervals of work well done, he would live there wholly to the Muses; have his chosen spirits round him, his colloquies, his suppers of the gods. Why not? There might be a King of Intellects conceivable withal; protecting, cherishing, practically guiding the chosen Illuminative Souls of this world. A new Charlemagne, the smallest new Charlemagne of Spiritual type, with *his* Paladins round him: how glorious, how salutary in the dim generations now going!—These too were hopes which proved signally futile. Rigorous Time could not grant these at all;—granted, in his own hard way, other things instead. But, all along, the Life-element, the Epoch, though Friedrich took it kindly and never complained, was ungenial to such a man.

'Somewhat of a rotten Epoch, this into which Friedrich has been 'born, to shape himself and his activities royal and other!' exclaims Smelfungus once: 'In an older earnest Time, when the eternally awful 'meanings of this Universe had not yet sunk into dubieties to any 'one, much less into levities or into mendacities, into huge hypocrisies 'carefully regulated,—so luminous, vivid and ingenuous a young creature 'had not wanted divine manna in his Pilgrimage through Life. Nor, 'in that case, had he come out of it in so lean a condition. But the

[31] The exact statistic cipher is, at Friedrich's Accession: *Prussian Territories*, 2,275 square miles German (56,875 English); *Population*, 2,240,000; *Annual Revenue*, 7,371,707 thalers 7 groschen (1,105,756*l.* without the pence). See Preuss, *Buch für Jedermann*, i. 49; Stenzel, iii. 692; &c.

'highest man of us is born brother to his Contemporaries; struggle as 'he may, there is no escaping the family likeness. By spasmodic in- 'dignant contradiction of them, by stupid compliance with them,—you 'will inversely resemble, if you do not directly; like the starling, you 'can't get out!—Most surely, if there do fall manna from Heaven, in 'the given Generation, and nourish in us reverence and genial noble- 'ness day by day, it is blessed and well. Failing that, in regard to our 'poor spiritual interests, there is sure to be one of two results: mockery, 'contempt, disbelief, what we may call *short-diet* to the length of very 'famine (which was Friedrich's case); or else slow-poison, carefully 'elaborated and provided by way of daily nourishment.

'Unhappy souls, these same! The slow-poison has gone deep into 'them. Instead of manna, this long while back, they have been living 'on mouldy corrupt meats sweetened by sugar-of-lead;—or perhaps, like 'Voltaire, a few individuals prefer hunger, as the cleaner alternative; 'and in contemptuous, barren, mocking humour, not yet got the length 'of geniality or indignation, snuff the east-wind by way of spiritual 'diet. Pilgriming along on such nourishment, the best human soul 'fails to become very ruddy!—Tidings about Heaven are fallen so uncer- 'tain, but the Earth and her joys are still interesting: "Take to the 'Earth and her joys;—let your soul go out, since it must; let your 'five senses and their appetites be well alive." That is a dreadful '"Sham-Christian Dispensation" to be born under! You wonder at 'the want of heroism in the Eighteenth Century. Wonder rather at 'the degree of heroism it had; wonder how many souls there still are 'to be met with in it of some effective capability, though dieting in that 'way,—nothing else to be had in the shops about. Carterets, Belleisles, 'Friedrichs, Voltaires; Chathams, Franklins, Choiseuls: there is an effec- 'tive stroke of work, a fine fire of heroic pride, in this man and the other; 'not yet extinguished by spiritual famine or slow-poison; so robust is 'Nature the mighty Mother!—

'But in general, that sad Gospel, "Souls extinct, Stomachs well 'alive!" is the credible one, not articulately preached, but practically 'believed by the abject generations, and acted on as it never was be- 'fore. What immense sensualities there were, is known; and also (as 'some small offset, though that has not yet begun in 1740) what im- 'mense qualities of Physical Labour and contrivance were got out of 'mankind, in that Epoch and down to this day. As if, having lost its 'Heaven, it had struck desperately down into the Earth; as if it were 'a *beaver*-kind, and not a mankind any more. We had once a Barba- 'rossa; and a world all grandly true. But from that to Karl VI., and '*his* Holy Romish Reich in such a state of "Holiness"—!'—I here cut-short my abstruse Friend.

Readers are impatient to have done with these miscellaneous preludings, and to be once definitely under way, such a Journey lying ahead. Yes, readers; a Journey indeed! And, at this point, permit me to warn you that, where the ground, where Dryasdust and the Destinies, yield anything humanly illustrative of Friedrich and his Work, one will have to linger, and carefully gather it, even as here. Large tracts occur, bestrewn with mere pedantisms, diplomatic cobwebberies, learned marine-stores, and inhuman matter, over which we shall have to skip emptyhanded: this also was among the sad conditions of our Enterprise, that it has to go now too slow and again too fast; not in proportion to natural importance of objects, but to several inferior considerations withal. So busy has perverse Destiny been on it; perverse Destiny, edacious Chance;—and the Dryasdusts, too, and Nightmares, in Prussia as elsewhere, we know how strong they are!

Friedrich's character in old age has doubtless its curious affinities, its disguised identities, with these prognostic features and indications of his youth: and to our readers,—if we do ever get them to the goal, of seeing Friedrich a little with their own eyes and judgments,—there may be pleasant contrasts and comparisons of that kind in store, one day. But the far commoner experience (which also has been my own),—here is Smelfungus's stern account of that:

'My friend, you will be luckier than I, if, after ten years, not to say, 'in a sense, twenty years, thirty years, of reading and rummaging in 'those sad Prussian Books, ancient and new (which often are laudably 'authentic, too, and exact as to details), you can gather any character 'whatever of Friedrich, in any period of his life, or conceive him as a 'Human Entity at all! It is strange, after such thousandfold writing, 'but it is true, his History is considerably unintelligible to mankind at 'this hour; left chaotic, enigmatic, in a good many points,—the military 'part of it alone being brought to clearness, and rendered fairly conceiv-'able and credible to those who will study. And as to the Man himself, 'or what his real Physiognomy can have been—!—Well, it must be 'owned few men were of such *rapidity* of face and aspect; so difficult to 'seize the features of. In his action, too, there was such rapidity, such 'secrecy, suddenness: a man that could not be read, even by the candid, 'except as in flashes of lightning. And then the anger of bystanders, '*un*candid, who got hurt by him; the hasty malevolences, the stupid-'ities, the opacities: enough, in modern times, what is saying much, 'perhaps no man's motives, intentions, and procedure have been more

'belied, misunderstood, misrepresented, during his life. Nor, I think, 'since that, have many men fared worse, by the Limner or Biographic 'class, the favourable to him and the unfavourable; or been so smeared 'of and blotched of, and reduced to a mere blur and dazzlement of cross-'lights, incoherences, incredibilities, in which nothing, not so much as 'a human nose, is clearly discernible by way of feature!' — Courage, reader, nevertheless; on the above terms let us march according to promise.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOMAGINGS.

YOUNG Friedrich, as his Father had done, considers it unnecessary to be crowned. Old Friedrich, first of the name, and of the King series, we did see crowned, with a pinch of snuff tempering the solemnities. That Coronation once well done suffices all his descendants hitherto. Such an expense of money, —of diluted mendacity too! Such haranguing, gesturing, symbolic fugling, all grown half-false:—avoid lying, even with your eyes, or knees, or the coat upon your back, so far as you easily can!

Nothing of Coronation: but it is thought needful to have the *Huldigungen* (Homagings) done, the Fealties sworn; and the young Majesty in due course goes about, or gives directions, now here now there, in his various Provinces, getting that accomplished. But even in that, Friedrich is by no means strait-laced or punctilious; does it commonly by Deputy: only in three places, Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, does he appear in person. Mainly by deputy; and always with the minimum of fuss, and no haranguing that could be avoided. Nowhere are the old *Stände* (Provincial Parliaments) assembled, now or afterwards: sufficient for this and for every occasion are the "Permanent Committees of the *Stände*;" nor is much speaking, unessential for dispatch of business, used to these.

'*Stände*,—of Ritterschaft mainly, of Gentry small and great,—existed 'once in all those Countries, as elsewhere,' says one Historian; 'and some 'of them, in Preussen, for example, used to be rather loud, and inclined

'to turbulence, till the curb, from a judicious bridle-hand, would admonish 'them. But, for a long while past,—especially since the Great Elector's 'time, who got an "Excise Law" passed, or the foundations of a good 'Excise Law laid;[1] and, what with Excise, what with Domain-Farms, 'had a fixed Annual Budget, which he reckoned fair to both parties,— 'they have been dying out for want of work; and, under Friedrich 'Wilhelm, may be said to have gone quite dead. What work was left 'for them? Prussian Budget is fixed, many things are fixed: why talk 'of them farther? The Prussian King, nothing of a fool like certain 'others,'—which indeed is the cardinal point, though my Author does not say so,—'is respectfully aware of the facts round him; and can listen 'to the rumours too, so far as he finds good. The King sees himself 'terribly interested to get into the right course in all things, and avoid 'the wrong one! Probably he does, in his way, seek "wise Advice 'concerning the arduous matters of the Kingdom;" nay I believe he is 'diligent to have it of the wisest:—who knows if *Stände* would always 'give it wiser; especially *Stände* in the haranguing condition?'—Enough, they are not applied to. There is no Freedom in that Country. 'No 'Freedom to speak of,' continues he: 'but I do a little envy them their 'Fixed Budget, and some other things. What pleasure there can be in 'having your household arrangements tumbled into disorder every new 'Year, by a new-contrived scale of expenses for you, I never could 'ascertain!'—

Friedrich is not the man to awaken Parliamentary sleeping-dogs well settled by his Ancestors. Once or twice, out of Preussen, in Friedrich Wilhelm's time, there was heard some whimper, which sounded like the beginning of a bark. But Friedrich Wilhelm was on the alert for it: Are you coming in with your *Nie Pozwalam* (your *Liberum Veto*), then? None of your Polish vagaries here. '*Tout le pays sera ruiné* (the whole Country will be ruined),' say you? (Such had been the poor Marshal or Provincial *Speaker's* Remonstrance on one occasion): 'I don't believe a word of that. 'But I do believe the Government by *Junkers*' (Country Squires) 'and *Nie Pozwalam* will be ruined,'—as it is fully meant to be! 'I am establishing the King's Sovereignty like a rock of bronze '(*Ich stabilire die Souverainetät wie einen Rocher von Bronze*),' some extremely strong kind of rock![2] This was one of Friedrich Wilhelm's marginalia in response to such a thing; and the mutinous whimper died out again. Parliamentary Assemblages

[1] Preuss, iv. 432; and *Thronbesteigung*, pp. 379-383.

[2] Förster, b. iii. (*Urkundenbuch*, i. 50); Preuss, iv. 420n. "*Nie Pozwalam*" (the formula of *Liberum Veto*) signifies "I Don't Permit!"

are sometimes Collective Wisdoms, but by no means always so. In Magdeburg we remember what trouble Friedrich Wilhelm had with his unreasonable Ritters. Ritters there, in their assembled capacity, had the Reich behind them, and could not be dealt with like Preussen: but Friedrich Wilhelm, by wise slow methods, managed Magdeburg too, and reduced it to silence, or to words necessary for dispatch of business.

In each Province, a Permanent Committee,—chosen, I suppose, by King and Knights assenting; chosen I know not how, but admitted to be wisely chosen,—represents the once Parliament or *Stände;* and has its potency for doing good service in regard to all Provincial matters, from roads and bridges upwards, and is impotent to do the least harm. Roads and bridges, Church matters, repartition of the Land-dues, Army matters,—in fact they are an effective non-haranguing Parliament, to the King's Deputy in every such Province; well calculated to illuminate and forward his subaltern *Amt*men and him. Nay, we observe it is oftenest in the way of gifts and solacements that the King articulately communicates with these Committees or their Ritterschafts. Projects for draining of Bogs, for improved Highways, for better Husbandry; loans granted them, Loan-Banks established for the Province's behoof:—no need of parliamentary eloquence on such occasions, but of something far different.

It is from this quiescent, or busy but noiseless kind of *Stände* and Populations that Friedrich has his *Huldigung* to take;—and the operation, whether done personally or by deputy, must be an abundantly simple one. He, for his part, is fortunate enough to find everywhere the Sovereignty *established;* "rock of bronze" not the least shaken in his time. He will graciously undertake, by Written Act, which is read before the *Stände,* King or King's Deputy witnessing there, 'To maintain the privileges' of his *Stände* and Populations; the *Stände* answer, on oath, with lifted hand, and express invocation of Heaven, That they will obey him as true subjects: And so,—doubtless with something of dining superadded, but no whisper of it put on record,—the *Huldigung* will everywhere very quietly transact itself.

The *Huldigung* itself is nothing to us, even with Friedrich there, — as at Königsberg, Berlin, Cleve, the three exceptional places. To which, nevertheless, let us briefly attend him, for the sake of here and there some direct glimpse we may get of the then Friedrich's actual physiognomy and ways. Other direct view,

or the chance of such, is not conceded us out of those sad Prussian Books; which are very full on this of the *Huldigung*, if silent on so many other points.[3]

Friedrich accepts the Homages, personally, in Three Places.

To Königsberg is his first excursion on this errand. Preussen has perhaps, or may be suspected of having, some remnants of sour humours left in it, and remembrances of *Stände* with haranguings and even mutinies: there if anywhere the King in person may do good on such an occasion. He left Berlin, July 7th, bound thitherward; here is Note of that first Royal Tour,—specimen of several hundreds such, which he had to do in the course of the next Forty-five years.

'Friend Algarotti, charming talker, attended him; who else, official 'and non-official, ask not. The Journey is to be circuitous; to combine 'various businesses, and also to have its amusements. They went by 'Cüstrin; glancing at old known Country, which is at its greenest in 'this season. By Cüstrin, across the Neumark, into Pommern; after that 'by an intricate winding route; reviewing regiments, inspecting garri-'sons, now here now there; doing all manner of inspections; talking I 'know not what; oftenest lodging with favoured Generals, if it suited. 'Distance to Königsberg, by the direct road, is about 500 miles; by this 'winding one, it must have been 800: Journey thither took nine days 'in all. Obliquely through Pommern, almost to the coast of the Baltic; 'their ultimatum there a place called Cöslin, where they reviewed with 'strictness,—omitting Colberg, a small Sea-Fortress not far rearward, 'time being short. Thence into West-Preussen, into Polish Territory, 'and swiftly across that; keeping Dantzig and its noises wide enough to 'the left: one night in Poland; and the next they are in Ost-Preussen, 'place called Liebstadt,—again on home-ground, and diligently reviewing 'there.

'The review at Liebstadt is remarkable in this, That the regiments, 'one regiment especially, not being what was fit, a certain Grenadier-'Captain got cashiered on the spot; and the old Commandant himself 'was soon after pensioned, and more gently sent his ways. So strict is 'his Majesty. Contrariwise, he found Lieutenant-General von Katte's 'Garrison, at Angerburg, next day, in a very high perfection; and 'Colonel Posadowsky's regiment specially so; with which latter gentle-'man he lodged that night, and made him farther happy by the *Order of* '*Merit:* Colonel Posadowsky, Garrison of Angerburg, far off in East-

[3] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 382.

'Preussen, Chevalier of the Order of Merit henceforth, if we ever meet 'him again. To the good old Lieutenant-General von Katte, who no 'doubt dined with them, his Majesty handed, on the same occasion, a 'Patent of Feldmarschall;—intends soon to make him Graf; and did 'it, as readers know. Both Colonel and General attended him thence-'forth, still by a circuitous route, to Königsberg, to assist in the solem-'nities there. By Gumbinnen, by Trakehnen,—the Stud of Trakehnen: 'that also his Majesty saw, and made review of; not without emotion, 'we can fancy, as the sleek colts were trotted out on those new terms! 'At Trakehnen, Katte and the Colonel would be his Majesty's guests, 'for the night they stayed. This is their extreme point eastward; 'Königsberg now lies a good way west of them. But at Trakehnen 'they turn; and, Saturday 16th July 1740, after another hundred miles 'or so, along the pleasant valley of the Pregel, get to Königsberg: 'ready to begin business on Monday morning,—on Sunday if necessary.'[4]

On Sunday there did a kind of memorability occur: The *Huldigungs-Predigt* (Homage Sermon) by a Reverend Herr Quandt, chief Preacher there. Which would not be worth mentioning, except for this circumstance, that his Majesty exceedingly admired Quandt, and thought him a most Demosthenic genius, and the best of all the Germans. Quandt's text was in these words: '*Thine 'are we, David, and on thy side, thou Son of Jesse; Peace, peace be 'unto thee, and peace be to thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee.*'[5] Quandt began, in a sonorous voice, raising his face with respectful enthusiasm to the King, "Thine are we, O Friedrich, and on thy side, thou Son of Friedrich Wilhelm;" and so went on: sermon brief, sonorous, compact, and sticking close to its text. Friedrich stood immovable, gazing on the eloquent Demosthenic Quandt, with admiration heightened by surprise;—wrote of Quandt to Voltaire; and, with sustained enthusiasm, to the Public long afterwards; and to the end of his days was wont to make Quandt an exception, if perhaps almost the only one, from German barbarism, and disharmony of mind and tongue. So that poor Quandt cannot ever since get entirely forgotten, but needs always to be raked up again, for this reason when others have ceased; an almost melancholy adventure for poor Quandt and Another!—

The *Huldigung* was rather grand; Harangue and Counter-harangue permitted to the due length, and proper festivities following: but the *Stände* could not manage to get into vocal covenanting or deliberating at all; Friedrich before leaving Berlin had

[4] From Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, pp. 382, 385; Rödenbeck, p. 16; &c.

[5] *First Chronicles*, xii. 18.

answered their hint or request that way, in these words: 'We 'are likewise graciously inclined to give to the said *Stände*, before 'their Homaging, the same assurance which they got from our 'Herr Father's Majesty, who is now with God,'—general assurance that their, and everybody's, 'Rights shall be maintained' (as we see they are),—'with which, it is hoped (*hoffentlich*), they will be 'content, and get to peace upon this matter (*sich dabei beruhigen 'werden*).'[6] It will be best for them!

Friedrich gave away much corn here; that is, opened his Corn-Granaries, on charitable terms, and took all manner of measures, here as in other places, for relief of the scarcity there was. Of the illuminations, never so grand, the reader shall hear nothing. A 'Torch-Procession of the Students' turned out a pretty thing:—Students marching with torches, with fine wind-music, regulated enthusiasm, fine succinct address to his Majesty; and all the world escorting, with its "Live Forever!" Friedrich gave the Students 'a *Trink-Gelag* (Banquet of Liquors),' how arranged I do not know: and to the Speaker of the Address, a likely young gentleman with *Von* to his name, he offered an Ensigncy of Foot ('in Camas's Fusileer Regiment,'—Camas now gone to Paris, embassying), which was joyfully accepted. Joyfully accepted;—and it turned out well for all parties; the young gentleman having risen, where merit was the rule of rising, and become Graf and Lieutenant-General, in the course of the next fifty years.[7]

Huldigung and Torch-Procession over, the Royal Party dashed rapidly off, next morning (21st July), homewards by the shortest route; and, in three days more, by Frankfurt-on-Oder (where a glimpse of General Schwerin, a favourite General, was to be had), were safe in Berlin; received with acclamation, nay with 'blessings and even tears' some say, after this pleasant Fortnight's Tour. General Schwerin, it is rumoured, will be made Feldmarschall straightway, the Münchows are getting so promoted as we said; edicts are coming out, much business speeding forward, and the tongues of men keep wagging.

Berlin *Huldigung*,—and indeed, by Deputy, that of nearly all the other Towns,—was on Tuesday August 2d. At Berlin his Majesty was present in the matter: but, except the gazing multitudes, and hussar regiments, ranked in the Schloss-Platz and streets adjoining, there was little of notable in it; the upholstery arrangements thrifty in the extreme. His Majesty is prone to

[6] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 380.

[7] Ibid. p. 387.

thrift in this of the Huldigung, as would appear; perhaps regarding the affair as scenic merely. Here, besides this of Berlin, is another instance just occurring. It appears, the Quedlinburg people, shut out from the light of the actual Royal Countenance, cannot do their Homaging by Deputy, without at least a Portrait of the King and of the Queen: How manage? asks the Official Person. "Have a couple of Daubs done in Berlin, three guineas apiece; send them these," answers the King![8]

Here in the Berlin Schloss, scene the Large Hall within doors, there is a 'platform raised three steps; and on this, by way of 'a kind of throne, an armchair covered with old black velvet;' the whole surmounted by a canopy also of old black velvet: not a sublime piece of upholstery; but reckoned adequate. Friedrich mounted the three steps; stood before the old chair, his Princes standing promiscuously behind it; his Ritters in quantity, in front and to right and left, on the floor. Some Minister of the Interior explains suitably, not at too great length, what they are met for; some junior Official, junior but of quality, responded briefly, for himself and his order, to the effect, "Yea, truly:" the *Huldigungs-Urkunde* (Deed of Homage) was then read by the proper Clerk, and the Ritters all swore; audibly, with lifted hands. This is the Ritter Huldigung.

His Majesty then steps out to the Balcony, for Oath and Homage of the general Population. General population gave its oath, and 'three great shouts over and above.' "*Es lebe der König!*" thrice, with all their throats. Upon which a shower of Medals, "Homage-Medals," gold and silver (quantity not mentioned) rained down upon them, in due succession; and were scrambled for, in the usual way. 'His Majesty,' they write, and this is perhaps the one point worth notice, 'his Majesty, contrary to custom 'and to etiquette, remained on the Balcony, some time after 'the ceremony, perhaps a full half-hour;'—silent there, 'with his 'look fixed attentively on the immeasurable multitude before 'the Schloss; and seemed sunk in deep reflection (*Betrachtung*):'—an almost awfully eloquent though inarticulate phenomenon to his Majesty, that of those multitudes scrambling and huzzahing there![9]

These, with the Cleve one, are all the Homagings Friedrich was

[8] '*On doit faire barbouiller de mauvaises copies à Berlin, la pièce à 20 écus.* —Fr.' Preuss, ii. (*Urkundenbuch*, s. 222).

[9] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 389.

personally present at; the others he did by Deputy, all in one day (2d August); and without fuss. Scenic matters these; in which, except where he can, as in the Königsberg case, combine inspections and grave businesses with them, he takes no interest. However, he is now, for the sake chiefly of inspections and other real objects, bent on a Journey to Cleve;—the fellow of that to Königsberg: Königsberg, Preussen, the easternmost outlying wing of his long straggling Dominions: and then Cleve-Jülich, its counterpart on the south-western side,—there also, with such contingencies hanging over Cleve-Jülich, it were proper to make some mustering of the Frontier garrisons and affairs.[10] His Majesty so purposes: and we purpose again to accompany,—not for inspection and mustering, but for an unexpected reason. The grave Journey to Cleve has an appendage, or comic side-piece, hanging to it; more than one appendage; which the reader must not miss!—Before setting out, read these two Fractions, snatched from the Diplomatist Wastebag; looking well, we gain there some momentary view of Friedrich on the business side. Of Friedrich, and also of Another:

Sunday 14th August 1740, Dickens, who has been reporting hitherto in a favourable, though in a languid exoteric manner, not being in any height of favour, England or he,—had express Audience of his Majesty; being summoned out to Potsdam for that end: 'Sunday evening, about 7 P.M.,'—Majesty intending to be off on the Cleve Journey tomorrow. Let us accompany Dickens. Readers may remember, George II. has been at Hanover for some weeks past; Bielfeld diligently grinning euphemisms and courtly graciosities to him; Truchsess hinting, on opportunity, that there are perhaps weighty businesses in the rear; which, however, on the Britannic side, seem loath to start. Britannic Majesty is much at a loss about his Spanish War, so dangerous for kindling France and the whole world upon him. In regard to which Prussia might be so important, for or against.—This, in compressed form, is what Dickens witnesses at Potsdam that Sunday evening from 7 P.M.:

'Audience lasted above an hour: King turned directly upon business; 'wishes to have "Categorical Answers" as to Three Points already sub-'mitted to his Britannic Majesty's consideration. Clear footing indis-'pensable between us. What you want of me? say it, and be plain. 'What I want of you is, These three things:

'1°. Guarantee for Jülich and Berg. All the world knows *whose* these

[10] In regard to the Day of *Huldigung* at Cleve, which happily is not of the least moment to us, Preuss (*Thronbesteigung*, p. 390) and *Helden-Geschichte* (i. 423) seem to be in flat contradiction.

'Duchies are. Will his Britannic Majesty guarantee me there? And if 'so, How, and to what lengths, will he proceed about it?

'2°. Settlement about Ost-Friesland. Expectancy of Ost-Friesland, 'soon to fall heirless, which was granted *me* long since, though Hanover 'makes hagglings, counter-claiming: I must have some Settlement about 'that.

'3°. The like about those perplexities in Mecklenburg. No difficulty 'there if we try heartily, nor is there such pressing haste about it.

'These are my three claims on England; and I will try to serve 'England as far in return, if it will tell me how. "Ah, beware of 'throwing yourself into the arms of France!" modestly suggests Dickens. '—"Well, if France will guarantee me those Duchies, and you will not 'do anything?" answers his Majesty with a fine laugh: "England I 'consider my most natural friend and ally; but I must know what there 'is to depend on there. Princes are ruled by their interest; cannot follow 'their feelings. Let me have an explicit answer; say, at Wesel, where I 'am to be on the 24th,"'—ten days hence. Britannic Majesty is at Hanover, and can answer within that time. 'This he twice told me, "Wesel, '24th," in the course of our interview. Permit me to recommend the 'matter to your Lordship,'—my Lord Harrington, now attending the Britannic Majesty.

'During the whole audience,' adds Dickens, 'the King was in extreme 'good humour; and not only heard with attention all the considerations 'I offered, but was not the least offended at any objections I made to 'what he said. It is undoubtedly the best way to behave with frankness 'to him.' These last are Dickens's own words; let them modestly be a memorandum to your Lordship. This King goes himself direct to the point; and straightforwardness, as a primary condition, will profit your Lordship with him.[11]

Most true advice, this;—and would perhaps be followed, were it quite easy! But things are very complicated. And the Britannic Majesty, much plagued with Spanish War and Parliamentary noises in that unquiet Island, is doubtless glad to get away to Hanover for a little; and would fain be on holiday in these fine rural months. Which is not well possible either. Jenkins's Ear, rising at last like a fiery portent, has kindled the London Fog over yonder, in a strange way, and the murky stagnancy is all getting on fire; the English intent, as seldom any Nation was, to give the Spaniards an effectual beating. Which they hope they can,—though unexpected difficulties will occur. And, in the mean while, what a riddle of potentialities for his poor Majesty to read, and pick his way from!—

Bielfeld, in spite of all this, would fain be full of admiration for the Britannic Majesty. Confesses he is below the middle size, in fact a tiny

[11] Dickens (in State-Paper Office), 17th August 1740.

little creature, but then his shape is perfect; leg much to be commended, —which his Majesty knows, standing always with one leg slightly advanced, and the Order of the Garter on it, that mankind may take notice. Here is Bielfeld's description faithfully abridged:

'Big blue eyes, perhaps rather of parboiled character, though proud 'enough; eyes flush with his face or more, rather *in relief* than on a 'level with it,'—*à fleur de tête*, after the manner of a fish, if one might say so, and betokening such an intellect behind them! 'Attitude con-'strained, leg advanced in that way; his courtiers call it majestic. 'Biggish mouth, strictly shut in the crescent or horseshoe form (*fermée 'en croissant*); curly wig (*à nœuds*, reminding you of lamb's-wool, 'colour not known); eyebrows, however, you can see are ashy-blond; 'general tint is fundamentally livid; but when in good case, the royal 'skin will take tolerably bright colours (*prend d'assez belles couleurs*). 'As to the royal mind and understanding, what shall Bielfeld say? 'That his Majesty sometimes makes ingenious and just remarks, and is 'laudably serious at all times, and can majestically hold his tongue, 'and stand with advanced leg, and eyes rather more than flush. Sense 'of his dignity is high, as it ought to be; on great occasions you see 'pride and a kind of joy mantling in the royal countenance. Has been 'known to make explosions, and to be very furious to Prince Fred and 'others, when pricked into:—but, my friend, what mortal is exempt 'from failings? Majesty reads the English Newspapers every morning in 'bed, which are often biting. Majesty has his Walmoden, a Hanoverian 'Improper-Female, Countess of Yarmouth so-called; quiet, autumnal, 'fair-complexioned, stupid; who is much a comfort to him. She keeps 'out of mischief, political or other; and gives Bielfeld a gracious nod 'now and then.'[12] Harrington is here too;—and Britannic Majesty and he are busy governing the English Nation on these terms.—We return now to the Prussian Majesty.

About six weeks after that of Dickens,—Cleve Journey and much else now ended,—Prätorius the Danish Envoy, whom we slightly knew at Reinsberg once, gives this testimony; writing home to an Excellency at Copenhagen, whose name we need not inquire into:

'To give your Excellency a just idea of the new Government here, 'I must observe that hitherto the King of Prussia does as it were every-'thing himself; and that, excepting the Finance Minister von Boden, 'who preaches frugality, and finds for that doctrine uncommon accept-'ance, almost greater even than in the former reign, his Majesty allows 'no counselling from any Minister; so that Herr von Podewils, who is

[12] Bielfeld, i. 158.

'now the working hand in the department of Foreign Affairs, has nothing 'given him to do but to expedite the orders he receives from the Cabinet, 'his advice not being asked upon any matter; and so it is with the other 'Ministers. People thought the loss of Herr von Thulmeyer,' veteran Foreign Minister whom we have transiently heard of in the Double-Marriage time, and perhaps have even seen at London or elsewhere,[13] 'would be irreparable; so expert was he, and a living archive in that 'business: however, his post seems to have vanished with himself. His 'salary is divided between Herr von Podewils,' whom the reader will sometimes hear of again, 'Kriegsrath (Councillor of War) von Ilgen,' son of the old gentleman we used to know, 'and Hofrath Sellentin who is '*Rendant of the Legations-Kasse*' (Ambassadors' Paymaster, we could guess, Ambassador Body having specialty of cash assigned it, comparable with the specialty of value received from it, in this strict frugal Country),—neither of which two latter names shall the reader be troubled with farther. 'A good many resolutions, and responses by the King, I 'have seen: they combine laconic expression with an admirable business 'eye (*Geschäftsblick*). Unhappily,'—at least for us in the Diplomatic line, for your Excellency and me unhappily,—'there is nobody about the 'King who possesses his complete confidence, or whom we can make use 'of in regard to the necessary introductions and preliminary movements. 'Hereby it comes that,—as certain things can only be handled with 'cautious foresight and circumlocution, and in the way of beginning 'wide,—an Ambassador here is more thrown out of his course than in 'any other Court: and knows not, though his object were steadily in 'sight, what road to strike into for getting towards it.'[14]

[13] Died 4th August (Rödenbeck, p. 20).

[14] Preuss, *Thronbesteigung*, p. 377 (2d October 1740).

END OF VOL. II.

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